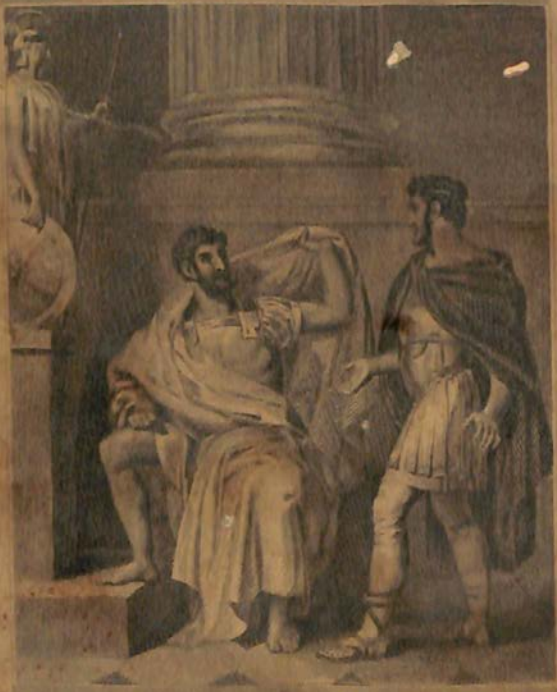


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ST. MARY'S
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CORIOLANUS.



THE

BRITISH THEATRE;

OR,

A COLLECTION OF PLAYS,

WHICH ARE ACTED AT

THE THEATRES ROYAL,

DRURY LANE, COVENT GARDEN, AND HAYMARKET.

16582
a

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOKS.

35-36

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

IN TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

LL. j. 2

CORIOLANUS.
OTHELLO.
TEMPEST.
TWELFTH NIGHT.
EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, REES, ETC., AND OBED
PATTERSON, R. W.
1808.

46582



CORIOLANUS;

OR,

THE ROMAN MATRON;

A HISTORICAL PLAY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,

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EDINBURGH:
Printed by James Ballantyne & Co.

REMARKS.

This play comprehends a period of about four years; and the whole story is exactly followed, and many of the principal speeches exactly copied, from the life of Coriolanus in Plutarch.

Dr Johnson says, "the tragedy of Coriolanus is one of the most amusing of our author's performances." To those persons, who do not prefer a love tale to every other dramatic subject, this opinion must appear just; for the hero and heroine of the drama are both so inimitably drawn, that it is impossible not to feel the deepest interest in all their conflicts.

The vices and virtues of Coriolanus are blended, by the poet's hand, with the nicest observance of filial similitude, as well as of filial piety. He possesses, in his military character, all the fire, courage, and ambition of his mother—and, as a politician, all the woman's vanity, and petty pride. Yet no one can be offended with this spoiled child for his humours, as he retains a most grateful sense of that maternal tenderness which inspired his thirst of fame; though it possibly had impeded the philosophical strength of

mind which would have rendered his valour of importance.

Volumnia, indeed, by these words, "thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me; but owe thy pride thyself," disclaims her sex's prevailing folly; but her son has just before told her, that he imbibed his contempt for the plebeian race from her; of course, it was she who engra'.ed that stem of haughtiness which sprouted to his ruin; his manly disposition not temporizing, like hers, to make it pliant by deceit.

With all their faults, this mother and son produce scenes the most affecting, because the most natural, that were ever, perhaps, written for persons of their elevated rank in life. Here, in the part of Coriolanus, human nature, in the likeness of a stubborn schoolboy, as well as of the obstinate general of an army, is so exquisitely delineated, that every mental trait of the one can be discerned in the propensities of the other, so as forcibly to call to the recollection, that children are the originals of men.

Volumnia, too, with all her seeming heroism, so dazzling to common eyes, is woman to the very heart. One, whose understanding is by no means ordinary, but which extends no further than the customary point of woman's sense—to do mischief. She taught her son to love glory, but to hate his neighbours; and thus made his skill in arms a scourge to his own country. But, happily, her feminine spirit did not stop here; for, terrified at the peril which threatened Rome from the hand of this darling son, she averted

the frightful danger of a city in flames, by the careless sacrifice of his life to the enemy.

All these inconsistencies in Volumnia do not, however, make that great woman less admired or beloved. The frailties of her and her son constitute the pathetic parts of this tragedy, which are wonderfully moving. These personages talk so well, and at times act so well, that their pitiable follies, couched beneath such splendid words and deeds, raise a peculiar sympathy in the heart of frail man; who, whilst he beholds this sorrowful picture of human weakness, discerns along with it his own likeness, and obtains an instructive lesson.

This noble drama, in which Mr Kemble reaches the utmost summit of the actor's art, has been withdrawn from the theatre of late years, for some reasons of state. When the lower order of people are in good plight, they will bear contempt with cheerfulness, and even with mirth; but poverty puts them out of humour at the slightest disrespect. Certain sentences in this play are, therefore, of dangerous tendency at certain times, though at other periods they are welcomed with loud applause

As "Coriolanus" is now once more brought upon the stage, and the voice of the public has hailed its return, this circumstance may be received as a joyful evidence,—that the multitude at present are content in their various stations; and can, therefore, in this little dramatic history, amuse themselves with beholding, free from anger and resentment, that vain-glory, which presumes to despise them.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS	*Mr Kemble.*
YOUNG MARCIUS	*Master Goodwin.*
COMINIUS	*Mr Creswell.*
MENENIUS	*Mr Munden.*
SICINIUS	*Mr Chapman.*
BRUTUS	*Mr Murray.*
ROMAN OFFICERS	*Mr Jefferies.* *Mr Field.*
CITIZENS	*Mr Simmons.* *Mr Emery.* *Mr Beverley.* *Mr Atkins.*
TULLUS AUFIDIUS	*Mr Pope.*
VOLUSIUS	*Mr Claremont.*
VOLSCIAN OFFICERS	*Mr Treby.* *Mr Klanert.* *Mr Fairbrother.* *Mr L. Bologna.*
VOLUMNIA	*Mrs Siddons.*
VIRGILIA	*Miss Brunton.*
VALERIA	*Mrs Humphries.*
SERVILIA	*Miss Logan.*

SENATORS, PRIESTS, MATRONS, VIRGINS, GENERALS, OFFICERS, LICTORS, SOLDIERS, *and* CITIZENS.

SCENE—Rome, and the Territories of the Volscians.

CORIOLANUS.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A tumultuous Noise without.

Enter a Company of mutinous CITIZENS.

1 *Cit.* Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

1 *Cit.* You are all resolved rather to die than to famish?

All. Resolved, resolved.

1 *Cit.* First, you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

All. Let it be done; away, away!

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

1 *Cit.* Against him first; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 *Cit.* Very well;—and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2 *Cit.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: you must in no way say he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts without.*] What shouts are these? the other side o' the city is risen; why stay we prating here? to the capitol.

All. Come, come. [*Shouts again.*

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS *and* MENENIUS.

Mar. What is the matter, you dissentious rogues?

1 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

Mar. He, that will give good words to you, will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you curs,
That like not peace nor war? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese.
Hang ye—trust ye!
With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in the several places of the city,
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else

Would feed on one another!——What's their seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof they say,
The city is well stored.

Mar. Hang 'em! they say?——
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the capitol;
Making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobbled shoes.
They say, there's grain enough!
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance.

Men. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?

Mar They are dissolved:
They said, they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs;—
That "Hunger broke stone walls,"—that, "Dogs must eat,"—
That, "Meat was made for mouths,"—that, "The gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only:"—With these shreds
They vented their complainings: which being answer'd,
And a petition granted them, a strange one,—
To break the heart of generosity,
And make bold power look pale,—they threw their caps,
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice. One's Junius Brutus,

Sicinius Velutus, and I know not——'Sdeath!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will, in time,
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.
Men. This is strange.

Enter an OFFICER.

Offi. Where's Caius Marcius?
Mar. Here—What is the matter?
Offi. The news is, sir, the Volscians are in arms.
Mar. I am glad on't; then we shall have means to vent
Our musty superfluity.

Enter COMINIUS, LICTORS, SICINIUS, *and* BRUTUS.

Com. Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately told us,
The Volscians are in arms.
Mar. They have a leader,
Tullius Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I sin in envying his nobility:
And, were I any thing, but what I am,
I'd wish me only he.
Com. You have fought together?
Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.
Men. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.
Com. It is your former promise.
Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant:—thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.
Men. O, true bred!
Com. Your company to the capitol: where, I know,

Our greatest friends attend us.

Mar. Lead you on.

[*Exeunt* OFFICER, LICTORS, *and* COMINIUS.

Men. Hence! to your homes,—begone.

Mar. Nay, let them follow;
The Volscians have much corn: take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners.—Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth;—'pray, follow.

[*Exeunt* MENENIUS, CAIUS MARCIUS, *and* CITIZENS.

Sic. Was ever man so proud, as is this Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being moved, he will not spare to gird the gods.

The present wars devour him! He is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon. But I do wonder
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he is well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first; for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius, "O, if he
Had borne the business!"

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Bru. Come;
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though indeed,
In aught he merit not.
Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the dispatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.
Bru. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in CAIUS MARCIUS' *House in Rome.*

[*Enter* VOLUMNIA *and* VIRGILIA.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing, or express yourself in a more comfortable sort: If my son were my husband, I would freely rejoice in that absence, wherein he won honour. When yet he was but tender bodied, and my only son; when youth with comeliness pluck'd all gaze his way; when, for a day of a king's entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding: I,—considering how honour would become such a person: that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger, where he was like to find fame; to a cruel war I sent him; from whence he return'd, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son. Hear me profess sincerely:—Had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter SERVILIA.

Ser. Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.
Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum;—
I see him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
Methinks I see him stamp thus,—and call thus,—
"Come on, you cowards, you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome:"—His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes;
Like to a harvest man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood.

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy: The breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit* SERVILIA.

Vir. Heavens bless my Lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Enter SERVILIA *and* VALERIA.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you!
[*Exit* SERVILIA.
You are manifest housekeepers.—
How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; Well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his schoolmaster.

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together:—he has such a confirm'd countenance! I saw him run after a gilded butterfly: and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catch'd it again; or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O' I warrant, how he mammock'd it!

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed la, tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your business; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience; I will not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably; you would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me: indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. Oh, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—the Volscians have an army forth, against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars.

This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter. [*Exit* VIRGILIA.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Wood near the Camp of COMINIUS.—*Trumpets sound a Retreat.*

Enter COMINIUS, *with his* ARMY, *retreating.*

Com. Breathe you, my friends.—Well fought; we are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire.—Believe me, sirs,
We shall be charged again. Whiles we have struck
By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard
The charges of our friends.—The Roman gods
Lead their successes as we wish our own!

Enter an OFFICER.

Thy news?

Offi. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to the trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. How long is't since?

Offi. Above an hour, my lord.—Spies of the Volscians
Held me in chase, that I was forced to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

[*The* OFFICER *retires.*

Com. Who's yonder,

That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius.

Mar. [*Without.*] Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man's.

Enter MARCIUS.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. Oh! let me clip you
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd: in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors!—
How is it with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busy'd about decrees;
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying, threat'ning the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave,
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he?

[*The* OFFICER *advances, and the* SOLDIERS *prepare to seize him.*

Mar. Let him alone;
He did inform the truth.—But for our gentlemen,
The common file, (a plague, tribunes for them!)
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think.—
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Marcius,
We have at disadvantage fought, and did
Retire, to win our purpose.
Mar. How lies their battle? know you on which side
They have placed their men of trust?
Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust: o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.
Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together,
That you directly
Set me against Aufidius.
Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms apply'd to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.
Mar. Those are they,
That most are willing.—If any such be here,
That love this painting,
Wherein you see me smear'd;
If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself:
Let him alone, or so many, so minded,
Wave thus, to express his disposition.
[*Trumpets*—SOLDIERS *shout, and wave their Swords.*
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volscians?—Follow Marcius! come.—
[*Exit.—A loud Flourish.—A Battle.—A Retreat sounded.*

Enter MARCIUS, COMINIUS, OFFICERS, *and* SOLDIERS.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,

Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where the dull tribunes,
That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts,—"We thank the gods,
Our Rome hath such a soldier!"

Mar. Pray, now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me: I have done,
As you have done, that's what I can: induced
As you have been, that's for my country.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
The value of her own;
Therefore, I beseech you,
(In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done,) before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
(Whereof we've ta'en good, and good store,) of all
The treasure, in this field achieved, and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe, to pay my sword: I do refuse it.
[*A Flourish of Trumpets, &c.*
May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers, let camps as cities,
Be made of false-faced soothing. [*Flourish again.*
No more, I say;
For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,—
Or foil'd some debile wretch, (which without note

Here's many else have done,)—you shout me forth,
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I loved my little should be dieted
In praises sauced with lies.—
Com. Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly;
Therefore, be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland:—
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all the applause and clamour of the host,
Caius Marcius Coriolanus. Bear
The addition nobly ever!
[*Flourish of Trumpets—Shouts, &c.*
Cor. I will go wash;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush or no. Howbeit, I thank you.
Com. So to our tent:
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success.
Cor. The gods begin to mock me: I that now
Refused most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.
Com. Take't; 'tis yours.—What is't?
Cor. I some time lay here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house; he used me kindly:
While we were fighting here e'en now,—poor wretch
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.
Com. O, well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind.—His name?
Cor. By Jupiter, forgot:—
I'm weary!—yea, my memory is tired.—
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent;
The blood upon your visage dries: 'tis time
It should be look'd to—Come. [*A March.—Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A Street in Rome.

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, *and* BRUTUS.

Men. The augurer tells me, we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good, or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. 'Pray you, whom does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.—You two are old men; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

Sic. Especially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now.—Do you two know how

you are censured here in the city; I mean of us o' the right-hand file? do you?

Bru. Why—how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry?

Both. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. You blame Marcius for being proud.

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone.—You talk of pride! O, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias fools) as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine, with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't: What I think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath.

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller, and then rejourn the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.—You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entomb'd in an ass's pack-

saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[BRUTUS, *and* SICINIUS, *stand aside.*

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* VALERIA.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee:—Hoo! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night:—A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician.—Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much:—Brings' in victory in his pocket, the wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, Menenius: he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had stayed by him, I would not have been so fidius'd for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possess'd of this?

Vol. Yes, yes, yes; the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly. [SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS *come forward.*

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True?—pow, wow!—

Men. True? I'll be sworn they are true:—Where is he wounded?—Heaven save your good worships! Marcius is coming home; he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I'the shoulder and i'the left arm. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i'the body.

Men. One in the neck, and two in the thigh,—there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave.

Vol. He with his single arm subdued Corioli.
His sword, death's stamp,
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was timed with dying cries:—
Where'er he went, before him Fortune flew,
While Victory upon his dreaded brow
Sat throned, and joyful clapp'd her silver wings:—
Three times mine eagle singled out Aufidius,
And thrice the Volscian sunk beneath his thunder,

Bending the knee, as 'twere in adoration.
[*Flourish of Trumpets—Shouts, &c.*
Hark! Hark!
These are the ushers of Marcius—before him
He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears.
[*Flourish of Trumpets—Shouts, &c.—Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Triumphal Arch in Rome.

An Ovation.—Music.

Enter VALERIA, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, COMINIUS, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, CITIZENS, OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, LICTORS, *&c.*

A Flourish of Trumpets.—Shouts, &c.

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart;
Pray now, no more.
Com. Look, sir, your mother—
Cor. O! [*Kneels*
You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity.
Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up:
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and,
By deed-achieving honour, newly named,—
What is't? Coriolanus, must I call thee?
But O, thy wife——
Cor. My gracious silence, hail!—
Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home;
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers, that lack sons.

Vol. I know not where to turn. O welcome home;
And welcome, general:—and you are welcome all.
Men. A hundred thousand welcomes!—I could weep,
And I could laugh; I'm light, and heavy.—Welcome!
A curse begin at very root of his heart,
That is not glad to see thee!—You are three,
That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men,
We've some old crabtrees here at home, that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors!
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
The faults of fools, but folly.
Com. Ever right.
Give way there, and go on.
Cor. Your hand, and yours.
[*To his Wife and Mother.*
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have received, not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.
Vol. I have lived,
To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy; only there
Is one thing wanting, which I doubt not but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.
Cor Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.—
On, to the capitol. [*A grand March.—Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Street in Rome.

Enter BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS.

Bru. The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak: the matrons flung their gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue; and his commons made
A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and shouts:
I never saw the like:—
Such a pother,
As if that—whatsoever—god, who leads him,
Were slily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.
Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.
Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.
Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin, and end; but will
Lose those that he hath won.
Bru. In that there's comfort.
I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i'the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility;
Nor, shewing, as the manner is, his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.
Sic. I wish no better,
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.
Bru. 'Tis most like he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good wills;
A sure destruction.

Enter an OFFICER.

Bru. What's the matter?
Offi. You're sent for to the capitol. 'Tis thought,
That Marcius shall be consul.
Bru. Let's to the capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.
Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Capitol in Rome.

Flourish of Trumpets.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, SENATORS, *and* OFFICERS, *discovered.*

Men. Having determined of the Volscians,
It remains,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general,
To report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself.—
Worthy Cominius, speak.
[CORIOLANUS *rises, and offers to go away.*
Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honour's pardon;
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.
Men 'Pray now, sit down.
Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i'the sun,
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit* CORIOLANUS.
Men. Masters o'the people.
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,
When you now see,
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of his ears to hear it!—Proceed, Cominius.
Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot, in the world,
Be singly counterpoised. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made ahead for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords o'the garland. For this last,
Before, and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home;
Alone he enter'd
The mortal gate o'the city; aidless came off,
And with a sudden reinforcement struck
Corioli like a planet: Now all's his:
When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense: then straight his doubled spirit
Requicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil: and, till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.
Men. Worthy man!

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at,
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o'the world: he covets less
Than misery itself would give:—rewards
His deeds with doing them; and is content
To spend the time, to spend it.
Men. He is right noble;
Let him be call'd for. [*Exit an* OFFICER.
Com. He doth appear.

Enter CORIOLANUS *and the* OFFICER.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleased
To make thee consul.
Cor. I do owe them still
My life and services.
Men. It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.
Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage; please you
That I may pass this doing.
Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.
Men. Put them not to't:
'Pray you, go fit you to the custom; and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with the form.
Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.
Bru. Mark you that?
Cor. To brag unto them,—Thus I did, and thus,—
Show them the unaching scars which I should hide,
As if I had received them for the hire
Of their breath only:——

Men. Do not stand upon't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose;—to them, and to our noble consul,
We wish all joy and honour.

Com. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!
[*Exeunt.—Flourish of Trumpets.*

SCENE V.

A Street in Rome.

Enter the CITIZENS.

2 *Cit.* Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

1 *Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.

2 *Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do; for, if he show us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude: of the which we, being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 *Cit.* Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay altogether, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars: wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore, follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, *with* MENENIUS.

Men. O, sir, you are not right: have you not known
The worthiest men have done't?
Cor. What must I say?—
I pray, sir,——Plague upon't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace.—Look, sir,—my wounds;—
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noise of our own drums.
Men. O me, the gods!
You must not speak of that; you must desire them
To think upon you.
Cor. Think upon me? Hang 'em!
I would they would forget me.
Men. You'll mar all:
I'll leave you: 'Pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you,
In wholesome manner. [*Exit* MENENIUS.

Enter the FIRST *and* SECOND CITIZENS.

Cor. So, here comes a brace.—
You know the cause, sirs, of my standing here.
1 *Cit.* We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to't.
Cor. Mine own desert.
2 *Cit.* Your own desert?
Cor. Ay, not
Mine own desire.
1 *Cit.* How! not your own desire?
Cor. No, sir; 'twas never my desire yet,
To trouble the poor with begging.
1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing,
We hope to gain by you.
Cor. Well, then, I pray, your price o'the consulship!
1 *Cit.* The price is, sir, to ask it kindly.
Cor. Kindly!

Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I've wounds to show you,
Which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice, sir;
What say you?

2 Cit. You shall have it, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir:—
There is in all, two worthy voices begg'd:—
I have your alms; adieu!

1 Cit. But this is something odd.

2 Cit. An't were to give again,—But 'tis no matter.

[*Exeunt* CITIZENS.

Cor. Most sweet voices!
Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire, which first we do deserve.—
Here come more voices.

Enter other CITIZENS.

Your voices:—for your voices I have fought:
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I've seen and heard of:—for your voices, have
Done many things, some less, some more:—your voices:—
Indeed, I would be consul.

3 Cit. He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

4 Cit. Therefore let him be consul: the gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen.—
Heaven save thee, noble consul!

[*Exeunt the* CITIZENS.

Cor. Worthy voices!

Enter MENENIUS, BRUTUS, *and* SICINIUS.

Men. You've stood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice: Remains,

That, in the official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.
Cor. Is this done?
Sic. The custom of request you have discharged:
The people do admit you; and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.
Cor. Where? at the senate-house?
Sic. There, Coriolanus.
Cor. May I then change these garments?
Sic. You may, sir.
Cor. That I'll straight do: and, knowing myself again,
Repair to the senate-house. [*Exit* CORIOLANUS.
Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?
Bru. We stay here for the people.
Sic. Fare you well. [*Exit* MENENIUS.
He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at his heart.
Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds:—Will you dismiss the people?

Enter the CITIZENS.

Sic. How now, my masters? have you chose this man?
2 *Cit.* He has our voices, sir.
Bru. We pray the gods, he may deserve your loves.
1 *Cit.* Amen, sir: To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.
3 *Cit.* Certainly,
He flouted us downright.
2 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us.
1 *Cit.* Not one among us, save yourself, but says,
He used us scornfully: he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds received for his country.
Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.
1 *Cit.* No; no man saw them.

He said, he had wounds, which he could show in private;
"I would be consul," says he: "aged custom,
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore:" When we granted that,
Here was,—"I thank you for your voices,—thank you,—
Your most sweet voices:—now you have left your voices,
I have no further with you."——Was not this mockery?

Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to see it,—
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

Bru. Did you perceive,
He did solicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves; and do you think,
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, denied the asker? and, now again,
On him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your sued-for tongues?

1 *Cit.* He is not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

3 *Cit.* And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 *Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece them.

Bru. Get you hence instantly; and tell those friends,
They have chose a consul, that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you:
Say, you chose him
More after our commandment, than as guided

By your own true affections:
Lay the fault on us.
Bru. Ay, spare us not.
Say, you ne'er had done it,
(Harp on that still,) but by our putting on:
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the capitol.
All. We will; we will. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A Street in Rome.

Enter LICTORS, COMINIUS, CORIOLANUS, *and* MENENIUS.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?
So then the Volscians stand but as at first:
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon us again.
Com. They are worn, lord consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners' wave again.
Cor. Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise them;
For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Sic. Pass no further.
Cor. Ha!—what is that?——
Bru. It will be dangerous to
Go on: no further.
Cor. What makes this change?
Men. The matter?
Com. Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the commons?
Bru. Cominius, no.
Cor. Have I had children's voices?
Men. Tribunes, give way: he shall to the market-place.
Bru. The people are incensed against him.
Cor. Are these your herd?—
Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are your offices?
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?
Men. Be calm, be calm.
Cor. It is a purposed thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility.
Bru. Call't not a plot:
The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repined;
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people; call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.
Cor. Why, this was known before.
Bru. Not to them all.
Cor. Have you inform'd them since?
Bru. How! I inform them!
Cor. You are like to do such business.
Bru. Not unlike,
Each way, to better yours.
Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yon clouds,

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.
Men. Well, no more.—
Cor. How! no more?
As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words, till their decay, against those meazels,
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.
Bru. You speak o' the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.
Sic. 'Twere well,
We let the people know't.
Men. What, what! his choler?
Cor. Choler!
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove 'twould be my mind.
Sic. It is a mind,
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.
Cor. Shall remain!
Hear you this triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute shall?—
Shall!
Com. Well,—on to the market-place.
Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn of the storehouse gratis, as 'twas used
Some time in Greece,—
Men. Well, well, no more of that.
Cor. I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.
Bru. Why, shall the people give
One, that speaks thus, their voice?
Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.
Cor. Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee!—

What should the people do with these bold tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench: In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason.

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The ædiles, ho!—let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people;— [*Exit* BRUTUS.
In whose name, myself
Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal:

Enter BRUTUS, *with the* CITIZENS.

Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.
[*Laying hold on* CORIOLANUS.

Cor. Hence, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it:—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Cor. No; I'll die here. [*Drawing his Sword.*

Men. Down with that sword;—Tribunes, withdraw awhile.—
I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause;—for 'tis a sore
You cannot tent yourself: Begone, 'beseech you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us.

Cor. On fair ground

I could beat forty of them.

[*Exeunt* COMINIUS, CORIOLANUS, *and* LICTORS.

Men. You worthy tribunes,—

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial.

1 *Cit.* He shall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

All. He shall, sure on't.

Men. Sir,—

Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry, havoc, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes't, that you
Have holp to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak:—
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults:—

Sic. Consul!—what consul?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He a consul!—

All. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.

Bru. We'll hear no more;—
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.—
Proceed by process;
Lest parties, as he is beloved, break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If 'twere so,—
Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Men. Consider this;—He has been bred i' the wars,
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In boulted language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
(In peace,) to his utmost peril.
Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer.—
Meet in the market-place:—We'll attend you there:
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.
Men. I'll go, and bring him to you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in CORIOLANUS' *House in Rome.*

Enter CORIOLANUS *and* VOLUMNIA.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels!
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.
Vol. But hear me, Marcius.
Cor. I muse, my mother
Does not approve me further.
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say, I play
Truly the man I am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.
Cor. Why let it go.
Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so: Lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how you were disposed,
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.
Cor. Let them hang.
Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS.

Men. Come, come, you've been too rough, something too rough;
You must return, and mend it.
Vol. 'Pray, be counsell'd:
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.
Men. Well said, noble woman:
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I'd put mine armour on
Which I can scarcely bear.
Cor. What must I do?
Men. Return to the tribunes.
Cor. Well,
What then? what then?
Men. Repent what you have spoke.
Cor. For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do't to them?
Vol. You are too absolute:
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I've heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsevered friends,
I' the war do grow together: Grant that, and tell me,

In peace, what each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there.
Cor. Tush!—Tush!—
Men. A good demand.
Cor. Why force you this?
Vol Because that now it lies on you to speak
To the people:
I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends at stake, required,
I should do so in honour.
I pr'ythee now, my son,
Go to them;
Say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.
Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, all their hearts were yours;
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

Enter COMINIUS.

Here is Cominius.
Com. I have been i' the market-place: and, sir, 'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence; all's in anger.
Men. Only fair speech.
Com. I think, 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.
Vol. He must, and will:—
'Pr'ythee, now say, you will, and go about it.
Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd sconce? Must I,
With my base tongue, give to my noble heart

A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:
Yet, were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw it against the wind.—To th' market-place:—
You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son: as thou hast said,
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't:
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch's, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep!
A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,
Which bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath received an alms!—I will not do't:
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then:
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me;
But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor. 'Pray, be content;
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home beloved

Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do,
I' the way of flattery, further.
Vol. Do your will. [*Exit* VOLUMNIA.
Com. Arm yourself
To answer mildly; for they are prepared
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.
Cor. The word is, mildly:—'Pray you, let us go:—
Let them accuse me by invention; I
Will answer in mine honour.
Men. Ay,—but mildly.
Cor. Well, mildly be it then—mildly! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Forum in Rome.

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and the* CITIZENS.

Bru. Put him to choler straight: He hath been used
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction. Being once chafed, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks
With us to break his neck.

Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, *and* COMINIUS.

Sic. Well, here he comes.
Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.
Cor. The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supply'd with worthy men! plant love among us!
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!

Men. Amen, amen! A noble wish.
Sic. Draw near, ye people.
Cor. Shall I be charged no further than this present?
Must all determine here?
Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be proved upon you?
Cor. I am content.
Men. Lo, citizens, he says he is content:
The warlike service he has done, consider;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy church-yard.
Cor. Scratches with briars.—
What is the matter,
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I'm so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?
Sic. Answer to us.
Cor. Say, then! 'tis true, I ought so.
Sic. We charge you, that you have contrived to take
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which you are a traitor to the people.
Cor. How! traitor?
Men. Nay; temperately:—Your promise.
Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor!—thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.
Sic. Mark you this, people?
All. To the rock with him; to the rock with him!

Sic. Peace:
We need not put new matter to his charge;
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Deserves the extremest death.
Bru. But since he hath
Served well for Rome,—
Cor. What do you prate of service?
Bru. I talk of that, that know it.
Cor. You?—
Men. Is this
The promise that you made your mother?
Com. Know,
I pray you,—
Cor. I'll know no further:
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying:—Pent to linger
But with a grain a-day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with saying, "Good morrow."
Sic. For that he has,
As much as in him lies, from time to time,
Envy'd against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power; as now as last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it: in the name o' the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city.
Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends;—
Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people, and his country:
It shall be so.
All. It shall be so, it shall be so.
Cor. Ye common cry of curs, whose breath I hate

As reek o' the rotten fens,—whose loves I prize
As the dead carcases of unburied men,
That do corrupt the air,—I banish you,—
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till at length,
Your ignorance
Deliver you, as most
Abated captives, to some nation
That won you without blows!—Despising now,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

[*The* PEOPLE *shout.—Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A Room in AUFIDIUS' *House in Antium.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS *and* VOLUSIUS.

Volu. Whence is it, Tullus, that our arms are stopp'd
Here on the borders of the Roman state?
Why sleeps that spirit, whose heroic ardour
Urged you to break the truce, and pour'd our host,
From all the united cantons of the Volscians,

On their unguarded frontier? Such designs
Brook not an hour's delay; their whole success
Depends on instant vigorous execution.
Auf. O, my Volusius! thou, who art a soldier,
A try'd and brave one too, say, in thy heart
Dost thou not scorn me,—thou, who saw'st me bend
Beneath the half-spent thunder of a foe,
Warm from the conquest of Corioli?
Volu. True valour, Tullus,
Lies in the mind, the never-yielding purpose;
Nor heeds the blind award of giddy fortune.
Auf My soul, my friend, my soul is all on fire;
Thirst of revenge consumes me; the revenge
Of generous emulation, not of hatred.
This happy Roman, this proud Marcius, haunts me.
Each troubled night, when slaves and captives sleep,
Forgetful of their chains, I, in my dreams,
Anew am vanquish'd; and, beneath his sword
With horror sinking, feel a ten-fold death,
The death of honour. But I will redeem—
Yes, Marcius,—I will yet redeem my fame.
To face thee once again, is the great purpose
For which alone I live.—Till then, how slow,
How tedious, lags the time! while shame corrodes me
With many a bitter thought; and injured honour,
Sick and desponding, preys upon itself.

Enter an OFFICER.

Ha! why this haste? Thou look'st alarm'd.
Offi. My lord,
One of exalted port, his visage hid,
Has placed himself beneath the statue of
The mighty Mars, and there majestic stands
In solemn silence.
Auf. Did you not ask him who, and what, he was?

Offi. My lord, I could not speak: I felt appalled,
As if the presence of some god had struck me.
Auf. Come, dastard, let me find this man of terrors.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Hall, in which stands a Statue of Mars.

CORIOLANUS *discovered, as described above.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS.

Auf. Illustrious stranger,—for thy high demeanour
Bespeaks thee such,—who art thou? what is thy name?
Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.—Know'st thou me yet?
Auf. Thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel.—What's thy name?
Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volscians,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus.
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, have
Whoop'd me out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth. Then, if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
And make my misery serve thy turn; so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight

Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou darest not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou art tired; then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee:
Which not to cut, would show thee but a fool;
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf. O, Marcius, Marcius,
Each word thou'st spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy;
Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash a hundred times hath broke,
And scarr'd the moon with splinters! Here I clip
The anvil of my sword; and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour.

Cor. You bless me, gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission: and set down,—
As best thou art experienced, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own ways;
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come, come in:
Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
Say "yea," to thy desires.—A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend, than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand:—most welcome! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Street in Rome.

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him:
His remedies are tame.

Bru. We stood not to't in good time.—Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he; Oh, he is grown most kind
Of late. Hail, sir!

Enter MENENIUS.

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus, sir, is not much miss'd,
But with his friends: the commonwealth doth stand;
And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much better if
He could have temporized.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing: his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Bru. There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports,—the Volscians with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before them.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius:
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were inshell'd, when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.

Enter an OFFICER.

Offi. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going
All to the senate-house: some news is come,
That turns their countenances.
Sic. 'Tis this slave;—
Go, whip him 'fore the people's eyes: his raising,
Nothing but his report.
Offi. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded: and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.
Sic. What more fearful?
Offi. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
(How probable, I do not know,) that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome.
Sic. This is most likely!
Bru. Raised only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.
Sic. The very trick on't.
Men. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more atone,
Than violentest contrariety.—
Let's to the senate-house. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Plain near Rome.

Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, TULLUS AUFIDIUS, VOLUSIUS, OFFICERS, *and* SOLDIERS.

Cor. No more;—I merit not this lavish praise.
True, we have driven the Roman legions back,
Defeated and disgraced:—but what is done?
Nothing, ye Volscians.—
Come on, my brave companions of the war,
Come, let us finish at one mighty stroke

The toil of lab'ring fate,—we will, or perish.—
While, noble Tullus, you protect the camp,
I with my troops, all chosen men of valour,
And well approved to-day, will storm the city.
[*Trumpet sounds a Parley.*

Enter an OFFICER.

Offi. My lord, a herald is arrived from Rome,
To say, a deputation from the senate,
Attended by the ministers of Heaven,
A venerable train of priests and flamens,
Is on the way, address'd to you.

Cor. To me!
What can this message mean?—stand to your arms,
Ye Volscian troops: and let these Romans pass
Betwixt the low'ring frowns of double files.
What! do they think so lightly of my wrongs?
To slake my vengeance with a few soft words?
Come, fellow-soldiers; Tullus, come, and see
How I maintain the honours you have done me.
[*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.—Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, OFFICER, *and* SOLDIERS.

Volu. Are we not, Tullus, failing in our duty,
Not to attend our general?

Auf. How! what said'st thou?

Volu. Methought, my lord, his parting orders were,
We should attend the triumph now preparing
O'er all his foes at once,—Romans and Volscians.—
Come, we shall give offence.

Auf. His words are daggers to my heart: I feel
Their truth, but am ashamed to own my folly.

Volu. O shame! O infamy! the thought consumes me.
To see a Roman
Borne on our shoulders to immortal fame,
Just in the happy moment that decided
The long dispute of ages,—that, for which
Our generous ancestors had toil'd and bled,—

To see him then step in, and steal our glory!
O, that we fir t had perish'd all! A people,
Who cannot find in their own proper force
Their own protection, are not worth the saving.
Auf. It must have way; I will no more suppress it.—
Know then, my valiant friend, no less than thee,
His conduct hurts me, and upbraids my folly.
I wake as from a dream. What dæmon moved me,
What doating generosity, to exalt him
To the same level, nay, above myself?
To yield him the command of half my troops?
That, that was madness,
Was weak, was mean, unworthy of a man!—
How shall I from this labyrinth escape?
Must it then be? What cruel genius dooms me,
In war or peace, to creep beneath his fortune?
Volu. That genius is thyself. If thou canst bear
The very thought of stooping to this Roman,
Thou from that moment art his vassal, Tullus;
By that thou dost acknowledge, parent nature
Has form'd him thy superior But if, fix'd
Upon the base of manly resolution,
Thou say'st,—I will be free,—I will command,—
I and my country;—then—O, never doubt it,—
We shall find means to crush this vain intruder:—
Even I myself,—this hand—Nay, hear me, Tullus;—
'Tis not yet come to that, that last resource:
I do not say, we should employ the dagger,
While other, better means are in our power.
Auf. No, my Volusius, fortune will not drive us,
Or I am much deceived, to that extreme:
We shall not want the strongest, fairest, plea,
To give a solemn sanction to his fate:
He will betray himself: Whate'er his rage
Of passion talks, a weakness for his country
Sticks in his soul, and he is still a Roman.
Soon shall we see him tempted to the brink

Of this sure precipice;—then down at once,
Without remorse, we hurl him to perdition.
[*Trumpet sounds.*
But hark,—the trumpet calls us to a scene,
I should detest; if not from hope we thence
May gather matter to mature our purpose. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Street in Rome.

Enter MENENIUS, *meeting* BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS.

Men. O, you have made good work!
Bru. What news? what news?
Sic. 'Pray now, your news?
Men. You have made good work,
You, and your apron-men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlick-eaters!
Sic. We're all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.
Men. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds.
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, "Beseech you, cease."—You have made
fair hands,
You and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

Enter the CITIZENS.

Here come the clusters.—
You are they,
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast

Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserved it.

2 *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said, "Banish him," I said, 'twas pity.

1 *Cit.* And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very many of us: That, we did, we did for the best; and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.

Men. You are goodly things,—you voices!—
You have made
Good work, you and your cry.—
But here's Cominius; he will tell you news.

Enter COMINIUS *and* SENATORS.

Have you prevail'd? Will he have mercy on us?
What hope has Rome yet? How did he receive you?

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urged our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to: forbad all names:
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forged himself a name i' the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so; you've made good work:
A pair of tribunes that have reck'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap: A noble memory!

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon,
When it was least expected. He replied,

It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.
Men. Very well:
Could he say less?
Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends: His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome, musty chaff: He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose, the offence.
Men. For one poor grain
Or two? I am one of those; his mother, wife.
His child, and this brave fellow too, we are the grains:
You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the moon: We must be burnt for you.
Sic. Nay, 'pray, be patient: If you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.
Men. No: I'll not meddle.
Sic. I pray you, go to him.
Men. What should I do?
Bru. Only make trial what your love can do,
For Rome, towards Marcius.
Com. He'll never hear him.
Sic. Not?
Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him:
'Twas very faintly he said, "Rise;" dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand: What he would do,
He sent in writing after me: what he would not,
Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions:
So that all hope is vain,

Unless his noble mother, and his wife;
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country.

Men. See you yond' coign o' the capitol, yond' corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hopes the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him.

Sic. Is it possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is a differency between a grub and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings: he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight-year old horse. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tyger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is 'long of you.

1 *Cit.* O doleful tidings!

2 *Cit.* O woeful day!

3 *Cit.* What will become of us?

All the Citizens. O, O, O!—

1 *Cit.* Let us seize the two tribunes, that did banish him, and throw them down the Tarpeian rock.

Sic. O, good Menenius, save us!

Bru. Stand our friend!

Men. Not I; they may hang, drown, burn, or break your worthless necks from the rock; 'tis all one to me. [*Exit* MENENIUS.

All. Away with them, away with them!

Com. Hear me, fellow citizens!
Suspend awhile your anger, till you hear
How the entreaties of his mother, wife,

And our most noble matrons, work upon him;
They yet may bring us peace.
All. We will, we will.
Com. The Roman gods prosper their embassy!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH

SCENE I.

The Volscian Camp.

Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, TULLUS AUFIDIUS, VOLUSIUS, SENATORS, OFFICERS, *and* SOLDIERS.

Cor. Here, noble Tullus, sit, and judge my conduct;
Nor spare to check me, if I act amiss.
Auf. Marcius, the Volscian fate is in thy hand.

Enter VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, YOUNG MARCIUS, VALERIA, *and* ROMAN LADIES, *in mourning Habits.*

Cor. My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was framed, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.—[VIRGILIA *bows.*
What is that courtesy worth? or those dove's eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn? [VOLUMNIA *bows.*
My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a mole-hill should

In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great Nature cries, "Deny not."—Let the Volscians
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy;
I'll stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.
Vir. My lord and husband!
Cor. I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others.—
O, a kiss,
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now by the jealous queen of heav'n, that kiss
I carry'd from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: Sink, my knee, i' the earth;
Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.
Vol. O, stand up bless'd!—
Thou art my warrior;
I holp to frame thee.—Do you know this lady?
[*Pointing to* VALERIA.
Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
That's curded by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple.
Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
[*Presenting* YOUNG MARCIUS.
Which, by the interpretation of full time,
May show like all yourself.
Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness, that thou may'st prove
To shame invulnerable, and stop i' the wars.

Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace:
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before;
The things, I have forsworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denials.—Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics:—tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural:—desire not
To allay my rages and revenges with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more!
You have said, you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: yet we will ask;
That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volscians, mark: for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request?

Vol. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither:—
For either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles thorough our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood.

Cor. I have sat too long.

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volscians whom you serve, you might condemn us,

As poisonous of your honour. No; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volscians
May say, "This mercy we have show'd;" the Romans,
"This we received;" and each, in either side,
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, "Be bless'd
For making up this peace!"

Cor. Those walls contain the most corrupt of men,
Insolent foes to worth, the foes of virtue.

Vol. Daughter, speak you;
He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy;
Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the world
More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me prate
Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy:
When she, (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour.

Auf. See, see, Volusius, how the strong emotions
Of powerful nature shake his inmost soul!
See, how they tear him!—If he long resist them,
He is a god, or something worse than man.

Vol. He turns away:
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
Nay, behold us:
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny't.—Yet give us our dispatch:
I am hush'd until our city be afire,
And then I'll speak a little.

Vir. Since, Coriolanus, thou dost still retain,
In spite of all thy mother now has pleaded,
Thy dreadful purpose,—ah, how [illegible] vain
Were it for me to join my supplic[illegible]
The voice of his Virgilia, once so [illegible]
How shall it hope to touch the hus[illegible] heart,

When proof against the tears of such a parent?
But I must weep:—
O, permit me,
To shed my gushing tears upon thy hand,
And take my last farewell!

Cor. Leave me.

Vir. I obey.—How bitter thus to part,
Upon such terms to part, perhaps for ever!
But, tell me, ere I hence unroot my feet,
When to my lonely home I shall return,—

Cor. Come; and complete my happiness at Antium,

You, and my honour'd mother:
There shall you see with what respect the Volscians
Will treat the wife and mother of their general.

Vol. Treat us thyself with more respect, my son;
Nor dare to shock our ears with such proposals.
Shall we desert our country,—we—who come
To plead her cause? Ah, no,—a grave in Rome
Would better please me than a throne at Antium.

Cor. Cease, cease, to torture me;
You only tear my heart, but cannot shake it.—
By the immortal gods,——

Vir. O, vow not our destruction!

[*Falling on her Knees.*

Vol. Daughter, rise:
Let us no more before the Volscian people
Expose ourselves a spectacle of shame.—
Hear me, proud man! I have
A heart as stout as thine: I came not hither,
To be sent back rejected, baffled, shamed,
Hateful to Rome, because I am thy mother:
A Roman matron knows, in such extremes,
What part to take.—
Go, barb'rous son; go, double parricide;
Rush o'er my corse to thy beloved revenge!
Tread on the bleeding breast of her, to whom

Thou ow'st thy life!—Lo, thy first victim.
[*She draws a Dagger.*
Cor [*Seizing her Hand.*] Ha!—
What dost thou mean?
Vol. To die, while Rome is free.
Cor. O, set not thus
My treacherous heart in arms against my reason.—
Here, here thy dagger will be well employ'd.—
Pity me, generous Volscians!—Ye are men.—
Must it then be?—My stifled words refuse
A passage to the throes that wring my heart.
Vol. Nay, if thou yieldest, yield like Coriolanus;
And what thou dost, do nobly.
Cor. There,—'tis done:—
Thine is the triumph, Nature!—Ah, Volumnia,
Rome by thy aid is saved—but thy son lost!
Vol. He never can be lost, who saves his country.
Cor. Ye matrons,—guardians of the Romans' safety,—
We grant the truce you ask.—
Volscians, we raise the siege.
[CORIOLANUS *turns to the* ROMAN LADIES, *who retire in the Order they entered.*
Auf. 'Tis as we wish'd, Volusius—
But mark me well;—one offer more
My honour bids me make to this proud man:
If he reject it,
His blood be on his head.
Volu. Well, I obey.
Cor. I plainly, Tullus, by your looks perceive,
You disapprove my conduct.
Auf. I mean not to assail thee with the clamour
Of loud reproaches, and the war of w[illegible]
But, pride apart, and all that can pe[illegible]
The light of steady reason, here to r[illegible]
A candid, fair proposal.
Cor. Speak, I hear thee.

Auf. I need not tell thee, that I have perform'd
My utmost promise. Thou hast been protected;
Hast had thy amplest, most ambitious, wish;
Thy wounded pride is heal'd, thy dear revenge
Completely sated; and, to crown thy fortune,
At the same time, thy peace with Rome restored.
Thou art no more a Volscian, but a Roman:
Return, return; thy duty calls upon thee
Still to protect the city thou hast saved;
It still may be in danger from our arms:
Retire: I will take care thou may'st with safety.

Cor. With safety?—Heavens!—and think'st thou Coriolanus
Will stoop to thee for safety?—No! my safeguard
Is in myself, a bosom void of blame.—
O, 'tis an act of cowardice and baseness,
To seize the very time my hands are fetter'd
By the strong chain of former obligation,
The safe, sure, moment to insult me—Gods!
Were I now free, as on that day I was,
When at Corioli I tamed thy pride,
This had not been.

Auf. Thou speak'st the truth: it had not.
O, for that time again! propitious gods,
If you will bless me, grant it!—Know, for that,
For that dear purpose, I have now proposed
Thou should'st return: I pray thee, Marcius, do it;
And we shall meet again on nobler terms.

Cor. Till I have clear'd my honour in your council,
And proved before them all, to thy confusion,
The falsehood of thy charge, as soon in battle
I would before thee fly, and howl for mercy,
As quit the station they've assign'd me here.

Auf. Thou canst not hope acquittal from the Volscians!

Cor. I do:—Nay, more, expect their approbation,

Their thanks. I will obtain them such a peace
As thou durst never ask; a perfect union
Of their whole nation with imperial Rome,
In all her privileges, all her rights;
By the just gods, I will.—What would'st thou more?

Auf. What would I more, proud Roman? This I would,—
Fire the cursed forest, where these Roman wolves
Haunt and infest their nobler neighbours round them;
Extirpate from the bosom of this land
A false, perfidious people, who, beneath
The mask of freedom are a combination
Against the liberty of human kind,—
The genuine seed of outlaws and of robbers.

Cor. The seed of gods.—'Tis not for thee, vain boaster,—
'Tis not for such as thou,—so often spared
By her victorious sword, to speak of Rome,
But with respect, and aweful veneration.—
Whate'er her blots, whate'er her giddy factions,
There is more virtue in one single year
Of Roman story, than your Volscian annals
Can boast through all their creeping, dark duration.

Auf. I thank thy rage:—This full displays the traitor.

Cor. Traitor!—How now?

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius: Dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus, in Corioli?—
You lords, and heads o' the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and [illegible] up,
For certain drops of salt, your city [illegible]—
I say, your city,—to his wife and [illegible]
Breaking his oath and resolution, [illegible]
A twist of rotten silk; never admitt[illegible]

Counsel o' the war: but at his nurse's tears
He whined and roar'd away your victory;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.
Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?
Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears.
Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it.—Boy!—
Cut me to pieces, Volscians; men and lads,
Stain all your edges in me.—Boy!—
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dovecote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli;
Alone I did it:—Boy!—But let us part,
Lest my rash hand should do a hasty deed,
My cooler thought forbids.
Auf. I court
The worst thy sword can do; while thou from me
Hast nothing to expect, but sore destruction;
Quit then this hostile camp; once more I tell thee,
Thou art not here one single hour in safety.
Cor. O, that I had thee in the field,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, thy tribe,
To use my lawful sword,—
Volu. Insolent villain!
[VOLUSIUS, *and other* VOLSCIAN OFFICERS,
draw, and kill CORIOLANUS.
Auf. My lords, when you shall know
The great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it, your honours,
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.——
My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow.
Bear from hence his body:
Let him be regarded

As the most noble corse, that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.
Beat, beat the drum, that it speak mournfully:
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.

[*A Dead March is sounded.—Exeunt.*

THE END.

ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY LIBRARY

OTHELLO



OTHELLO,

THE MOOR OF VENICE;

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES-ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS INCHBALD

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REMARKS.

To the honour of a profession long held in contempt by the wise—and still contemned by the weak—Shakspeare, the pride of Britain, was a player. For the comfort of the illiterate, he was unlearned; and, to the shame of the vain and petulant author, he was meek and humble.

This is one of Shakspeare's dramas, in which all criticism has been absorbed in the tribute of praise.

There is in the love of Othello and Desdemona such a rational apology, such a description of gradual passion taking possession of her heart, through pity and admiration; rooted in his, from gratitude and tenderness; that no sooner has he delivered that speech of natural eloquence to the senate, in the first act, than every auditor feels himself agitated with interest for the fate of the enamoured and newly-wedded pair.

So vast is the power of the author's skill in delineating the rise and progress of sensations in the human breast, that a young and elegant female is here represented, by his magic pen, as deeply in love with a Moor,—a man in different in complexion and features from her and her whole race,—and yet without the

slightest imputation of indelicacy resting upon her taste:—whilst the Moor, in his turn, dotes on her with all the transport of the most impassioned lover, yet without the smallest abatement of the rough and rigid cast of his nature.—The mutual affection of these two characters seems most forcibly to be inspired by the very opposite qualities which they each possess.

There is a second contrast in this play more impressive than the foregoing. The consummate art and malignant spirit of Iago are so reverse from the generous mind and candid manners of Othello, that it appears like the highest point, the very zenith, of the poet's genius, to have conceived two such personages, not only for the same drama, but to have brought them on the stage together in almost every scene.

To render the work complete, some of the inferior characters are important parts; and combine, with its admirable fable, incidents, and poetry, to rank the composition among the very best of Shakspeare's plays.

The theatre of Covent Garden has had the encomium, for a few years past, of representing this tragedy better than it was ever performed in the memory of the oldest critic.—Yet, how far a spectator can be secure in speaking of the abilities of any performer in any one particular character, so as the next who sees him shall conform to that opinion, the following anecdote, showing the influence of chance upon the actor's powers, may serve to prove.

"Booth, the admired tragedian, was, like others of the profession, often both cold and negligent on the stage. In playing Othello once to a very thin house, he was so languid in some scenes of the part (said to be the masterpiece of his art) that no one could discern their favourite performer. But in the third act, as if roused from his lethargy to the most animating vigour, he displayed such uncommon fire and force, that players and audience were electrified. Colley Cibber, who acted the part of Iago, exclaimed, on their return to the Green Room, "Pr'ythee, Booth, what was the charm which inspired you so on a sudden?"—"Why, Colley, I saw, by accident, an Oxford man in the pit, whose judgment I revere more than that of a whole audience."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	DRURY LANE.	COVENT GARDEN.
THE DUKE OF VENICE	*Mr Maddocks.*	*Mr Waddy.*
BRABANTIO	*Mr Powell.*	*Mr Hull.*
GRATIANO	*Mr Dormer.*	*Mr Davenport.*
LODOVICO	*Mr Cooke.*	*Mr Creswell.*
MONTANO	*Mr Holland.*	*Mr Claremont.*
OTHELLO	*Mr Elliston.*	*Mr Kemble.*
CASSIO	*Mr Bartley.*	*Mr C. Kemble.*
IAGO	*Mr Barrymore.*	*Mr Cooke.*
RODERIGO	*Mr Russell.*	*Mr Farley.*
ANTONIO	*Mr A. Fisher.*	*Mr Klanert.*
JULIO	*Mr Rhodes.*	*Mr Jefferies.*
LORENZO		*Mr King.*
CANNO		*Mr Reeves.*
MESSENGER	*Mr Fisher.*	*Mr Atkins.*
SAILOR	*Mr Webb.*	*Mr Abbot.*
DESDEMONA	*Mrs H. Siddons.*	*Mrs Siddons.*
EMILIA	*Mrs Powell.*	*Mrs Litchfield.*

SENATORS, OFFICERS, SERVANTS, *&c.*

SCENE,—*In the first Act, in Venice; during the rest of the Play, in the Island of Cyprus.*

OTHELLO.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Venice.

A Street.

Enter IAGO *and* RODERIGO.

Rod. Tush, ne'er tell me, I take it much unkindly
That thou, Iago,—who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine,—shouldst know of this.
Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me:—
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.
Rod. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.
Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off capp'd to him:—and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:—
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them with a bombast circumstance,

Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion, nonsuits
My mediators; "for certes," says he,
"I have already chose my officer."
And what was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster:—
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I, (Heaven bless the mark!) his Moorship's ancient.

Rod. By Heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
Whether I, in any just term, am affined
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O, sir, content you;
I follow him, to serve my turn upon him:
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For, when my outward action does demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry it thus!

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him; make after him, poison his delight;
Though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do; with like timorous accent, and dire yell,

As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.
Rod. What ho! Brabantio! Signior Brabantio, ho!
Iago. Awake! what ho! Brabantio! thieves! thieves! thieves! thieves!—
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!—
Thieves! thieves!

Enter BRABANTIO *above, at a Window.*

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons? What is the matter there?
Rod. Signior, is all your family within?
Iago. Are your doors lock'd?
Bra. Why? wherefore ask you this?
Iago. Sir, you are robb'd:—For shame, arise, arise!—
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you:—
Arise, I say!—
Bra. What, have you lost your wits?
Rod. Most revèrend signior, do you know my voice?
Bra. Not I: What are you?
Rod. My name is—Roderigo.
Bra. The worse welcome:
I have charged thee not to haunt about my doors:
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper, and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet:—
Rod. Sir, sir, sir—
Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit, and my place, have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.
Rod. Patience, good sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice;
My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. Sir, you are one of those that will not serve Heaven, if the devil bid you.

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, sir, that come to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer; I know thee, Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer anything. But I beseech you,
Straight satisfy yourself:
If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Give me a taper;—call up all my people;—
This accident is not unlike my dream;
Belief of it oppresses me already:—
Light! I say, light! [*Exit.*

Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you:
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produced (as, if I stay, I shall,)
Against the Moor: For, I do know, the state,—
However this may gall him with some check,—
Cannot with safety cast him; for he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,
(Which even now stand in act,) that, for their souls,
Another of his fathom they have not,
To lead their business: in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell's pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,

Which is indeed but sign.—That you shall surely find him,
Lead to the Sagittar the raised search;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell.
[*Exit* IAGO.

Enter BRABANTIO *and* SERVANTS, *with Torches.*

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is;
And what's to come of my despised time,
Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her?—O, unhappy girl!—
With the Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be a father?—
How didst thou know 'twas she?—O, thou deceivest me
Past thought!—What said she to you?—Get more tapers;
Raise all my kindred.—Are they married, think you?
Rod. Truly, I think they are.
Bra. O Heaven!—How got she out?—O treason of the blood!—
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act.—Are there not charms
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abused? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?
Rod. Yes, sir, I have indeed.
Bra. Call up my brother.— [*Exit a* SERVANT.
O, that you had had her!—
Some one way, some another.— [*Exit a* SERVANT.
Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?
Rod. I think I can discover him; if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.
Bra. 'Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;
I may command at most:—Get weapons, ho!

And raise some special officers of night.—
On, good Roderigo;—I'll deserve your pains.
[*Exeunt* ROD. BRAB. *and* SERVANTS.

SCENE II.

Venice.

Another Street.

Enter OTHELLO *and* IAGO.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience,
To do no contrived murder; I lack iniquity
Sometimes, to do me service: Nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs.
Oth. 'Tis better as it is.
Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour,
That, with the godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, sir,
Are you fast marry'd? for, be sure of this,—
That the magnifico is much beloved;
And hath, in this effect, a voice potential
As double as the Duke's: he will divorce you;
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law (with all its might, to enforce it on,)
Will give him cable.
Oth. Let him do his spite:
My services, which I have done the signiory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,

(Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate,) I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege; and my demerits
May speak, unbonnetted, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reached: For know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth.—But look! what lights come yonder?

Iago. These are the raised father and his friends:
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I: I must be found;
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly.—Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Enter a SERVANT *with Torch,* CASSIO, GIOVANNI, *and* LUCA.

Oth. The servants of the Duke, and my lieutenant.—
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?

Cas. The duke does greet you, general;
And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine:
You have been hotly called for;
When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate sent about three several quests
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [*Exit*

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land-carack;

If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.
Cas. I do not understand.
Iago. He's married.
Cas. To whom?

Enter OTHELLO.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?
Oth. Have with you.
Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.
Iago. It is Brabantio:—General, be advised;
He comes to bad intent.
Oth. Holla! stand there!

Enter RODERIGO, BRABANTIO, OFFICERS, *and* SERVANTS *with Torches.*

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.
Bra. Down with him, thief!
[*They draw on both sides.*
Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.
Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.—
Good signior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.
Bra. O, thou foul thief, where hast thou stowed my daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her:
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid—so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,—
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou; to fear, not to delight.
I therefore apprehend, and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant:—

Lay hold upon him; if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

[*They advance on both sides.*

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest:—
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter.—Where will you, that I go
And answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison: till fit time
Of law, and course of direct session,
Call thee to answer.

Oth. What, if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To bring me to him?

Cas. 'Tis true, most worthy signior,
The duke's in council; and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How! the duke in council!
In this time of the night!—Bring him away:
Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own;
For, if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Venice.

A Council Chamber.

The DUKE, GRATIANO, LODOVICO, *Seven other* SENATORS, *and* MARCO, *in waiting, discovered.*

Duke. There is no composition in these news,
That gives them credit.
Gra. Indeed they are disproportioned;
My letters say, a hundred and seven gallies.
Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.
Lod. And mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account,
Yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.
Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment.

Enter PAULO *and a* SAILOR.

Paul. A messenger from the gallies.
Duke. Now? the business?
Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;
So was I bid report here to the state,
By Signior Angelo.
Duke. How say you by this change?
Lod. This cannot be,
By no assay of reason; 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze.
Paul Here is more news.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,

Steering with due course towards the isle of Rhodes,
Have there enjointed them with an after-fleet.

[*Gives Letters to* MARCO, *who delivers them to the* DUKE.

Lod. How many, as you guess?

Mess. Of thirty sail: and now they do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes towards Cyprus.—Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus.

Lod. Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant Moor.

Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, CASSIO, IAGO, RODERIGO, GIOVANNI, *and* LUCA.

[*Exeunt* SAILOR *and* MESSENGER.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.—
I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior;
We lack'd your council and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours: Good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath raised me from my bed; nor doth the general care
Take hold on me: for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!

Duke. Dead?

Bra. Ay, to me;
She is abused, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks.
For nature so preposterously to err,
Sans witchcraft could not—

Duke. Whoe'er he be, that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly, I thank your grace.—
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,
Hath hither brought.

Duke. We are very sorry for't.—
What in your own part can you say to this?
[*To* OTHELLO.

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters,—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have marry'd her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself: Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceedings am I charged withal)
I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blushed at herself; and she,—in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—

To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on?
It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,
That will confess—perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature:—
I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjured to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this is no proof.
Othello, speak;—
Did you, by indirect and forced courses,
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittar,—
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Dèsdemona hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place:—

[*Exeunt* IAGO, RODERIGO, LUCA, *and* GIOVANNI.

And, till she come, as truly as to Heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father loved me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:

Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood, and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And with it all my travel's history:
Wherein of antres vast, and desarts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak,—such was my process,—
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.—This to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse;—which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively:—I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore,—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wond'rous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That Heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake:
She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd;

And I loved her, that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used;—
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter too.—
Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak;
If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction light on me, if my bad blame
Light on the man!—

Enter GIOVANNI, IAGO, DESDEMONA, RODERIGO, *and* LUCA.

Come hither, gentle mistress:—
Do you perceive, in all this noble company,
Where most you owe obedience?

Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you, I am bound for life and education;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you: you are the lord of duty,
I am hitherto your daughter: But here's my husband;
And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. Heaven be with you!—I have done:—
Come hither, Moor;
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee.—
I have done:—Proceed to the affairs of state.

Duke. The Turk, with a most mighty preparation, makes for Cyprus:—Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you: you must therefore be

Content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with
this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.
Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driv'n bed of down: I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardness; and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife;
Due reverence of place and exhibition;
With such accommodation and besort,
As levels with her breeding.
Duke. Be't at her father's.
Bra. I'll not have it so.
Oth. Nor I.
Des. Nor I; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye.—Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend a prosperous ear;
And let me find a charter in your voice
To assist my simpleness.
Duke. What would you, Desdemona?
Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world: my heart's subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord:
I saw Othello's visage in his mind;
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate:
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence: Let me go with him.
Oth. Your voices, lords:—'beseech you, let her
will
Have a free way.

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for stay, or going: the affairs cry—haste!
And speed must answer; you must hence to-night.
Des. To-night, my lord!
Duke. This night.
Oth. With all my heart.
Duke. At ten i' the morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you;
And such things else of quality and respect,
As doth concern you.
Oth. Please your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honesty and trust;
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.
Duke. Let it be so.—
Good-night to every one.—And, noble signior,
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

[*Exeunt the* DUKE, LODOVICO, *the other* SENATORS, MARCO, PAULO, GIOVANNI, *and* LUCA.

Bra. Look to her, Moor; have a quick eye to see;
She has deceived her father, may do thee.

[*Exeunt* BRABANTIO *and* GRATIANO.

Oth. My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee:
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring her after in the best advantage.—
Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt* OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, *and* CASSIO.

Rod. Iago,—
Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?
Rod. What will I do, think'st thou?
Iago. Why, go to bed and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after it. Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment: and then have we a prescription to die, when death is our physician.

Iago. O villainous! I have look'd upon the world for four times seven years; and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I'd drown myself for the love of a Guinea-hen, I'd change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess, it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue! a fig! 'tis in ourselves, that we are thus, or thus. Come, be a man: Drown thyself? drown cats and blind puppies! I profess me thy friend, and I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse: follow these wars; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse!—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration; put but money in thy purse!—If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring Barbarian and a super-subtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her: therefore make money. A plague of drowning! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy, than to be drowned and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me:—Go, make money:—I have told thee often, and I tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: My cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason: Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: If thou canst cuckold him, thou dost

thyself a pleasure, and me a sport. Traverse; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu!

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell.—Do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning,—do you hear?

Rod. I am changed:—I'll go sell all my land.

[*Exit* RODERIGO.

Iago. Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office: I know not if't be true;
Yet I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now;
To get his place, and to plume up my will;
A double knavery.—How? how?—Let me see:—
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,
That he is too familiar with his wife;—
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected; fram'd to make women false:—
The Moor, a free and open nature too,
That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so;
And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
As asses are:—
I have't—it is engender'd:—Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.

[*Exit.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Cyprus.

A Platform before the Town.

Enter MONTANO, CASSIO, *and* JULIO.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor: O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!
Mont. Is he well shipped?
Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approved allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure. [*A cannon fired.*
[*Without.*] A sail! a sail! a sail!
Cas. What noise?

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry—a sail!
Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.
I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arrived.
Jul. I shall. [*Exeunt* ANTONIO *and* JULIO.
Mont. But, good lieutenant, is your general wived?
Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achieved a maid

That paragons description, and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And, in the essential vesture of creation,
Does bear all excellency.

Enter JULIO *and* ANTONIO.

Now, who has put in?

Jul. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

Cas. He has had most favourable and happy speed.
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their common natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Mont. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago.—
O behold,
The riches of the ship is come on shore!—

Enter IAGO, DESDEMONA, RODERIGO, EMILIA, MARCO, *and* PAULO.

Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of Heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arrived;—nor know I aught,
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear—How lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship:— [*Cannon fired.*

[*Without.*] A sail! a sail!

Cas. But, hark! a sail:—See for the news.—
[*Exit* ANTONIO.
Good ancient, you are welcome:—Welcome, mistress.— [*To* EMILIA, *kissing her.*
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,

That I extend my manners: 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.
Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.
Des. Alas, she has no speech!
Iago. I know, too much;
I find it still, when I have list to sleep:
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.
Emil. You have little cause to say so.
Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.
Des. O fie upon thee, slanderer!
Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.
Emil. You shall not write my praise.
Iago. No, let me not.
Des. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou shouldst praise me?
Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to't;
For I am nothing, if not critical.
Des. Come on, assay:—There's one gone to the harbour?
Cas. Ay, madam.
Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—
Come, what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed; one that, in the authority of her merits, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?
Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from frieze,

It plucks out brain and all: But my muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd.—
She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said—Now I may!
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight,—if ever such wight were,—

Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion!—Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?

Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

[CASSIO *takes* DESDEMONA *by the hand, to introduce her to the Gentlemen of Cyprus; he talks with her during* IAGO'S *speech.*

Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm: Ay, well said, whisper:—As little a web as this will ensnare as great a fly as Cassio:—Ay, smile upon her, do:—I I will give thee in thine own courtship:—You say true; 'tis so, indeed;—If such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kiss'd your three fingers so oft.

[*Cannon fired.—Trumpet sounds.*

The Moor:—I know his trumpet.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Enter OTHELLO, ANTONIO, LUCA, GIOVANNI, LORENZO, *and* CANNO.

Oth. O my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,
To see you here before me.—O my soul's joy!—
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus-high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!—
And this, and this, the greatest discord be
[*Embracing her.*
That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. [*Aside.*] O, you are well tuned now!
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am.

Oth. Come, let's to the castle.—
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.—
How do our old acquaintance of the isle?—
Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus;
I've found great love amongst them. O my sweet,—
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts.—I pr'ythee, good Iago,
Go the bay, and disembark my coffers:
Bring thou the master to the citadel;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus! [*Trumpet sounds.*

[*Exeunt all but* IAGO *and* RODERIGO.

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour.—
Come hither:—list me.——The lieutenant to-night

watches on the court of guard :—First, I will tell thee this,—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him!—why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger—thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me, with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies: And will she love him still for prating? Let not thy discreet heart think it: Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil?

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most bless'd condition.

Iago. Bless'd fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been bless'd, she would never have loved the Moor: Bless'd pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts.—Sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice: Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Cassio knows you not:—I'll not be far from you: Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline; or from what other cause you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well,—

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler; and, haply, may strike at you:—Provoke him that he may; for, even out of that, will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the

citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu. [*Exit* RODERIGO.

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;
That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit;
The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,—
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;
And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now I do love her too;
Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure,
I stand accountant for as great a sin,)
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leap't into my seat: the thought whereof
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can nor shall content my soul,
Till I am even with him, wife for wife;
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,—
If this poor brach of Venice, whom I trash
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,—
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too,—
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an ass,
And practising upon his peace and quiet,
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confused;
Knavery's plain face is never seen till used.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Cyprus.

The Guard-House before the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, CASSIO, GIOVANNI, LUCA, MARCO, *and* PAULO.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night;
Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.
Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't.
Oth. Iago is most honest.—
Michael, good-night:—To-morrow, with your earliest,
Let me have speech with you:—
Good-night. [*Exeunt all but* CASSIO.

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch.
Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; it is not yet ten o'clock. Our general cast us thus early, for the love of his Desdemona; whom let us not therefore blame: he hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet, methinks, right modest.

Iago. And, when she speaks, 'tis an alarum to love.

Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets!—Come, lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine, and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends;—but one cup: I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too; and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels; the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here;—I pray you call them in.

Cas. I'll do't; but it dislikes me. [*Exit.*

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress's dog. Now, my sick fool, Roderigo,
Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side outward,
To Desdemona hath to-night caroused
Potations pottle-deep; and he's to watch:
Three lads of Cyprus—noble, swelling spirits,
That hold their honour in a wary distance,

The very elements of this warlike isle,—
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,
I am to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle:—But here they come:
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Enter CASSIO, MONTANO, JULIO, ANTONIO, *and* LEONARDO, *with Wine.*

Cas. 'Fore Heaven, they have given me a rouse already.

Mont. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, As I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho!

[Sings.] *And let me the canakin clink, clink;*
And let me the canakin clink:
A soldier's a man:
A life's but a span;
Why then let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys!

Cas. 'Fore Heaven, an excellent song!

Iago. I learn'd it in England, where, indeed, they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fill'd.

Cas. To the health of our general.

Mont. I am for it, lieutenant: and I'll do you justice.

Iago. O sweet England!

[Sings.] *King Stephen was a worthy peer,*
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor—lown.

Some wine, ho!

Cas. 'Fore Heaven, this is a more exquisite song than the other!

Iago. Will you hear it again?

Cas. No; for I hold him unworthy of his place that does those things.—Well,—Heaven's above all; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls that must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I, too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay; but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs. Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk; this is my ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand.—I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Very well, then,—you must not think that I am drunk.

[*Exeunt* CASSIO, ANTONIO, JULIO, *and* LEONARDO.

Iago. You see this fellow that is gone before;—
He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction: and do but see his vice.
I fear, the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mont. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep.

Mont. It were well
The general were put in mind of it:
Perhaps he sees it not; or his good-nature
Prizes the virtues that appear in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils:—Is not this true?

Enter RODERIGO.

Iago. How now, Roderigo!
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go.
[*Exit* RODERIGO.

Mont. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place, as his own second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity:
It were an honest action to say so
To the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil.

Rod. [*Without.*] Help! help!—

Iago. But hark! what noise?

Enter CASSIO, *driving in* RODERIGO—ANTONIO *and* JULIO *following them.*

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!

Mont. What's the matter, lieutenant?
[*Stops* CASSIO.

Cas. A knave!—teach me my duty!
I'll beat the knave into a wicker bottle.

Rod. Beat me!

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?
[*Struggling to reach* RODERIGO.

Mont. Nay, good lieutenant; [*Staying him.*
Pray, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mont. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk! [*Strikes* MONTANO.
[*They draw, and fight.*

Iago. Away, I say! go out, and cry—a mutiny.
[*Aside to* RODERIGO, *who runs out.*
Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen,—
Help, ho!——Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir;—
Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch, indeed!—
[*Bell rings.*
Who's that that rings the bell?——Diablo, ho!
The town will rise:—Heaven's will, lieutenant! hold;
You will be shamed for ever.
[MONTANO *is wounded,*—ANTONIO *and* JULIO *support him.*

Enter OTHELLO, MARCO, PAULO, GIOVANNI, LUCA, *and* SERVANTS *with Torches.*

Oth. Hold, for your lives.—
Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?
Are we turn'd Turks: and to ourselves do that
Which Heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl!
He that stirs next, to carve forth his own rage,
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.—
[*Bell rings.*
Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle
From her propriety.— [*Exit* MARCO, *and returns.*
Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this?—on thy love I charge thee.
Iago. I do not know;—friends all but now, even now
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Divesting them for bed: and then, but now
(As if some planet had unwitted men,)
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds;
And would in action glorious I had lost
These legs, that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?
Cas. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.
Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure: What's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? Give me answer to it.
Mont. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—
While I spare speech, which something now offends me,—
Of all that I do know: nor know I aught,
By me that's said or done amiss this night;
Unless self-charity be sometime a vice;
And to defend ourselves it be a sin,
When violence assails us.
Oth. Now, by Heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, having my best judgment collied,
Assays to lead the way: if I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke.—Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on;
And he that is approved in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me:—What! and in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brim-full of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel!—
In night, and on the court and guard of safety!—
'Tis monstrous.—Iago, who began't?
Mont. If partially affined, or leagued in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.
Iago. Touch me not so near:
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;

Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for help;
And Cassio following with determined sword,
To execute upon him: Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause:
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest, by his clamour,—as it so fell out,—
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose; and I return'd, the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath; which, till to-night,
I ne'er might say before: When I came back,
(For this was brief,) I found them close together,
At blow and thrust: even as again they were,
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter can I not report:—
But men are men; the best sometimes forget:—
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,—
Yet, surely, Cassio,—I believe,—received
From him that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio:—Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.—
Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon:—
Lead him off—

[MONTANO *is led off by* JULIO *and* ANTONIO.

Iago, look with care about the town;
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.

[*Exeunt all but* CASSIO *and* IAGO.

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, Heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! I have

lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more offence in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: sue to him, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive so good a commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk?—O, thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is it possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: How came you thus recover'd?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. I could heartily wish this had not so befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange!—Every inordinate cup is unbless'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved, it, sir.—I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general;—confess yourself freely to her; importune her, she'll help to put you in your place: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so bless'd a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is requested.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. [*Exit.*

Iago. And what's he then, that says,—I play the villain,—

When this advice is free I give, and honest,
Probable to the thinking, and (indeed) the course
To win the Moor again?—
How am I then a villain,
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
Directly to his good?—Divinity of hell!
When devils will the blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now: For, while this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—
That she repeals him for her body's lust;
And, by how much she strives to do him good,

She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall enmesh them all.

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo?

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgell'd: I think the issue will be—I shall have so much experience for my pains, as that comes to, and no money at all; and, with that wit, return to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they that have not patience!—
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio;
Content thyself a while.—By the mass, 'tis morning;
Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.—
Retire thee; go where thou art billetted:
Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:—
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit* RODERIGO.
Two things are to be done,—
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;
I'll set her on:—
Myself the while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife:—Ay, that's the way:
Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Cyprus.

A Room in the Castle.

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, *and* CASSIO.

Des. Be thou assured, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.
Emil. Good madam, do; I know it grieves my husband,
As if the case were his.
Des. O, that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt, Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.
Cas. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never any thing but your true servant.
Des. O, sir, I thank you: You do love my lord:
You've known him long: and be you well assured,
He shall in strangeness stand no further off,
Than in a politic distance.
Cas. Ay,—but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
That I being absent, and my place supply'd,
My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place: Assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit: Therefore, be merry, Cassio;
For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

Emil. Madam, here comes my lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Enter OTHELLO *and* IAGO.

Des. Well, do your discretion. [*Exit* CASSIO.

Iago. Ha! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

Iago. Cassio, my lord? No sure; I cannot think it,
That he would steal away, so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I do believe 'twas he.

Des. How now, my lord?
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you mean?

Des. Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;
For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face:—
I pr'ythee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?
Des. Ay, sooth, so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me;
I suffer with him:—Good love, call him back.
Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona, some other time.
Des. But shall't be shortly?
Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.
Des. Shall't be to-night at supper?
Oth. No, not to-night.
Des. To-morrow dinner then?
Oth. I shall not dine at home:
I meet the captains at the citadel.
Des. Why then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;
Or Tuesday noon, or night; or Wednesday morn:—
I pr'ythee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days.—In faith, he's penitent:—
When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello.—I wonder, in my soul,
What you could ask of me, that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering on.—What! Michael Cassio,
That came a-wooing with you; and many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part,—to have so much to do
To bring him in!—Trust me, I could do much,—
Oth. Pr'ythee, no more;—let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.
Des. Why, this is not a boon;
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm;
Or sue to you, to do a peculiar profit
To your own person: Nay, when I have a suit,
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poise and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.
Oth. I will deny thee nothing:

Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.
Des. Shall I deny you? no: Farewell, my lord.
Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona. I'll come to thee straight.
Des. Emilia, come:—Be't as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient.
[*Exeunt* EMILIA *and* DESDEMONA.
Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.
Iago. My noble lord——
Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?
Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?
Oth. He did, from first to last. Why dost thou ask?
Iago. But for the satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.
Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?
Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.
Oth. O, yes: and went between us very oft.
Iago. Indeed!
Oth. Indeed?—Ay, indeed: Discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?
Iago. Honest, my lord?
Oth. Honest?—ay, honest.
Iago. My lord, for aught I know.
Oth. What dost thou think?
Iago. Think, my lord?
Oth. Think, my lord!—
By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought,
Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean something:

I heard thee say but now,—Thou lik'dst not that,—
When Cassio left my wife:—What didst not like?—
And, when I told thee he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou cried'st, "Indeed!"
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit; if thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost;
And—for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou givest them breath,—
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:
For such things, in a false disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom; but, in a man that's just,
They're close denotements, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,—
I dare be sworn,—I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be that they seem;
Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem none!

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this;
I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me;
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.—
Utter my thoughts? Why say they are vile and false,—
As where's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,

If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and makest his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.
Iago. I do beseech you,—
(Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,—
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not,)—I entreat you then,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
You'ld take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance:—
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.
Oth. What dost thou mean?
Iago. Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of our souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.
Oth. By Heaven, I'll know thy thought!
Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, while 'tis in my custody.
Oth. Ha!—
Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster which doth make
The meat it feeds on: That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!
Oth. O misery!
Iago. Poor and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches, fineless, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor:—

Good Heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!
Oth. Why, why is this?—
Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt,
Is—once to be resolved.—
'Tis not to make me jealous,
To say,—my wife is fair, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt:
For she had eyes, and chose me: No, Iago;
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love, or jealousy.
Iago. I'm glad of this; for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you,
With franker spirit: therefore, as I'm bound,
Receive it from me:—I speak not yet of proof:—
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio:
Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor secure;—
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be abused; look to't;
I know our country disposition well;
In Venice they do let Heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience
Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown.
Oth. Dost thou say so?
Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And, when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,
She loved them most.
Oth. And so she did.
Iago. Why, go to, then;
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,

To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak,—
He thought 'twas witchcraft:—But I am much to blame;
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.
Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.
Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.
Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.
Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love:——But I do see you are moved:—
I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.
Oth. I will not.
Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at: Cassio's my trusty friend,—
My lord, I see you're moved.
Oth. No, not much moved;—
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.
Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!
Oth. And yet, how nature, erring from itself,—
Iago. Ay, there's the point; as,—to be bold with you,—
Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree;
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends:—
Fie! one may smell in such a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.—
But pardon me; I do not, in position,
Distinctly speak of her; though I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And (hapily) repent.

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Oth. Farewell, farewell;—
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;—
Set on thy wife to observe.—Leave me, Iago.
Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [*Exit.*
Oth. Why did I marry?—This honest creature, doubtless,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Enter IAGO.

Iago. My lord,—I would I might entreat your honour
To scan this thing no further; leave it to time;
Though it be fit that Cassio have his place,
(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,)
Yet, if you please to hold him off a while,
You shall by that perceive him and his means;
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
(As worthy cause I have to fear—I am,)
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.
Oth. Fear not my government.
Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*
Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings.—If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune.—Haply, for I am black;—
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have;—Or, for I am declined
Into the vale of years;—yet that's not much:—
She's gone; I am abused; and my relief
Must be—to loath her.—O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And [illegible] petites! I had rather be a toad,

And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' uses.—
Desdemona comes:—
If she be false, O, then, Heaven mocks itself!—
I'll not believe it.

Enter DESDEMONA *and* EMILIA.

Des. How now, my dear Othello?
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.
Oth. I am to blame.
Des. Why is your speech so faint? are you not well?
Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead, here.
Des. Why that's with watching; 'twill away again;
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.
Oth. Your napkin is too little;
[*He puts the Handkerchief from him, and it drops.*
Let it alone.—Come, I'll go in with you.
Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.
[*Exeunt* DESDEMONA *and* OTHELLO.
Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin;
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token
(For he conjured her she should ever keep it,)
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give it Iago;
What he will do with it, Heaven knows, not I;
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Enter IAGO.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?
Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you,

Iago. You have a thing for me?—it is a common thing,—

Emil. Ha?

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Emil. O, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Emil. What handkerchief?
Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her?

Emil. No; but she let it drop by negligence;
And, to the advantage, I being here, took't up.
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me.

Emil. What will you do with't, that you've been so earnest
To have me filch it?

Iago. Why, what's that to you? [*Snatching it.*

Emil. If't be not for some purpose of import,
Give't me again: Poor lady! she'll run mad
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known of't; I have use for it.
Go, leave me. [*Exit* EMILIA.
I will in Cassio's lodgings lose this napkin,
And let him find it: Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.—
The Moor already changes with my poison:
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste;
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so:—
Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou owedst yesterday.

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me? to me?—
Iago. Why, how now, general? no more of that.
Oth. Avaunt! begone! thou'st set me on the rack:—
I swear, 'tis better to be much abused,
Than but to know't a little.
Iago. How now, my lord?
Oth. What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust?
I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He, that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.
Iago. I am sorry to hear this.
Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known: O now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue, O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner,—and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And O, ye mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone.
Iago. Is it possible?—My lord,—
Oth. [*Seizing him.*] Villain! be sure thou prove my love a whore;
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof,
Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst better have been born a dog,
Than answer my waked wrath.
Iago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see't; or, (at the least,) so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on; or woe upon thy life!
Iago. My noble lord,—
Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more: abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make Heaven weep, all earth amazed;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that.
Iago. O grace! O Heaven defend me!
Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?—
Heaven be wi' you; take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!—
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest, is not safe.—
I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,
I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.
[*Going.*
Oth. Nay, stay:—Thou should'st be honest.
Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.
Oth. By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she's not:
I think that thou art just, and think thou'rt not;
I'll have some proof: Her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrimed, and black
As mine own face.—
'Would I were satisfy'd!
Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion;
I do repent me, that I put it to you.—
You would be satisfy'd?
Oth. Would? nay, I will.
Iago. And may: But, how? how satisfy'd, my lord
Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on?
Behold her——
Oth. Death and damnation! O!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect: Damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
More than their own! What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances,—
Which lead directly to the door of truth,—
Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office:
But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,—
Prick'd to't by foolish honesty and love,—
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.
There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is Cassio:
In sleep I heard him say,—"Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!"
And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand;
Cry,—"O, sweet creature!"—and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips:
And then
Cry—"Cursed fate, that gave thee to the Moor!"

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion.

Iago. 'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream:—
And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces

Iago. Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing done:
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that: but such a handkerchief
(I am sure it was your wife's,) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If't be that——

Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. Oh, that the slave had forty thousand lives;
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!—
Now do I see 'tis time.—Look here, Iago:
All my fond love thus do I blow to Heaven:
'Tis gone.—
Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!—
Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne,
To tyrannous hate!—Swell, bosom, with thy fraught;
For 'tis of aspics' tongues!

Iago. Pray, be content.

Oth. O, blood, Iago, blood!

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may change.

Oth. Never, Iago:—
By yond' marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow,
I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet.— [IAGO *kneels.*
Witness, you ever-burning lights above,—
You elements, that clip us round about,
Witness,—that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hand, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service!—Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody work soe'er.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,

And will upon the instant put thee to't:
Within these three days, let me hear thee say,
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead;
'Tis done at your request: But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx!—O, damn her!—
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil.—Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Cyprus.

Another Apartment in the Castle.

DESDEMONA *and* EMILIA, *discovered.*

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me,
And, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think the sun, where he was born,
Drew all such humours from him.

Emil. Look where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, till Cassio be
Call'd to him.

Enter OTHELLO.

—How is it with you, my lord?

Oth. Well, my good lady:—[*Aside.*] O, hardness to dissemble!—
How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand—This hand is moist, my lady.

Des. It yet hath felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart,—
Hot, hot, and moist:—This hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels.—'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so:
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand: the hands of old gave hearts:
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this.—Come now, your promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck?

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sullen rheum offends me;
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a fault: That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;

She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father
Entirely to her love; but, if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies: She, dying, gave it me;
And bade me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her.—I did so:—and take heed on't,
Make it a darling, like your precious eye;
To lose or give't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is it possible?

Oth. 'Tis true; there's magic in the web of it:
A Sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to make two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work:
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk;
And it was dy'd in mummy, which the skilful
Conserved of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed! is it true?

Oth. Most veritable: therefore look to't well.

Des. Then 'would to Heaven, that I had never seen it!

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash?

Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out o' the way?

Des. Heaven bless us!

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost: But what, an' if it were?

Oth. Ha!—

Des. I say it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see it.

Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now:—
This is a trick to put me from my suit:—
I pray let Cassio be received again.

Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief:—my mind misgives.

Des. Come, come;
You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief!—

Des. A man that, all his time,
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;
Shared dangers with you;——

Oth. The handkerchief!—

Des. In sooth, you are to blame.

Oth. Away! [*Exit.*

Emil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.
Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man.—
Look you! Cassio, and my husband.

Enter IAGO *and* CASSIO.

Iago. There is no other way; 'tis she must do't:—
And, lo, the happiness!—go, and importune her.

Des. How now, good Cassio? what's the news with you?

Cas. Madam, my former suit.

Des. Alas! thrice-gentle Cassio,
My advocation is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour, as in humour, alter'd.
You must a while be patient:
What I can do, I will; and more I will,
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Emil. He went hence but now,
And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,—

And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother,—and can he be angry?
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him:—
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. [*Exit.*

Des. I pr'ythee do so.—Something, sure, of state
Hath puddled his clear spirit: and, in such cases,
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object.
Nay, we must think, men are not gods;
Nor of them look for such observances
As fit the bridal.

Emil. 'Pray Heaven, it be state matters, as you think;
And no conception, nor no jealous toy,
Concerning you!

Des. Alas the day! I never gave him cause.

Emil. But jealous souls will not be answered so:
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they're jealous: 'tis a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!

Emil. Lady, amen!

Des. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout:
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Cyprus.

An Apartment in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO *and* IAGO.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night:—I'll not expostulate with her; lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again:—this night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison; strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good: the justice of it pleases; very good.

Iago. And for Cassio,—let me be his undertaker: You shall hear more by midnight.—

Oth. Excellent good.— [*A Trumpet without.* What trumpet is that same?—

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico Come from the Duke: and see, your wife is with him.

Enter LODOVICO *and* DESDEMONA.

Lod. 'Save you, worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The Duke and senators of Venice greet you. [*Gives him a Letter.*

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.
[*Reads the Letter.*
Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?
Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior:
Welcome to Cyprus.
Lod. I thank you. How does lieutenant Cassio?
Iago. Lives, sir.
Des. Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my lord
An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.
Oth. Are you sure of that?
Des. My lord?
Oth. [Reads.] *This fail you not to do, as you will*—
Lod. He did not call; he's busy in the paper.—
Is there division between my lord and Cassio?
Des. A most unhappy one: I would do much
To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.
Oth. Fire and brimstone!—
Des. My lord?
Oth. Are you wise?
Des. What, is he angry?
Lod. 'May be, the letter moved him;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.
Des. By my troth, I am glad on't.
Oth. Indeed?
Des. My lord?
Oth. I am glad to see you mad.
Des. How, sweet Othello?
Oth. Devil! [*Striking her.*
Des. I have not deserved this.
Lod. My lord, this would not be believed in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw't: 'Tis very much;
Make her amends; she weeps.
Oth. O devil, devil!—
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.—
Out of my sight!

Des. I will not stay to offend you. [*Going.*
Lod. Truly an obedient lady;—
I do beseech your lordship call her back.
Oth. Mistress,—
Des. My lord?
Oth. What would you with her, sir?
Lod. Who, I, my lord?
Oth. Ay; you did wish that I would make her turn:
Sir, she can turn and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep:
And she's obedient,—as you say, obedient,—
Very obedient.—Proceed you in your tears?
Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion!—
I am commanded here,—Get you away;
I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice:—Hence, avaunt!—
Cassio shall have my place!—And, sir, to-night,
I do entreat that we may sup together.
You're welcome, sir, to Cyprus. Goats and monkeys!
[*Exeunt* OTHELLO *and* DESDEMONA.
Lod. Is this the noble Moor, whom our full senate
Call all-in-all sufficient? This the noble nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze nor pierce?
Iago. He is much changed.
Lod. What, strike his wife!
Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well: Yet 'would I knew,
That stroke would prove the worst.
Lod. Is it his use?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?
Iago. Alas! alas!
It is not honesty in me to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him,
And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech: Do but go after,

And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry that I am deceived in him.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Cyprus.

Another Apartment in the Castle.

Enter EMILIA *and* OTHELLO.

Oth. You have seen nothing then?

Emil. Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

Emil. But then I saw no harm; and then I heard
Every syllable that breath made up between them.

Oth. What, did they never whisper?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o' the way?

Emil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her mask, her gloves, nor nothing?

Emil. Never.

Oth. That's strange.

Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought, it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let Heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy; the purest of her sex
Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither;—go.— [*Exit* EMILIA.

She says enough—Yet she's a simple bawd,
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet-lock-and-key of villainous secrets:
And yet she'll kneel and pray; I've seen her do't.

Enter DESDEMONA *and* EMILIA.

Des. My lord, what is your will?
Oth. 'Pray, chuck, come hither.
Des. What is your pleasure?
Oth. Let me see your eyes:—
Look in my face.
Des. What horrible fancy's this?
Oth. Some of your function, mistress;
Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;
Cough, or cry—hem, if any body come:
Your mystery, your mystery;—nay, dispatch.
[*Exit* EMILIA.
Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.
Oth. What art thou?
Des. Your wife, my lord—your true and loyal wife.
Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself;
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee; therefore be double-damn'd;
Swear—thou art honest.
Des. Heaven doth truly know it.
Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as hell.
Des. [*Rises.*] To whom, my lord? with whom? How am I false?
Oth. O Desdemona!—away! away! away!
Des. Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?
Am I the occasion of those tears, my lord?
If, haply, you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,

Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.
Oth. Had it pleased Heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
All kind of sores and shames on my bare head;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,
Given to captivity, me and my hopes;
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience:—
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart;
Where, either I must live, or bear no life;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!—
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in!—Turn thy complexion there,
Patience,—thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubim,—
Ay, there, look grim as hell!
Des. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.
Oth. O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken e'en with blowing. O, thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee,—'Would thou hadst ne'er been born!
Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?
Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon?—What committed?
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks:
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it!—What committed?—
Impudent strumpet!
Des. By Heaven, you do me wrong!
Oth. Are you not a strumpet?
Des. No, as I am a Christian.
Oth. I cry you mercy, then;
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That marry'd with Othello.—You, mistress,—

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell,—

Enter EMILIA.

You, you,—ay, you—
We've done our course: there's money for your pains;
I pray you, turn the key and keep our counsel.
[*Exit.*

Emil. Alas! what does this gentleman conceive?
How do you, my good lady?
Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

Des. With whom?

Emil. With my lord, madam?

Des. Who is thy lord?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none—Do not talk to me, Emilia:—
Call thy husband hither.

Emil. Here is a change indeed! [*Exit.*

Des. 'Tis meet I should be used so, very meet.

Enter IAGO *and* EMILIA.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is it with you?

Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord has so bewhored her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Des. Such as, she says, my lord did say I was.

Emil. He call'd her, whore; a beggar, in his drink,
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know; I am sure I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep: Alas, the day!

Emil. Hath she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, all her friends,
To be call'd—whore? would it not make one weep?

Iago. Beshrew him for it!
How comes this trick upon him?
Des. Nay, Heaven doth know.
Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devised this slander; I'll be hang'd else.
Iago. Fie, there is no such man, it is impossible.
Des. If any such there be, Heaven pardon him!
Emil. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!
Why should he call her, whore? who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The Moor's abused by some outrageous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow:—
Oh, Heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold;
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world!
Iago. Speak within door.
Emil. O, fie upon him! Some such 'squire he was,
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.
Iago. You are a fool; go to.
Des. O, good Iago,
What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of Heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:—
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will,—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me!—Unkindness may do much;

And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. [*They raise her.*

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour;
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Des. If 'twere no other,—

Iago. It is but so, I warrant you.
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt* DESDEMONA *and* EMILIA.

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo?

Rod. I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou doff'st me with some device, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me, thou keep'st from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it: Nor am I yet persuaded, to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. 'Faith, I have heard too much; for your words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votarist: You have told me—she has received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquittance; but I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well. By this hand, I say, 'tis very scurvy; and begin to find myself fobb'd in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my

unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself, I'll seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay; and I have said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even from this time do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo; thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affairs.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean purpose, courage, and valour,—this night show it: if thou the next night following enjoy'st not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial command come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? Why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and taketh away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean—removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him uncapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Iago. Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit and a right. He sups to-night with a harlot, and thither will I go to him:—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune:—If you will watch his going thence,—which

I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one,—you may take him at your pleasure: I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. —Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall; be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Cyprus.

A Garden belonging to the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, MARCO, *and* PAULO.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good-night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?—

[*Exeunt* LODOVICO, PAULO, *and* MARCO.

O,—Desdemona,—

Des. My lord?

Oth Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forthwith:—Dismiss your attendant there; look it be done. [*Exit.*

Des. I will, my lord.

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says he will return immediately.
He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:
We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would you had never seen him! [*Exeunt*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Cyprus.

A Street.

Enter IAGO *and* RODERIGO.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home;
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow:
It makes us, or it mars us, think of that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.
Iago. Here, at thy hand; be bold, and take thy sword. [*Retires a little.*
Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he has given me satisfying reasons:
'Tis but a man gone: forth, my sword; he dies.
[*Stands aside*
Iago. [*Advancing.*] Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain:—Live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold and jewels, that I bobb'd from him,
As gifts to Desdemona;
It must not be:—If Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly;—and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there stand I in peril;
No, he must die:—But so, I hear him coming.
[*Stands aside.*

Enter CASSIO.

Rod. I know his gait, 'tis he:—Villain, thou diest!
[*He runs, and thrusts at* CASSIO, *who draws.*
Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou think'st;
I will make proof of thine.
[CASSIO *wounds* RODERIGO, *who falls.*
Rod. O, I am slain!
[IAGO *advances, cuts* CASSIO *behind in the leg, and exit.*
Cas. I am maim'd for ever. [CASSIO *falls.*
Help, ho!—murder! murder!
Rod. O, villain that I am!
Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage? murder! murder!
Rod. Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter IAGO, *in his Night-Gown, with a naked Sword and a Light.*

Iago. What are you here, that cry so grievously?

Cas. Iago! O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains! Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant!—what villains have done this?

Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout, And cannot make away.

Rod. O, help me here!

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave! O villain!

[IAGO *stabs* RODERIGO.

Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!—O! O! O!

Iago. Kill men i' the dark!—Where be these bloody thieves?
How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!

Enter LODOVICO *and* GRATIANO.

What may you be? are you of good or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico?

Lod. He, sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy: Here's Cassio hurt by villains.

Gra. Cassio?

Iago. How is it, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, Heaven forbid!—
Know we this face, or no?—
Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman,
Roderigo? no:—Yes, sure;—O Heaven!—Roderigo.

Enter EMILIA, *with a Light.*

Emil. 'Las, what's the matter? what's the matter, husband?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark
By Roderigo, and fellows that are 'scaped;
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.
Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!
Iago. Emilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd.—
[*Exit* EMILIA.
Will you go on, I pray?—This is the night
That either makes me, or fordoes me quite.
[*Exeunt* GRATIANO, CASSIO, LODOVICO, *and* IAGO.

SCENE II.

Cyprus.

A Bedchamber in the Castle.

DESDEMONA *in Bed, asleep.*

Enter OTHELLO, *with a Light.*

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.—
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.—
Put out the light, and then—Put out the light!
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,

I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me:—but once put out thine,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat,
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd the rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It must needs wither:—I'll smell it on the tree.—
[*Kisses* DESDEMONA.
O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice herself to break her sword!—Once more.—
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after.—Once more, and this the last:—
She wakes—
Des. Who's there? Othello?
Oth. Ay, Desdemona.—
Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?
Des. Ay, my lord.
Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime,
Unreconciled as yet to Heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.
Des. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that?
Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
No,—Heaven forefend!—I would not kill thy soul.
Des. Talk you of killing?
Oth. Ay, I do.
Des. Then, Heaven
Have mercy on me!
Oth. Amen, with all my heart!
Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Hum!—
Des. And yet I fear you; for you're fatal then,
When your eyes roll so: Why I should fear, I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet, I feel, I fear.
Oth. Think on thy sins.
Des. They're loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.
Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.—
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame,—
Oth. Peace, and be still!
Des. I will so:—What's the matter?
Oth. That handkerchief, which I so loved, and gave thee,
Thou gavest to Cassio.
Des. No, by my life and soul;
Send for the man, and ask him.
Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou'rt on thy death-bed.
Des. Ay, but not yet to die.
Oth. Yes, presently;
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choke, the strong conception
That I do groan withal:—Thou art to die.
Des. Then, Lord have mercy on me!
Oth. I say, amen.
Des. And have you mercy too!—I never did
Offend you in my life; never loved Cassio
But with such general warranty of Heaven
As I might love: I never gave him token.
Oth. By Heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his hand.
O perjured woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And makest me call, what I intend to do,—
A murder,—which I thought a sacrifice:—
I saw the handkerchief.
Des. He found it then;
I never gave it him:—Send for him hither,
And let him confess a truth.
Oth. He has confess'd.
Des. What, my lord?
Oth. That he hath—used thee.
Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.
Des. He will not say so.
Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.
Des. My fear interprets then,—What, is he dead?
Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.
Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone!
Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face?
Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Down, strumpet!
Des. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.
Oth. Nay, an you strive,—
Des. But half an hour,—
Oth. Being done,
There is no pause.
Des. But while I say one prayer,—
Oth. It is too late.— [*He smothers her.*
[EMILIA *knocks at the Door.*
Emil. My lord! my lord!—What ho!—my lord! my lord!
Oth. What noise is this?—not dead, not yet quite dead:—
I that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain;—
So,—so.—— [*Stabs her with his Dagger.*
[EMILIA *knocks at the Door.*
Emil. What ho!—my lord! my lord!—
Oth. Who's there?
Emil. O, good my lord, I'd speak a word with you.
Oth. Yes;—'tis Emilia.—By and by.—She's dead.
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;
The noise was high.—Ha!—no more moving,
Still as the grave.—Shall she come in? Were't good?—
I think she stirs again:—No.—What's the best?

If she comes in, she'll sure speak to my wife:—
My wife! my wife!—what wife?—I have no wife.—
O, insupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon; and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.

[EMILIA *knocks at the Door.*

Emil. I do beseech you, I may speak with you,
O, good my lord!—

Oth. I had forgot thee:—O, come in, Emilia:—
[*Unlocks the Door.*

Enter EMILIA.

What's the matter with thee now?

Emil. O, my good lord, yonder's foul murder done.

Oth. What? now?

Emil. But now, my lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more near the earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.

Emil. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian,
Call'd—Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd?—
And Cassio kill'd?—

Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth Not Cassio kill'd? Then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O, O, O,—

Emil. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth. That! what?

Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd!—

Emil. Out, and alas! it is my lady's voice:—
Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!
Sweet Desdemona! O, sweet mistress, speak!

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Emil. O who has done
This deed?
Des. Nobody; I myself; farewell!
Commend me to my kind lord:—O, farewell!
[*She dies.*
Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?
Emil. Alas, who knows?
Oth. You heard her say herself it was not I.
Emil She said so; I must needs report a truth.
Oth. She's like a liar gone to burning hell!
'Twas I that kill'd her.
Emil. O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil!
Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.
Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.
Oth She was false as water.
Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false; O, she was heavenly true!
Oth. Cassio did use her; ask thy husband else,
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity: Thy husband knew it all.
Emil My husband!
Oth. Thy husband.
Emil. That she was false to wedlock?
Oth. Ay, with Cassio.—
Nay, had she been true,
If Heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.
Emil. My husband!—
Oth. What needs this iteration, woman?
I say, thy husband;—Dost understand the word?—
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.
Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart;
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.
Oth. Ha?—

Emil. Do thy worst:—
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou wast worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were best.—
Emil. Thou hast not half that power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! Thou hast done a deed,—
I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives:—Help! help, ho! help!
The Moor has kill'd my mistress:—Murder! murder!—

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, *and* IAGO.

Mont. What is the matter?—
Emil. My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed.—
O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.
Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false;
I know thou didst not; thou'rt not such a villain;—
Speak, for my heart is full.
Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.
Emil. But did you ever tell him she was false?
Iago. I did.
Emil. You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie:—
She false with Cassio!—Did you say, with Cassio?
Iago. With Cassio, mistress.—
What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.
Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak;
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:—
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.
Oth. O! O! O! [*Falling on the Bed.*
Emil. Nay, lay thee down, and roar;
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent
That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. O, she was foul!— [*Rising.*
I scarce did know you, uncle: There lies your niece;
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd:
I know this act shows terrible and grim.
Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead;
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain.
Oth. 'Tis pitiful: but yet Iago knows
That she with Cassio had the act of shame
A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it:
And she did gratify his amorous works
With the recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand;
It was a handkerchief,—an antique token
My father gave my mother.
Emil. O Heaven! O heavenly powers!
That handkerchief, thou speak'st of,
I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
(More than indeed belonged to such a trifle,)
He begg'd of me to steal it.
Iago. Filth, thou liest!
Emil. By Heaven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen.—
O murd'rous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife!
Oth. Are there no stones in heaven
But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!
[OTHELLO *makes a pass at* IAGO, MONTANO *disarms him,*—IAGO *at the same time, stabs* EMILIA, *and runs out.*
Mont. Take you this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,
But kill him rather: I'll after that same villain.
[*Exeunt* MONTANO *and* GRATIANO.
Oth. I am not valiant neither,

But every puny whipster gets my sword:—
But why should honour outlive honesty?
Let it go all.
Emil. Moor, she was chaste: she loved thee, cruel Moor:
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, I die,—I die. [*She dies.*
Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper;
[*Goes for the Sword, and returns.*
O, here it is:—Uncle, I must come forth.
Gra. [*Without.*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear;
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.
Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak to me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Enter GRATIANO.

Behold! I have a weapon:
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh: I've seen the day,
That, with this little arm, and this good sword,
I've made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop:—But, O vain boast!
Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.—
Do you go back dismay'd? 'Tis a lost fear.
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires:—Where should Othello go?
Now, how dost thou look now?—O ill-starr'd wench!
Pale as thy smock!—when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it.—Cold, cold, my girl;
Even like thy chastity.—O cursed slave!—
Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!—

O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead?—O, O, O!—
[*Falls down by her.*

Enter LODOVICO, CASSIO, *brought in by* ANTONIO *and* JULIO, MONTANO, IAGO *prisoner*, MARCO, *and* PAULO.

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?
Oth. That's he that was Othello:—Here I am.
Lod. Where is this viper? bring the villain forth.
Oth. I look down towards his feet;—but that's a fable;—
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.
[OTHELLO *wounds* IAGO, *and* MONTANO *disarms him.*
Iago. I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.
Oth. I am not sorry neither; I'd have thee live;
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.
Lod. O thou, Othello, that wast once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a cursed slave,
What shall be said to thee?
Oth. Why, any thing:
An honourable murderer, if you will:
For nought did I in hate, but all in honour.
Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy:
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?
Oth Ay.
Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.
Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.—
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?
Iago. Demand me nothing: What you know, you know:
From this time forth I never will speak word.
Oth. Well, thou dost best.
Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not:—Here's a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;
And here, another: the one of them imports

The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo:—
Oth. O villain!
Lod. Now here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain;
But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in, and satisfied him.
Oth. O the pernicious caitiff!—
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?
Cas. I found it in my chamber.
[*Takes it out of his Pocket.*
And he himself confess'd it even now,
That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.
Oth. O fool! fool! fool!
Cas. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,—
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast: And e'en but now he spake,
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.
Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us;
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—
If there be any cunning cruelty
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his: Away with him.
[*Exeunt* IAGO, PAULO, *and* MARCO.
You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state:—Come, bring him away.
Oth. Soft you; a word or two, before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know't;
No more of that:—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,

Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
Of one, that loved not wisely, but too well;
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme:
Of one, whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum.—Set you down this:
And say, besides,—that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduced the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus!— [*Stabs himself.*
O, Desdemona!— [*Dies.*

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;
For he was great of heart.

Lod. Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor;
For they succeed to you.—To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure of that hellish villain;
The time, the place, the torture.—O enforce it!—
Myself will straight aboard; and, to the state,
This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [*Exeunt.*

THE END.

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THE

TEMPEST;

OR,

THE ENCHANTED ISLAND;

A PLAY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

ADAPTED TO THE STAGE, WITH ADDITIONS FROM DRYDEN AND DAVENANT,

By J. P. KEMBLE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by James Ballantyne & Co.

REMARKS.

This is one of the last plays which Shakspeare wrote.

Dr Warburton says of it—"This play, and 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' are the noblest efforts of that sublime and amazing imagination, peculiar to Shakspeare, which soars above the bounds of nature, without forsaking sense; or, more properly, carries nature along with him beyond her established limits."

Shakspeare had now written more than thirty plays, and, like other hackneyed authors, he began to be weary of his employment. But he had a resource in fancy, to which others apply in vain. Tired of the same dull round of forming men and women, he said—"Let there be spirits, fairies, goblins, and monsters." At his word, these supernatural things had dramatic existence.

But, however the learned may admire the poet's grand conception, and the complete execution of all that *they* can conceive he meant to do to make thi;

play perfection, it would never have become a favourite on the stage without the aid of Dryden's alteration. The human beings in the original drama had not business enough on the scene to make human beings anxious about them: and the preternatural characters were more wonderful than pleasing; for, whilst an auditor or a reader pours forth his praise before the creator of Caliban, he loathes the creature.

Ariel, opposed to this monster, is one of those happy contrasts which Shakspeare deals in; yet this airy and mild spirit cannot charm an audience, except by singing. Nor could the love scenes produce much sympathy, but from the artlessness of the objects concerned. Ignorance of what their own sensations mean is the charm which alone elevates those pleasing characters above the common order of insipid lovers.

"The Tempest" contains some of the author's best poetry—the noted passage of "cloud-capp'd towers" is here; also some exquisite descriptions of wild rural scenery; and there is a sublimity in the pinches, cramps, and aches of Caliban; his bogs, fens, flats, moles, barnacles, and apes—as well as in the oaks, rocks, winds, sea, earth, and air of Prospero.

Dr Warburton's praises of "The Tempest" are thus supported by Dr Johnson's following eulogium:

"In a single drama are here exhibited princes, courtiers, and sailors, all speaking in their real characters. There is the agency of airy spirits, and of an earthly goblin; the operation of magic, the tu-

mults of a storm, the adventures of a desert island, the native effusion of untaught affection, the punishment of guilt, and the final happiness of the pair, for whom our reason and our passions are equally interested."

All these things are doubtless comprised in "The Tempest," except the last implied quality—one, of all others, which an audience can, perhaps, the least dispense with. This drama does not interest the passions. Less variety might have engaged them; but here genius has been too much expanded. Exercised on fewer objects, its force had been concentrated and more effectual.

The senses are, indeed, powerfully engaged by the grandeur of the spectacle in a London theatre—and the senses, highly gratified, are sometimes mistaken, by the possessor himself—for the passions.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALONSO,	*Mr Creswell.*
PROSPERO,	*Mr Kemble.*
HYPPOLYTO,	*Miss Logan.*
FERDINAND,	*Mr C. Kemble.*
ANTONIO,	*Mr Chapman.*
GONZALO,	*Mr Murray.*
TRINCULO,	*Mr Fawcett.*
STEPHANO,	*Mr Munden.*
CALIBAN,	*Mr Emery.*
MIRANDA,	*Miss Brunton.*
DORINDA,	*Mrs C. Kemble.*

SPIRITS.

ARIEL, *Miss Meadows.*

The other Spirits by the general Chorus.

FURIES.

Mr Denham, Mr Grimaldi, Mr Lee, Mr Street, Mr Treby, and others.

SCENE—An uninhabited Island.

THE

TEMPEST.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

The Cell of PROSPERO.

Enter PROSPERO, *meeting* MIRANDA.

Pro. Miranda, where's your sister?
Mir. Sir, I saw her
Climbing tow'rds yon high point, whence I am come
From gazing on the ocean:—A brave creature,
(Who has, no doubt, some other creatures in her,)
Toss'd on the waste of waters,—
Pro. Be collected;
I shall do nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my daughter, and thy pretty sister.—
You both are ignorant of what you are,
Nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And your no greater father.
Mir. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time
I should inform thee further.—Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So;
[*Lays down his mantle and wand.*
Lie there, my art.—
The fated wreck of that same gallant ship
I shall with such provision in mine art
So safely order,
That not so much perdition as a hair,
Shall 'tide to any creature in the vessel.—
Sit down;
For thou must now know further.
Mir. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition;
Concluding,—"Stay, not yet."
Pro. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive.— [MIRANDA *sits down.*
Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst; for then thou wast not
Out three years old.
Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.
Pro. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.
Mir. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream than an assurance,
That my remembrance warrants:—Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?
Pro. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda: But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What see'st thou else
In the dark backward and abysme of time?
If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.
Mir. But that I do not.

Pro. Fifteen years since, my child, but fifteen years,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.
Mir. Sir, are not you my father?
Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said you were my daughters; and your father
Was Duke of Milan: thou, my girl, his heir,
A princess, no worse issued.
Mir. O the Heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't, we did?
Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence;
But blessedly holp hither.
Mir. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance!—Please you, further.
Pro. My brother and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—to him I put
The manage of my government,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported,
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?
Mir. Sir, most heedfully.
Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts
To what tune pleased his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't.—Thou attend'st not.
Mir. O, good sir, I do.
Pro. Being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,

But what my power might else exact,
He needs will be
Absolute Milan: Me, poor man!—my library
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates,
So dry he was for sway, with the king of Naples,
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor Milan!)
To most ignoble stooping:—Whereupon,
A treacherous army levy'd, one mid-night
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurry'd thence
Me, thy young sister, and thy crying self.
Mir. Alack, for pity!—
Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon us; without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.
Mir. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?
Pro. Girl, they durst not,
So dear the love my people bore me, set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurry'd us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared
A rotten carcase of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.
Mir. Alack! what trouble
Were we then to you!
Pro. O! two cherubim
Ye were, that did preserve me; ye did smile,

Infused with a fortitude from Heaven:
Which raised in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.
Mir. How came we ashore?
Pro. By providence divine.—
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, (he being then appointed
Master of this design,) did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.
Mir. Would I might
But ever see that man! [*Rises.*
Pro. Mark me,—and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I, your schoolmaster, made you more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.
Mir. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, sir,
(For still 'tis beating in my mind,) your reason
For raising this sea-storm?
Pro Know thus far forth:—
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought on these seas; and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.
[*Takes up his wand, and charms* MIRANDA *to sleep.*

Here cease more questions;
[MIRANDA *sinks into her seat.*
Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way:—I know thou canst not chuse.—
[MIRANDA *sleeps.*—PROSPERO *puts on his mantle.*
Come away, servant, come: I am ready now;
Approach, my Ariel; come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the sea, to ride
On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding task
Ariel, and all his quality.
Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Prepared to point the Tempest that I bade thee?
Ari. To every article.
Pro. What is the time o' the day?
Ari. Past the mid season.
Pro. At least two glasses: The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.
Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet perform'd me.
Pro. How now,—moody?
What is't thou canst demand?
Ari. My liberty.
Pro. Before the time be out! no more.
Ari. I pray thee:
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, served
Without or grudge, or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.
Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou dost; and think'st it much, to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep;
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do me business in the veins o'the earth,
When it is baked with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.

Pro. Thou ly'st, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, sir.

Pro. Thou hast: Where was she born? Speak; tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier.

Pro. O, was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd; for one thing she did,
They would not take her life:—Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, sir.

Pro. This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors: Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, was then her servant:
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthly, and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,

And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike: Then was this island,
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born,) not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes: Caliban her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so; he that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears: It was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arrived, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howled away twelve winters more.

Ari. Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spiriting gently.

Pro. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say, what? What shall I do?

Pro. Go, with the spirits under thy command,
Let loose the Tempest, as I bade thee: then
Disperse the stranded crew about the isle,
And bring the king's son, Ferdinand, to my cell.—
Be subject to no sight but mine; invisible
To every eyeball else.

Ari. Master, I shall.

SONG BY ARIEL.

O, bid thy faithful Ariel fly
To the farthest India's sky,

Or, to do thy great command,
Traverse o'er more distant land;
I'll climb the mountains, plunge the deep,—
I, like mortals, never sleep,—
I'll do thy task, whate'er it be,
Not with ill-will, but merrily. (*Exit.*

Pro. Awake; dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well:
Awake!
Mir. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.
Pro. Shake it off; come on; (MIRANDA *rises.*
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.
Mir. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.
Pro. But as 'tis,
We cannot miss him; he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us.—What ho!—Slave! Caliban!—
Thou earth thou! speak. (CALIBAN *without.*
Cal. There's wood enough within.
Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other business for thee;
Come forth, thou tortoise! when?
Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself,
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN *from his Den.*

(*Exit* MIRANDA.

Cal. As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! A south-west blow on you,
And blister you all o'er!
Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,

Side stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs; each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made them.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strok'dst me and mad'st much of me; would'st give me
Water with berries in't: and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night, and then I loved thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o'the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and fertile;
Cursed be I that did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of the island.

Pro. Most abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill, I have used thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care:—I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thy own meaning, but would'st gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endowed thy purposes
With words that made them known: but thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confined into this rock,

Who hadst deserved more than a prison.
Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: The red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!
Pro. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou wert best,
To answer other business.—Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.
Cal. No, pray thee!—
I must obey: his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.
Pro. So, slave; hence! (*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Foot of a Promontory.

Enter MIRANDA, *meeting* DORINDA.

Dor. O. sister, sister,—what have I beheld!
Mir. What is it moves you so?
Dor. From yonder rock,
As I mine eyes cast down upon the sea,
The whistling winds blew rudely in my face,
And the waves roar'd;—at first, I thought the war
Had been between themselves; but straight I spy'd
A strange huge creature,——
Mir. O, you mean the ship.
Dor. Is't not a creature then? It seem'd alive.
Mir. Well,—but, what of it?

Dor. This floating ram did bear his horns aloft,
All tyed with ribbands ruffling in the wind;
Sometimes he nodded down his head awhile,
And then the waves did heave him to the moon.
Mir. But, sister, I have stranger news to tell you:
In this great creature there are other creatures,
And shortly we may chance to see that thing
Which you have heard my father call—a man.
Dor. But what is that? for yet he never told me.
Mir. I know no more than you; but I have heard
My father say, we women were made for him.
Dor. Made for him? What, that he should eat us, sister?
Mir. No, sure; you see my father is a man,
And yet he does us good.
Dor. Methinks, it would
Be finer, sister, if we had two young fathers.
Mir. No, sister, no; because, if they were young,
My father said that we must call them—brothers.
Dor. How comes it, then, that we two are not brothers?
And how came he to be our father too?
Mir. I believe, he found us, when we both were little,
And grew within the ground.
Dor. Why didn't he find more of us? 'Pray, dear sister,
Let you and me look up and down one day,
To find some little ones for us to play with.
Mir. Agreed.—But now we must go in; this is
The hour wherein my father's charm will work,
Which seizes all that are in open air.
The effect of his great art I long to see,
Which will perform as much as magic can.
Dor. And I, methinks, more long to see a man,

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

The Sea.—A Ship in a Tempest.

ARIEL *firing the Ship.*

SPIRITS *of the Winds dancing.*

Chorus by Spirits of the Storm.

Arise, ye terrors of the storm,
Appal the guilty eye!
Tear the wild waves, ye mighty winds,
Ye blasting lightnings, fly!
Dart through the Tempest of the deep,
And rocks and seas confound!
(Loud Thunder.
Hark, how the vengeful thunders roll!
Amazement flames around.
Behold,—the fate-devoted bark
Dash'd on the trembling shore!
Mercy!—the sinking wretches cry,
Mercy!—they're heard no more.

[The Ship seems to founder.—Ariel and all the other Spirits disappear.

SCENE II.

The Cave of HYPPOLYTO.

Enter PROSPERO.

Pro. 'Tis not yet fit, I let my daughters know
That I have rear'd the princely heir of Mantua,
As I have them, from childhood in this isle.
His father, dying, bequeath'd him to my care,
That I should breed him equal to his birth.
O, thou false brother! was it not enough
To usurp my state, but that thou must betray
My pupil's dukedom to the Neapolitan,
And doom him to the fate design'd for me!—
By calculation of his birth, I saw
Death threatening him, if, till some time were pass'd,
He should behold the face of any woman;
And now the danger's nigh.—Hippolyto!—
Approach, young man; come forth!—Hippolyto!—

Enter HIPPOLYTO.

Hip. Sir, I attend your pleasure.

Pro. How I have loved thee from thy infancy
Heaven knows, and thou thyself canst bear me witness;
Therefore accuse me not for thy restraint.

Hip. I murmur not; but I may wonder at it.

Pro. O, gentle youth, fate waits for thee abroad,
A black star threatens thee, and death unseen
Stands ready to devour thee.

Hip. Sir, I have often heard you say, no creature
Lived in this isle, but those which man was lord of:
Why then should I fear?

Pro. But here are creatures which I named not to thee;

Those dangerous enemies of men, call'd women.
Hip. Women!—I never heard of them before.
What are women like?
Pro. Imagine something 'tween young men and angels,
Fatally beauteous, and with killing eyes;
Their voices charm beyond the nightingale's;
They are all enchantment; those who once behold them
Are made their slaves for ever:—
Therefore, if you should chance to see them,—mark me,—
Avoid them straight, I charge you.
Hip. Well, since you say they are so dangerous,
I'll so far shun them, as I may with safety
Of the unblemish'd honour which you taught me:
But let them not provoke me; for, I'm sure,
I shall not then forbear them.
Pro. Go in, and read the book I gave you last.
Hip. I shall obey you, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Valley in the Island.

Enter PROSPERO.

Pro. So, so; I hope this lesson has secured him;
For I have been constrain'd to change his lodging
From the rude rock where I have bred him up,
And bring him to the neighbourhood of my cell,
Because the shipwreck happen'd near his mansion.
How, my daughters!—
I thought I had instructed them enough.—

Enter MIRANDA *and* DORINDA.

Children, retire:—Why do you walk this way?
Mir. It is within our bounds, sir.
Pro. But both take heed, that path is very dangerous:
Remember what I told you.
Dor. Is the man that way, sir?
Pro. All that you can imagine ill is there:
The curled lion and the rugged bear
Are not so dreadful as that savage man.
Dor. But I would stroke him, father,
And make him gentle, then he would not hurt me.
Pro. You must not trust him, child.—But I must in;
For now my operant spells require my presence.—
Be you, Miranda, guardian to your sister.
[*Exit* PROSPERO.
Dor. Come, sister, let us walk the other way,
The man will catch us else; we've but two legs,
And he, perhaps, has four.
Mir. Well, sister, though he have, yet look about you,
And we shall spy him ere he come too near us.
Dor. Come back, come back; that way is tow'rd his den.
Mir. Let me alone: I'll venture first; for sure
He can devour but one of us at once.—
I will go softly:—if you see him first,
Be sure you call me to take care of you.
[*Exit* MIRANDA.
Dor. Nay, I confess I would fain see him too:
I find a longing in my very nature,
Because my father has forbidden me.
[*Exit* DORINDA.

SCENE IV.

The Cave of HIPPOLYTO.

Enter HIPPOLYTO, *reading.*

Hip. Prospero has often said that nature makes
Nothing in vain: why then are women made?
I'll ask that question when I see him next.

Enter DORINDA *and* MIRANDA, *from behind.*

Dor. O, sister, there it is:—it walks about
Like one of us.
Mir. Ay, just so,—and has legs as we have too.
Hip. It strangely puzzles me: yet 'tis most likely
Women are somewhat between men and spirits.
Mir. Hark, hark! it talks. Why, sure this is not it
My father meant:—'tis just like one of us.
Dor. I am not half so much afraid on't as
I was:—see, see, it turns this way.—
Heaven! what a pretty thing it is!
Mir. I'll go nearer it.
Dor. O no; 'tis dangerous, sister: I'll go to it.
Mir. I would not for the world that you should venture;
My father charged me to secure you from it.
Dor. I warrant you, this is a tame man, sister:
He will not hurt me; I see it by his looks.
Pro. [*Without.*] What ho! what ho!—Miranda, child, where are you?
Mir. Do you not hear my father call? go in.
Dor. 'Twas you he call'd, not me.—Make haste, make haste:—
You would not let my father wait, I hope.

Pro. [*Without.*] Miranda, child,—
Mir. Come, sister, come with me.
(*Exit* MIRANDA.
Dor. Though I die for't, I must have t'other peep.
Hip. [*Turns and sees her.*] What thing is that?
Sure 'tis some favourite infant of the sun.
My sight is dazzled.—I'll go nearer to it.—
May it not be that beauteous murderer, woman,
Whom I was charged to shun? Speak, speak,—what art thou,
Shining vision?
Dor. Alas, I know not; but, I'm told, I am
A woman.—Do not hurt me, pray, fair thing.
Hip. Won't you hurt me, fair thing? for I was told
A woman was my enemy.
Dor. I never knew
What 'twas to be an enemy; nor can
I e'er prove so to that which looks like you:
Although I fear you are a man, that lion,
That dangerous thing, of which I have been warn'd.
Pray, tell me what you are?
Hip. In truth, I was inform'd I am a man;
But, if I fright you, I shall wish I were
Some other creature.
Dor. No, you do not fright me.
Pro. (*Without.*) Dorinda!
Dor. My father calls again. Ah! I must leave you.
Hip. Alas, I'm subject to the same command.
Dor. This is my first offence against my father,
Which severing us too cruelly does punish.
Hip. And this is my first trespass too; but he
Hath more offended truth than we have him;
He said, our meeting would destructive be;
Yet I no death but in our parting see. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A naked Part of the Island.

Thunder, Wind, Rain.

Enter CALIBAN, *bearing a bundle of wood.*

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inchmeal a disease! [*Throws off his load.*
His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i'the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark,
Out of my way, unless he bid them; but
For every trifle they are set upon me;
Sometime like apes, that mow and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness. (*Wind and rain.*
Trinculo. (*Without.*) O, O, O,——
Cal. Lo, now! lo!
Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly; I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me. (*Lies down.*

Enter TRINCULO.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind; if it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond'

same cloud cannot chuse but fall by pailfuls.—What have we here? a man or a fish?—Dead or alive?—A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not the newest, poor John.—A strange fish! Legged like a man! and his fins like arms!—Warm, o' my troth!—I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that has lately suffered by a thunderbolt.—(*Wind and rain.*)—Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows: I will here shroud, till the dregs of the storm be past.

(*Lies down behind* CALIBAN.

Enter STEPHANO, *singing; a keg in his hand.*

Step. *I shall no more to sea, to sea,*
Here shall I die ashore;—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: —Well, here's my comfort. (*Drinks.*

The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a twang,
Would cry to a sailor, "Go hang;"
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort.
(*Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me: O!

Step. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde?—Ha! I have not 'scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said,

as proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground: and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. This spirit torments me: O!—

Step. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs; who has got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee;
I'll bring my wood home faster.—O, O, O!—

Step. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest; he shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt
Anon, I know it by thy trembling;
Now Prosper works upon thee.

Step. (*Raising* CALIBAN.) Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat; open your mouth:—(*Makes* CALIBAN *drink.*)—This will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly:—(*Takes the keg from his mouth.*)—You cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again.

(CALIBAN *takes the keg and drinks.*

Trin. I should know that voice: it should be—— but he is drowned; and those are devils: O! defend me!——

Step. Four legs and two voices; a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will re-

cover him, I will help his ague.—Come, amen!—(*Takes the keg from* CALIBAN, *who lies down again.*)—I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano,—

Step. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! Mercy! this is a devil, and no monster.

Trin. Stephano!—if thou be'st Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo;—be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Step. If thou be'st Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs.—Thou art very Trinculo, indeed: How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke.—And art thou living, Stephano! O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

(*Runs and embraces him, turning him round.*

Step. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, and if they be not sprites. That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor.

Step. How did'st thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither? Swear by this bottle how thou cam'st hither!—(*Gives* TRINCULO *the keg—he drinks.*)—I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved overboard.—How escaped'st thou?

Trin. Swam ashore, man, like a duck.—O, Stephano, hast any more of this?

(*Gives* STEPHANO *the keg.*

Step. The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! How does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

Step. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee, I was the man in the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: My mistress showed me thee, thy dog, and bush.

Step. Come, swear to that;—(*Gives* CALIBAN *the keg.*)—kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear. (CALIBAN *drinks greedily.*

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster:—I afeared of him?—a very weak monster—the man i' the moon!—A most poor, credulous monster.

Step. Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

(*Takes the keg from* CALIBAN.

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island;
And I'll kiss thy foot: I pr'ythee be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wond'rous man!

Trin. A most ridiculous monster: to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.—Ah me!

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow:
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet: I'll bring thee
To clust'ring filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young sea-mells from the rock; wilt thou go with me?

Step. I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—What, Trinculo,—weeping?—You spill your wine out of your eyes; you shall drink no more.

Trin. This will be a doleful day with my poor girl: she gave me a gilt nutmeg at parting: that's lost too.—But, come, sorrow is dry—(*Takes the keg.*) Here's to you, Stephano. (*Drinks.*

Step. Beshrew thy heart, for putting me in mind of my wife: It's a good old jade;—she has but one eye left, and she will weep out that too, when she hears

that I am drowned.—(*Takes the keg.*) But here's my comfort. (*Drinks.*

Trin. A man had as good e'en be a fish as a man, for any comfort is likely to be got in this island:—We may lie at hull here till the wind blow north and by south, ere we can cry—"A sail! a sail!"—at sight of a white apron.

Step. Trinculo, the king, and all our company, being drowned, we will inherit here.—Here; bear my bottle, (*Gives the keg to* CALIBAN, *who drinks it empty.*)—and lead the way, monster.—Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

CALIBAN *sings drunkenly.*

No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trench'ring nor wash dish;
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,
Has a new master;—Get a new man.

Trin. Step. and Cal. *'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,*
Has a new master;—Get a new man.

(Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

A wild and beautiful Part of the Island on the Sea-shore.

Enter ARIEL *and other Spirits.*

SONG BY ARIEL.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands;

Enter other Spirits, dancing.

Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

Chorus of Spirits.

Hark! Hark!
The watch-dogs bark;
Hark! hark! I hear
The strain of Chanticleer.

Enter FERDINAND, *with his sword drawn.*—ARIEL *and the other Spirits are invisible to him.*

Fer. Where should this music be? I' the air or the earth?
It sounds no more;—and, sure, it waits upon
Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air; thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:——But 'tis gone—
(*Music.*
No, it begins again—

SONG BY ARIEL.

Full fathoms five, thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that does fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change,
Into something rich and strange.

Chorus of Spirits.

Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell;
Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.

Fer. This ditty does remember my drown'd father:——
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes.
(ARIEL *waves* FERDINAND *after him.*

Chorus of Spirits.

Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell;
Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.
(Exeunt.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

The Cell of PROSPERO.

ARIEL *and other Spirits, still invisible to* FERDINAND, *sing without.*

Chorus of Spirits.

Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell;
Hark! now I hear them,—ding dong bell.
[While they are singing.

Enter PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say, what see'st yond'.
Mir. What is't, a spirit?
Lord how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form:—But 'tis a spirit?
Pro. No, wench; it eats, and sleeps, and hath such senses
As we have, such: This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call him
A goodly person.

Enter ARIEL, *waving* FERDINAND *after him, followed by other Spirits.*

Mir. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.
Pro. It goes on,
As my soul prompts it:—Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.
Fer. Most sure, the goddess,
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe my prayer
May know, if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here: My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is,—O you wonder!—
If you be maid, or no?
Mir. No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.
Fer. My language!—Heavens!—
I am the best of them, that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How! the best?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?
Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples: He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep; myself am Naples;
Who, with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king, my father, wreck'd.
Mir. Alack, for mercy!
Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords.
Pro. At the first sight
They have changed eyes:—Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this!—A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong—Attend—
[PROSPERO *talks apart to* ARIEL.
Mir. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that I e'er saw; the first
That e'er I sighed for: pity move my father
To be inclined my way!
Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queen of Naples.
Pro. Soft, sir; one word more——
They are both in either's power: but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.—One word more—I charge thee,
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.
Fer. No, as I am a man.
Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.
Pro. Follow me,——
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come,

I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
Sea water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh brook muscles, withered roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled:—Follow.
Fer. No;
I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power. (*He draws his sword.*
Pro. Put thy sword up, traitor:
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt; come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.
(FERDINAND *drops his point to the ground.*
Mir. Beseech you, father!
Pro. Hence; hang not on my garments.
Mir. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.
Pro. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
My foot my tutor?—Hush!—Come on, obey:
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.
Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, were but light to me
Might I but through my prison, once a day,
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.
Pro. It works!—Come on——
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.—
Hark, what thou else shalt do me.
(PROSPERO *talks apart to* ARIEL.
Mir. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,

Than he appears by speech; ne'er, till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds;—but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable.

Pro. Come follow:—speak not for him.

(*Exeunt* PROSPERO, *and* MIRANDA *supplicating him*;—ARIEL *follows them, waving* FERDINAND *on.*

SONG BY ARIEL.

Kind fortune smiles, and she
Hath yet in store for thee
Some strange felicity;
Follow me, follow me,
And thou shalt see.

Chorus of Spirits.

Follow me, follow me,
And thou shalt see. (Exeunt.

SCENE II.

An open Part of the Island.

Enter TRINCULO, CALIBAN, *and* STEPHANO, *with a keg.*

Step. Tell not me:—when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before; therefore, bear up, and board 'em:—Servant monster, drink to me:—Why thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Step. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack: Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

Step. Mooncalf, speak once in thy life, if thou be'st a good mooncalf.

Cal. How does thy honour? let me lick thy shoe: I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trim. Thou ly'st, most ignorant monster; why, thou debosh'd fish thou, was there ever a man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me!—Wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he!—O lord, O lord, that a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Step. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head, if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made thee?

Step. Marry will I: kneel and repeat it: I will stand, and so shall Trinculo. (CALIBAN *kneels.*

Enter ARIEL, *invisible to them, with a Tabor and Pipe.*

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of this island.

Ari. Thou ly'st.

Cal. Thou ly'st, thou jesting monkey, thou—

(*Aside.*

I would, my valiant master would destroy thee;
I do not lie.

Step. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Step. Mum then, and no more.—Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him,—for, I know, thou dar'st—
I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou ly'st, thou canst not.

Cal. What a py'd ninny's this: Thou scurvy patch!
I do beseech thy greatness give him blows.

Step. Trinculo, run into no further danger; interrupt the monster one word further, and by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further off.

Step. Did'st thou not say, he ly'd?

Ari. Thou ly'st.

Step. Do I so? take thou that.

(*Strikes* TRINCULO.—CALIBAN *laughs.*

As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. You lie, I did not give you the lie:—Out, o'your wits, and hearing too?—A plague o'your bottle! this can sack and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Step. Now forward with your tale.—Pr'ythee, stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: After a little time
I'll beat him too.

Step. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I'the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him,

Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his weazand with thy knife: Remember,
First to possess his books; for, without them,
He's but a sot, as I am; nor hath not
One spirit to command: They all do hate him
As rootedly as I.

Step. Monster, I will kill this man, and be myself king of the island. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Stephano, hear me: I will speak for the people, because there are none in the island to speak for themselves.—Know then, we are all content, that Stephano shall be king, on condition I may be viceroy over him. Speak, good people, are you agreed? What, no man answer? Then we may take their silence for consent.

Step. Give me thy hand.—I am sorry I beat thee: but while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour he will be asleep;
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Step. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master. [*Exit* ARIEL.

Cal. Thou makest me merry: I am full of pleasure;
Let us be jocund: Will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?

Step. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason: Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.

They sing and dance.

Flout 'em, and skout 'em;
And skout 'em, and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

(ARIEL plays on the tabor and pipe without.

Cal. That's not the tune.

Step. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of nobody.

Step. If thou be'st a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou be'st a devil, take't as thou list.

(ARIEL *plays again.*

Trin. O, forgive me my sins! (*Falls on his knees.*

Step. He that dies pays all debts:—I defy thee.

(ARIEL *plays again.*

Mercy upon us! (*Falls on his knees.*

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Step. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.

[STEPHANO *and* TRINCULO *rise.*

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me; that when I waked,
I cried to dream again.

Step. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroy'd.

Step. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

(ARIEL *plays again at some distance; and continues to do so, retiring more and more, till the end of the Scene.*

Trin. The sound is going away: let's follow it, and after do our work.

Step. Lead, monster, we'll follow.—I would I could see this taborer: he lays it on.—Wilt come?

Trin. I'll follow, Stephano.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE III.

A Grove behind the Cell of PROSPERO.

Enter MIRANDA *and* PROSPERO.

Pro. Your suit has pity in't, and has prevail'd.
But yet take heed; let prudence be your guide:
You must not stay, your visit must be short.—
One thing I had forgot; insinuate into his mind
A kindness to that youth, whom first you saw;
I would have friendship grow between them.
Mir. You shall be obey'd in all things.
Pro. Be earnest to unite their very souls.
Mir. I shall endeavour it.
Pro. This may secure Hippolyto
From that dark danger which my heart forebodes;
For friendship does provide a double strength
To oppose the assaults of fortune. See, he comes:—
Remember. [*Exit* PROSPERO

Enter FERDINAND, *bearing a Log.*

Mir. Alas, now! 'pray you,
Work not so hard; I would, the lightning had
Burnt up those logs, that you are enjoin'd to pile!
'Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having weary'd you: My father
Is gone to study; pray now rest yourself.
Fer. O, most dear mistress,
The sun will set, before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.
Mir. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: 'Pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.
Fer. No, precious creature:
I had rather crack my sinews,

Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.
Mir. Why, I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.—You look wearily.
Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me,
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,
(Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,)
What is your name?
Mir. Miranda:—O my father,
I have broke your best to say so!
Fer. Admired Miranda!—
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world!—Full many a lady
I've eyed with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil: But you, O you!
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.
Mir. I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you:—
I prattle wildly, and my father's precepts
Therein I do forget.
Fer. Hear my soul speak;—
The very instant that I saw you did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient logman.
Mir. Do you love me?
Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert

What best is boded me, to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i'the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.
Mir. I am a fool
To weep at what I'm glad of.
Fer. Wherefore weep you?
Mir. At mine unworthiness.—Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant
Whether you will or no.
Fer. My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.
Mir. My husband then?
Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.
Mir. And mine, with my heart in't.—
Now, I've a suit to you, and I shall make it
The only trial of your love to me.
Fer. You've said enough, never to be deny'd,
Were it my life.
Mir. For my sake to love one, sir,
Who, for his own, indeed, does well deserve
All the respect that you can ever pay him.
Fer. Is there another whom I ought to love
And love him for your sake?
Mir. Yes; such a one,
As, for his sweetness, and his goodly shape,
(If I who am unskill'd in forms may judge,)
Can scarce be match'd: my sister thinks so too,
My dear Dorinda.
Fer. Have you a sister?
Mir. Yes; she loves him too:
Come, you must love him for my sake: you shall.
Fer. Must I for yours, and cannot for my own?

Since you would have me love him, I must hate him.
Mir. Have I so far offended you already,
That he offends you only for my sake?
Yet, sure you would not hate him if you saw him
As I have done, so fresh in youth and beauty.
Fer. O poison to my hopes!
Mir. Alas! What mean you?—
Hark! hark! I hear my father's step:—farewell!—
Here comes the youth:—I fear I've stay'd too long.
[*Exit* MIRANDA.
Fer. Too long indeed; and yet not long enough.

Enter HIPPOLYTO.

Sir, well encounter'd; you're the happy man;
You've got the hearts of both the beauteous women.
Hip. How, sir, I pray you? Are you sure of that?
Fer. You know Dorinda loves you; and
Miranda charged me love you for her sake.
Hip. Then I must have her.
Fer. Not till I am dead.
Hip. How dead? What's that? But whatsoe'er it be,
I long to have her.
Fer. Wait a little while;
Time and my grief may make me shortly die.
Hip. I beg that you'll make haste then; for, to tell you
A secret, sir, which I have lately found
Within myself,—they are all made for me.
Fer. That's but a fond conceit: you're made for one,
And one for you.
Hip. You cannot tell me, sir;
I know, I'm made for twenty hundred women,
(I mean, if there so many be i'the world,)
So that, if once I see her, I shall love her.
Fer. I find I must not let you see her then.

Hip. How will you hinder me?
Fer. By force of arms:
Provide yourself a sword; for we must fight.
Hip. A sword,—what's that?
Fer. A weapon such as this. (*Draws his sword.*
Hip. What should I do with it?
Fer. You must stand thus,
And aim at me, till one of us fall dead.
Hip. But we have no swords growing in our world.
Fer. What shall we do then to decide our quarrel?
Hip. We'll take the sword by turns, and fight with it.
Fer. Strange ignorance!—You must defend your life,
And so must I.—But, since you have no sword,
Take this; for in a corner of my cave
I now remember that I saw another.
(*Gives* HIPPOLYTO *the sword.*
When next we meet, prepare yourself to fight.
Hip. Make haste then; this shall ne'er be yours again;
I mean to fight with all the men I meet,
And when they're dead, their women shall be mine.
Fer. I see you are unskilful; I desire not
To take your life; but, if you please, we'll fight
On these conditions;—he, who first draws blood,
Shall be acknowledged as the conqueror,
And both the women shall be his.
Hip. Agreed:
And ev'ry day I'll fight for two more with you.
Fer. But win these first.
Hip. Make haste, and find your sword. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A rocky, mountainous Part of the Island.

Enter ANTONIO, ALONZO, *and* GONZALO.

Gon. 'Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have cause,
So have we all, of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss: then wisely weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.
Alon. Prithee, peace, Gonzalo.
Ant. But the rarity of it is, (which is, indeed, almost beyond credit,) our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, are, notwithstanding, as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of your fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.
Alon. You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense. 'Would I had never
Marry'd my daughter there! for coming thence,
My Ferdinand is lost.
Gon. Sir, he may live;
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; I do not doubt
He came alive to land.
Alon. No, no, he's gone:
And thou and I, Antonio,—thou and I!—
Have caused his death.
Ant. How could we help it, sir?
Alon. How help it? Then we should have help'd it, then,
When thou betray'dst thy brother Prospero,
And gavest the infant sovereign of Mantua
Into my power; then lost we Ferdinand,
Then forfeited our navy to this tempest.—

E'en here do I put off all hope: he's drown'd,
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. (*Music.*
What harmony is this? My good friends, hark!
Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

Enter ARIEL *and three other* SPIRITS: *while* ARIEL *sings the following song, a Banquet presents itself, and the other* SPIRITS, *having danced about it with gentle actions of salutation, and invited the* KING *and his Followers to eat, are led away by* ARIEL.

SONG—BY ARIEL.

Dry those eyes, which are o'erflowing;
All your storms are overblowing:
While you in this isle are biding,
You shall feast without providing;
Every dainty you can think of,
Every juice that you would drink of,
Shall be yours,—all want shall shun you,
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

[Exeunt ARIEL and the other SPIRITS, dancing fantastically.

Alon. Give us kind keepers, Heavens!—What were these?
Ant. They vanish'd strangely.
Gon. No matter, since
They've left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.
Will't please you taste of what is here?
Alon. Not I.
Gon. Well, sir, I will; for I am hungry:
The devil may fright me, but he'll not starve me.
Alon. I will stand to, and feed, although my last:
No matter, since I feel the best is past.

(*Sounds of discordant instruments.—Three* SPIRITS, *in the shape of* HARPIES, *descend on the table, and vanish with it, amidst flames and groans.*

A voice from below. You men of sin, whom destiny
hath caused
The never-surfeited sea to cast up,
And on this isle, where man doth not inhabit,—
You amongst men being most unfit to live,
Remember Prospero. (*Thunder and lightning.*

Alon. 'Tis monstrous! monstrous!
Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder
Pronounced the name of Prospero.

Ant. This isle's enchanted ground; for I have heard
Swift voices flying by my ear, and groans
Of ghosts lamenting.

Alon. Good Heaven deliver me from this dire
place,
And all the after actions of my life
Shall mark my penitence!—Lead from this spot.

(*It suddenly grows dark.—Thunder and lightning.—Several* FURIES *rise.*

The FURIES *sing.*

1 Fury. *Where does the black fiend Ambition reside,*
With the mischievous devil of Pride?
2 Fury. *In the lowest and darkest cavern of hell,*
Both pride and ambition do dwell.
1 Fury. *Who are the chief leaders of the damn'd host?*
2 Fury. *Proud monarchs who tyrannize most.*

Four FURIES.

In hell, in hell, in flames they shall reign,
And for ever and ever shall suffer the pain.

Chorus of FURIES, *while others surround* ALONZO *and his followers.*

In hell, in hell, in flames they shall reign,
And for ever and ever shall suffer the pain.

Thunder and lightning—Exeunt, pursued by the FURIES.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

The Cell of PROSPERO.

PROSPERO *discovered reading.—He rises suddenly.*

Pro. I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come.—
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to: what's thy pleasure?
Pro. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.
Ari. Ay, my commander.
Pro. Where didst thou leave these varlets?
Ari. They were red hot with drinking, mighty sir;
So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Tow'rds their project:—so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through

Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail skins:—at last I left them
I' the filthy mantled pool beside the marsh.

Pro. Thy shape invisible retain thou still.
Thou and thy meaner followers your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick: go, call the spirits,
O'er whom I gave thee power, quick to this place,
And let them bring the trumpery in my cave,
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. Presently.

Pro. Ay, with a twink. [*Exit* ARIEL.

O, this Caliban!—
A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, are all lost, quite lost:
And, as with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers.—I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

Enter ARIEL *and other* SPIRITS, *with garments.*

Come, hang them on this line.

[*Exeunt* PROSPERO, ARIEL, *and the other* SPIRITS.

Enter CALIBAN, TRINCULO, *and* STEPHANO, *all wet.*

Cal. 'Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are at his cell.

Step. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the jack with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horsepond; at which my nose is in great indignation.

Step. So is mine.—Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you; look you—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still;
Be patient; for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly:
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

SONG—BY CALIBAN.

The owl is abroad,
The bat and the toad,
And so is the cat-a-mountain:
The ant and the mole
Sit both in a hole,
And frog peeps out of the fountain.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottle in the pool——

Step. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Step. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour. [*Going.*

Cal. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet:—see'st thou here,
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter:
Do that good mischief, which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot licker.

Step. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano!—Look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster, we know what belongs to a frippery:—O, King Stephano!

Step. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool!—What do you mean,
To doat thus on such luggage? Let it alone,
And do the murder first:—if he awake,
From crown to toe he'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.

Step. Be you quiet, monster.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes,
With foreheads villainous low.

Step. Monster, lay to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Step. Ay, and this.

[*Horns, and a noise of hunters heard.*

Enter divers SPIRITS, *in monstrous shapes of hounds, with* PROSPERO, ARIEL, *and two other* SPIRITS, *setting them on* STEPHANO, TRINCULO, *and* CALIBAN.

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pro. Fury! Fury! there, Tyrant! there! hark, hark!

[CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *roaring, are driven away.*

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints

With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them
Than pard, or cat-o'-mountain.

[*Exeunt the two* SPIRITS.—CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO *roar without.*

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly.—For a little
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Inside of the Cave of HIPPOLYTO.

Enter FERDINAND *and* HIPPOLYTO, *with drawn Swords.*

Fer. Come, sir, your cave affords no choice of place;
But the ground's firm and even: are you ready?

Hip. As ready as yourself, sir.

Fer. You remember
On what conditions we must fight:—who first
Receives a wound is to submit.

Hip. Come, come,
This loses time: now for the women, sir.

[*They fight*—FERDINAND *touches him.*

Fer. Sir, you are wounded.

Hip. No.

Fer. Believe your blood.

Hip. I feel no hurt; no matter for my blood.

Fer. Nay, but remember our conditions, sir.

Hip. I will not leave, till my sword hits you too.

[HIPPOLYTO *presses on*—FERDINAND *retires, and wards.*

Fer. I'm loth to kill you: you're unskilful, sir.
Hip. You beat aside my sword; but let it come
As near as yours, and you shall see my skill.
Fer. You faint for loss of blood; I see you stagger:
'Pray, sir, retire.
Hip. No, I will ne'er go back,—
Methinks the cave turns round,—I cannot find—
Why do you swim, and dance about me?
Stand still till I have made one thrust.—
[*Thrusts and falls.*
Fer. O help!
Help, help!—Unhappy man! what have I done?
Hip. I'm going to a cold sleep; but, when I wake,
I'll fight again:—'Pray stay for me. [*Swoons.*
Fer. He's gone,
He's gone!—O stay, sweet, lovely youth! Help! help!—

Enter PROSPERO.

Pro. What dismal noise is that?
Fer. O see, sir, see,
What mischief my unlucky hand hath wrought.
Pro. Alas, how much in vain doth feeble art
Endeavour to resist the will of Heaven!
He's gone for ever!—O, thou cruel son
Of an inhuman father! All my plans
Are ruin'd and unravell'd by this blow:
No pleasure now is left me, but revenge.
Fer. Sir, if you knew my innocence,—
Pro. Peace, peace!
Can thy excuses give me back his life?—
What, Ariel! sluggish spirit, where, where art thou?

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. Here, at thy beck, my lord.
Pro. Ay, now thou com'st,

When fate is past, and not to be recall'd.
Look there, and glut the malice of thy nature;
For, as thou art thyself thou canst not but
Be glad to see young virtue nipt i' the blossom.
Ari. My lord, the Being high above can witness,
I am not glad.
Pro. Why didst thou not prevent, at least foretel,
This fatal action then?
Ari. Pardon, great sir,
I meant to do it; but I was forbidden
By the ill genius of Hippolyto,
Who came and threaten'd me, if I disclosed it,
To bind me in the bottom of the sea,
Far from the lightsome regions of the air,
My native fields, above a hundred years.
Pro. I'll chain thee in the north for thy neglect,
Within the burning bowels of mount Hecla;
I'll singe thy airy wings with sulphurous flames,
And choke thy tender nostrils with blue smoke;
At every hickup of the belching mountain,
Thou shalt be lifted up to taste fresh air,
And then fall down again.
Ari. Pardon, dread lord!
Pro. No more of pardon than just Heaven intends thee
Shalt thou e'er find from me.—Hence; fly with speed;
Unbind the charm which holds this murderer's father,
And bring him with his followers straight before me.
[*Exit* ARIEL.
Fer. O Heavens! what words were those I heard,
Yet cannot see who spoke them? Sure, the nymph
I loved was, like to this, some airy vision.
Pro. No, murderer, she's, like thee, of mortal mould;
But much too pure to mix with thy black crimes.—
Miranda and Dorinda,—come,—where are ye?
The will of Heaven's accomplish'd: I have now

No more to fear, and nothing left to hope:—
Now you may enter.

Enter MIRANDA *and* DORINDA.

Mir. My love! is it permitted me to see
You once again?
Pro. You come to look your last;
I will for ever take him from your eyes.—
Nay, on my blessing, speak not, nor approach him.
Dor. 'Pray, father, is not this my sister's man?
He has a noble form; but yet he's not
So excellent as my Hippolyto.
Pro. Alas, poor girl, thou hast no man! Look yonder,
There's all of him that's left.
Dor. Why, was there ever any more of him?
He lies asleep, sir; shall I waken him?
[*She kneels by* HYPPOLYTO, *and tries to waken him.*
Fer. Alas, he's never to be waked again!
Dor. My love, my love?—Will not you speak to me?
I fear you have displeased him, sir, and now
He will not answer me:—he's dumb,—and cold too;—
But I'll run straight, and make a fire to warm him.
[*Exit* DORINDA.

Enter ARIEL, ALONZO, GONZALO, *and* ANTONIO.

Alon. Never were beasts so hunted into toils,
As we have been pursued by dreadful shapes.—
Speak, is not that my son?
Fer. My honour'd father!—
Alon. O Ferdinand! [*Running to embrace him.*
Pro. There stand; for you are spell-stopp'd.—
How now, sirs?
You gaze upon me as you ne'er had seen me:
Have fifteen years so lost me to your knowledge,
That you retain no memory of Prospero?

Gon. The good old Duke of Milan!
Pro. I wonder less
That thou, Antonio, know'st me not, because
Thou did'st long since forget I was thy brother;
Else had I ne'er been here.
Ant. Shame chokes my words.
Alon. And wonder mine.
Pro. For you, usurping prince,
Know, by my art you were shipwreck'd on this isle;
Where, after I a while had punish'd you,
My vengeance would have ended; I design'd
To match that son of yours with this my daughter.
Alon. Pursue it still; I am most willing to it.
Pro. So am not I. No marriages can prosper
Which are with murderers made:—Look on that corse:
This, while he lived, was Prince Hippolyto,
The rightful Duke of Mantua, sir, whom you,
Having deprived him of his inheritance,
Exposed with me: and whom I here bred up,
Till that bloodthirsty man, that Ferdinand——
But why do I exclaim on him, when justice
Calls to unsheathe her sword against his guilt?
Alon. What do you mean?
Pro. To execute Heaven's laws:—
Here I am placed by Heaven, here I am prince,
Though you have dispossess'd me of my Milan:—
Blood calls for blood; your Ferdinand shall die;
And I, in bitterness, have sent for you,
To have the joy of seeing him alive,
And then the greater grief to see him die.
Alon. And think'st thou I, or these, will tamely stand
To view the execution? [*Lays his hand upon his sword.*
Pro. Nay,—appear,
My guards,—
[*He waves his wand, and a troop of* FURIES *enters.*
I thought no more to use their aid;

But they are now the ministers of Heaven,
While I revenge this murder.—
This night I will allow you, Ferdinand,
To fit you for your death: that cave's your prison.
Alon. Ah, Prospero, hear me speak: You are a father:
Feel for a father then, and spare my son.
Mir. O, pity, pity—
Pro. You implore in vain;
I have no room for pity left within me.—
Do you refuse?—Help, Ariel, with your followers;
Drive them in.
[ARIEL *and the* FURIES *force them into an inner cave.*

Enter DORINDA.

Dor. Sir, I have made a fire; shall he be warm'd?
Pro. He's dead, and vital warmth will ne'er return.
Dor. Dead, sir! what's that?
Pro. His soul has left his body.
Dor. When will it come again?
Pro. O, never, never!
He must be laid in earth, and there consume.
Dor. He shall not lie in earth: You do not know
How well he loves me: indeed, he'll come again;
He told me he would go a little while,
But promised me he would not tarry long.
Pro. He's murdered by the man who lov'd your sister.
Now both of you may learn what 'tis to break
A parent's precept: you would needs see men,
And, by that sight, are made for ever wretched:
Hippolyto is dead, and Ferdinand
Must die for murdering him.—Get you to bed.—
Your disobedience has so much incensed me,
That I this night can leave no blessing with you.
[*Exit* PROSPERO.

Mir. I must say, sister, it was long of you
That all this mischief happen'd.
Dor. Blame not me
For your own fault; your curiosity
Brought me to see the man.
Mir. You safely might
Have seen him, and retired; but you would needs
Go near him, and converse:—You may remember
My father call'd me thence, and I call'd you.
Dor. You call'd me thence, because you could not be
Alone with him yourself:—But, I am sure,
My man had never gone to heaven so soon,
But that yours made him go.
Mir. I could not wish that either of them should
Have gone to heaven without us; but it was
His fortune, and you must be satisfy'd.
Dor. I'll not be satisfy'd: perhaps you think
'Tis nothing to lose a man.
Mir. Yes; but there is
Some difference between my Ferdinand
And your Hippolyto.
Dor. Ay, there's your judgment:
Yours is the oldest man I ever saw,
Except my father.
Mir. Sister, I'll never sleep with you again.
Dor. I'll never more meet in a bed with you;
But lodge on the bare ground, and mourn my love:
Just at the entrance of his cave I'll lie,
And echo to each blast of wind a sigh. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

A Grove behind the Cell of PROSPERO.

Enter PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA.

Pro. You beg in vain; I cannot pardon him;
He has offended Heaven.
Mir. Then let Heaven punish him.
Pro. It will, by me.
Mir. Grant him at least some respite, for my sake.
Pro. I, by deferring justice, should incense
The Deity against myself and you.
Mir. Yet I have heard you say, the powers above
Are slow in punishing,—and should not you
Resemble them?—
And can you be his judge and executioner?
Pro. I cannot force Gonzalo, or my brother,
Much less the father, to destroy the son;
It must be then the monster Caliban;
And he's not here; but Ariel straight shall fetch him.

Enter ARIEL, *with a small box of unguent, and* FERDINAND'S *sword, wrapped up in a scarf.*

Ari. My potent lord, before thou call'st, I come
To serve thy will.
Pro. Then, spirit, fetch me hither
My savage slave.
Ari. My lord, it does not need.

Pro. Art thou then prone to mischief? Wilt thou be
Thyself the executioner?

Ari. Think better of thy airy minister,
Who, for thy sake, unbidden, this night hath flown
O'er almost all the habitable world.

Pro. But to what purpose was thy diligence?

Ari. When I was chidden by my mighty lord,
For my neglect of young Hippolyto,
I search'd his wound with care, and found that life,
Was but retired, not sally'd out: I gather'd
The best of simples underneath the moon,
The best of balms, and to the hurt apply'd
The healing juice of vulnerary herbs:
His only danger was his loss of blood,
Just at this hour he will awake, and now
He must be dress'd again: anoint this sword,
Which pierced him, with this salve, and wrap it close
From air, at once his cure will be complete.

Pro. Give them to me: Be this your task, Miranda,
Because your sister is not present here;
(*Gives her the sword and box.*
While I go visit your dear Ferdinand.

Mir. I do obey you with a double duty;
For now, sir, you have given me life twice over.
[*Exit* MIRANDA.

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage: at this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies.
Tell me, my spirit, how fares Prince Ferdinand,
The King, and his followers?

Ari Confined together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge:
Your brother, and the King, abide distracted;
And young Prince Ferdinand mourning over them,
Brim-full of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly,
Him that you term'd "The good old Lord Gonzalo,"—

His tears run down his beard, like winter drops
From eaves of reeds: Your charm so strongly works 'em
That, if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.
Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit?
Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.
Pro. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions? And shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Will I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Follow, gentle Ariel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Inside of the Cave of Hippolyto.

HIPPOLYTO *on a Couch, and* DORINDA *by him, discovered.*

Dor. How do you find yourself?
Hip. I'm somewhat cold:
Can you not draw me nearer to the sun?
I am too weak to walk.
Dor. My love, I'll try.
(*She draws the Couch forward.*
They told me, you had died, and were asleep,
Never to wake again:—What is't to die?
Hip. Sure 'tis a dream, a kind of breathless swoon,

When once the soul's gone out.
Dor. What is the soul?
Hip. A small blue thing, that runs about within us.
Dor. Then I have seen it in a frosty morning
Run smoking from my mouth.
Hip. But, dear Dorinda,
What is become of him who fought with me?
Dor. O, I can tell you joyful news of him:
My father means to make him die to-day
For what he did to you.
Hip. That must not be:
My dear Dorinda, go, and beg your father
He may not die; it was my fault he hurt me:
I urged him to it first: he must forgive him.
Dor. But then he'll ne'er leave killing you, perhaps.
Hip. Nay, but run quickly, lest you come too late. [*Exit* DORINDA.

Enter MIRANDA, *with the Sword and Box.*

Hip. Who's this, who looks so fair and beautiful,
As nothing but Dorinda can surpass her?
O, I believe, it is that angel woman
Whom she calls sister.
Mir. Sir, I am sent hither
To dress your wound:—How do you find your strength?
Hip. Fair creature, I am faint with loss of blood.—
(*She uncovers the sword.*
My wound shoots worse than ever.—
(*She anoints the sword.*
Mir. Do you find
No ease?
Hip. Yes:—on the sudden all the pain
Is leaving me.— (*She wraps the sword up again.*
Sweet Heaven, how I'm relieved! (*Rises.*

Enter FERDINAND *and* DORINDA.

Fer. Madam, I must confess, my life is yours,
I owe it to your goodness.
Mir. Ha! her goodness?
Fer. Look;—is not that your sister with Hippolyto?
Dor. It is.
Hip. Dorinda with another man!
Dor. Sister, what business have you here?
Mir. You see. (*Showing the sword and scarf.*
I come to wait upon Hyppolyto
Dor. You are very charitable to a stranger.
Mir. And you, Dorinda, are not much behind
In charity to beg a pardon for
A man whom you scarce ever saw before.
Dor. Henceforward let your surgery alone;
I'd rather he should die than you should cure
His wound.
Mir. And I wish Ferdinand had died,
(*Throws away the sword, &c.*
Before he owed his life to your entreaty.
Fer. Sir, I am glad you are so well recover'd.
You keep your humour still, to have all women.
Hip. Not all, sir; you except one of the number,
Your new love there, Dorinda.
Mir. Ah, Ferdinand, can you become inconstant?
Dor. Ay, now I find why I was sent away;
That you might have my sister's company.
Hip. Dorinda, kill me not with your unkindness;
This is too much, first to be false yourself,
And then accuse me too.
Fer. We all accuse
Each other, and each one denies the guilt:
I should be glad it were a mutual error;
And therefore, first to clear myself from fault,
I beg Dorinda's pardon, while I say,
I only love her sister.

Mir. O bless'd word!
I'm sure I love no man but Ferdinand.
Dor. Nor I, Heaven knows, but my Hippolyto.
Hip. I never knew how much I loved before
I fear'd Dorinda's constancy; but now
I am convinced that I loved none but her,
Because none else can recompense her loss.—
Look, look,—what goodly creatures are there here!
Mir. How beauteous mankind is!
Dor. O brave new world,
That has such wonders in't!
Fer. Our friends and fathers.

Enter ARIEL, PROSPERO, ALONZO, GONZALO, *and* ANTONIO.

Alon. I do entreat it may no more be thought of:
Your purpose, though it was severe, was just:
In losing Ferdinand, I should have mourn'd,
But could not have complain'd.
Pro. Sir, I rejoice,
Kind Heaven decreed it otherwise.—My spirit,
Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell; enforce them to this place,
And presently.
Ari. I drink the air before me. [*Exit* ARIEL.
Pro. [*To* FERDINAND.] If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Do give you here a third of my own life:
I tender her to thy hand, and afore Heaven
Do ratify this my rich gift: O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off;
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.
Fer. I do believe it,
Against an oracle.
Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about,

And make thee happy in thy beauteous choice!
But,—O,—how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!
Pro. There, sir, stop;
Let us not burden our remembrance with
A heaviness that's gone.
Gon. I've inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you Heavens,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown:
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!
Pro. I say amen to that.
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
My true preserver, I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed.
Ant. (*Kneels.*) My brother, and my liege, though penitence,
Forced by necessity, be of little worth,
Yet let me hope my blood may somewhat plead
For mercy in your bosom:—I resign
Dominion, which, 'tis true, I could not keep;
But Heaven knows too, I would not.
Pro. (*Raises him.*) All past griefs
I bury in the joy of this bless'd day. [*Embraces him.*
Alon. There is yet an act of justice due from me:
To you, young prince, I render back your own,
And as the Duke of Mantua thus salute you.
Hip. What is it that you render back? Methinks,
You give me nothing.
Pro. You are to be lord
Of a great people, and o'er towns and cities.
Hip. And shall these people all be men and women?
Pro. They shall, Hippolyto; and call you lord:
And, that your happiness may be complete,
I give you my Dorinda for your wife;

She shall be yours for ever, when the priest
Has made you one.

Hip. How can he make us one?

Pro. By saying holy words, you shall be join'd
In marriage to each other.

Dor. O, I'll tell you;
I warrant you these holy words are charms;
My father means to conjure us together.

(STEPHANO, TRINCULO, *and* CALIBAN *without.*

Cal. O! O! O!

Step. Most villainous monster!

Trin. Most monstrous monster!

Gon. O, look, sir: here are more of us!
I prophesy'd, if a gallows were on land,
That fellow could not drown.

Enter ARIEL, *waving* STEPHANO, TRINCULO, *and* CALIBAN, *after him.*

Step. (*Entering.*) Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune.

Ant. Is not this Stephano, our drunken master?

Trin. (*Entering with* CALIBAN.) Oh! a plague o' your monsters!

Alon. And Trinculo, our jester?

Gon. Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land?

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!

Gon. How came you in this pickle, Trinculo?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last,
That, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I
Shall not fear fly-blowing.

Gon. Why, how now, Stephano?

Step. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

Pro. You would be king of the isle, sirrah?

Step. I should have been a sore one then.

Cal. My master! O, I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. This is as strange a sight as e'er I look'd on.

Pro. This misshapen thing,—
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could controul the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power.
He is as disproportioned in his manners
As in his shape.—
These three have robb'd me; and have plotted too
To take my life. Hence, malice, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will;—and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace.—What a thrice double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool! ho! ho! ho!

[*Exit* CALIBAN.

Step. I would I had now our gallant ship again, and were her master! I would willingly give all my island for her.

Trin. She and our bottle are past praying for.

Pro. Follow that slave: be of good heart: your ship,
Which, but some few hours since, you gave out split,
Is tight and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
You first put out to sea.

Step. Trinculo, if this news be true, I resign my kingdom.

Trin. And I my viceroyship over you.

Pro. You'll find it verity:—away, be gone.

Step. Huzza, Trinculo!

Trin. Huzza, Stephano!

Step. and Trin. Huzza! Huzza!

[*Exeunt* TRINCULO *and* STEPHANO.

Ari. Was this well done?

Pro. Bravely, my Ariel.—I shall miss thee much;

Yet take thy liberty, my chick:—and now,
Away, and to the elements be free:—
Farewell!

Ari. My ever gracious master, thanks.

SONG BY ARIEL.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry;
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.—
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.
[*Exit* ARIEL.

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
This night; and learn the story of my life,
Since I came to this isle; soon in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples;—
Where I have hope to see the nuptials
Of these our dear beloved solemnized;—
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all:
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
With sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—And when I have
Required one airy vision of my spirits,—
Which even now I do,—I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book.

[PROSPERO *waves his wand,—the scene vanishes, and discovers a view of a calm sea, and the King's ship riding at anchor.*

Where art thou, Ariel? Come;
For the last time obey.

Ari. (*From the sky.*) Hail, Prospero, hail!

Pro. Approach, descend; be visible to all.

[ARIEL *and other* SPIRITS *descend in bright clouds.*

Ari. I come, best master;
And, for the freedom I enjoy in air,
I will be still your Ariel, and wait
On all the accidents that work for fate;
Whatever may your happiness concern
From your still faithful Ariel you shall learn.

Quartetto and Chorus, by ARIEL *and the* SPIRITS.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry:
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.—
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

[ARIEL and the SPIRITS reascend into the sky.]

Pro. Farewell, my much loved Ariel: thou shalt find
I will retain thee ever in my mind.—
You look in a moved sort, (*To* ALONZO.
As if you were dismay'd; be cheerful, sir:
Our revels are now ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-clapt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,

Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.—My work is done.
[*Breaks his wand.*
Henceforth this land to the afflicted be
A place of refuge, as it was to me:
On my retreat, let Heaven and nature smile,
And ever flourish the Enchanted Isle!
[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE END.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by James Ballantyne and Co.



OPTIC
BOUND
PRINTED
1808

TWELFTH NIGHT



OLIVIA. I took no ring of him, I'll none on't.
ACT V. SCENE V.

Painted by Howard. Published by Longman & Child. Engraved by

TWELFTH NIGHT;

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

A COMEDY.

IN FIVE ACTS;

By WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

REVISED BY

J. P. KEMBLE.

AS NOW PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by James Ballantyne and Co.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE ORSINO	*Mr Barrymore.*
VALENTINE	*Mr Claremont.*
CURIO	*Mr Treby.*
SIR TOBY BELCH	*Mr Emery.*
SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK	*Mr Munden.*
SEBASTIAN	*Mr Hamerton.*
ANTONIO	*Mr Cresswell.*
ROBERTO	*Mr Jefferies.*
FRIAR	*Mr Atkins.*
MALVOLIO	*Mr Liston.*
CLOWN	*Mr Fawcett.*
FABIAN	*Mr Farley.*
FIRST OFFICER	*Mr King.*
SECOND OFFICER	*Mr Lambert.*
OLIVIA	*Mrs C. Kemble.*
VIOLA	*Miss S. Booth.*
MARIA	*Mrs Gibbs.*

Gentlemen.—Musicians.—Sailors.—Servants.

SCENE—*A City in Illyria, and the Sea-coast near it.*

TWELFTH NIGHT;

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

The Sea-coast.

Enter VIOLA, ROBERTO, *and two Sailors, carrying a Trunk.*

Vio. What country, friends, is this?
Rob. This is Illyria, lady.
Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance, he is not drown'd:—What think you, sailors?
Rob. It is perchance, that you yourself were saved.
Vio. O my poor brother! and so, perchance may he be.
Rob. True, madam; and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,

When you, and that poor number saved with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast, that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Vio. Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Rob. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born,
Not three hours travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Rob. A noble duke, in nature,
As in his name.

Vio. What is his name?

Rob. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino!—I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.

Rob. And so is now,
Or was so very late: for but a month
Ago I went from hence; and then 'twas fresh
In murmur, (as, you know, what great ones do,
The less will prattle of,) that he did seek
The love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What is she?

Rob. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjured the company
And sight of men.

Vio. Oh, that I served that lady!
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my state is!

Rob. That were hard to compass;

Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.
Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And, I believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke;
Thou shalt present me as a page unto him,
Of gentle breeding, and my name, Cesario:—
That trunk, the reliques of my sea-drown'd brother,
Will furnish man's apparel to my need:—
It may be worth thy pains: for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.
Rob. Be you his page, and I your mute will be;
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see!
Vio. I thank thee:—Lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in DUKE ORSINO'S *Palace.*

The Duke discovered, seated, and attended by CURIO, *and Gentlemen.*

Duke. [*Music.*] If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.——
[*Music.*] That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,

That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odours.—
[*Music.*] Enough; no more; [*He rises.*
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?
Duke. What, Curio?
Cur. The hart.
Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought, she purged the air of pestilence;
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

Enter VALENTINE.

How now? what news from my Olivia?—speak.
Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted;
But from her handmaid do return this answer;
The element itself, till seven years heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this, to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh,
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.
Duke. O, she, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her!—
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in OLIVIA'S *House.*

Enter MARIA *and* SIR TOBY BELCH.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure, care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights; your niece, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you; I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight, that you have brought in here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a-year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats; he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fye, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gambo, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed, all, most natural; for, be-

sides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels, and substractors, that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece; I'll drink to her, as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria: He's a coward, and a coystril, that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top.—See, here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

[SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *without.*

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Enter SIR ANDREW.

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost,——

Sir To. You mistake, knight; accost, is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, 'would thou might'st never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might

never draw sword again: Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. [*Takes his hand.*] Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so; I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, [*Lets go his hand.*] now I let go your hand, I am barren. [*Exit* MARIA.

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down: Methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. Pourquoy, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy?* do, or not do? I would I had bestow'd that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but follow'd the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for, thou seest, it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does 't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

Sir And. 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the duke himself, here hard by, wooes her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the duke; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I'll not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in?—I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper:—Ha! higher:—Ha, ha!—excellent!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in DUKE ORSINO'S *Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, *and* VIOLA *in Man's Attire.*

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Vio. I thank you.—Here comes the duke.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, *and Gentlemen.*

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow,
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my lord. What then?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say, thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound:
I know, thy constellation is right apt
For this affair:—Go:—prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

[*Exeunt* DUKE, CURIO, VALENTINE, *and Gentlemen.*

Vio. I'll do my best,
To woo his lady: yet,—a barful strife!—
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

A Room in OLIVIA'S *House.*

Enter CLOWN *and* MARIA.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips, so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he, that is well hang'd in this world, needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer: Yet you will be hang'd, for being so long absent; or, to be turn'd away; is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. Here comes my lady; make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit* MARIA.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: For what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.

Enter OLIVIA, MALVOLIO, *and two Servants.*

Bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool: I'll no more of you; besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend; for, give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him.—The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum;* that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna: Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll 'bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think, his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know, his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. Heaven send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn, that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two-pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone.—Look you now, he's out of his guard already: unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagg'd.—I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets: There is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fools!

Enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman, much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Duke Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: Fye on him! [*Exit* MARIA. Go you, Malvolio:—if it be a suit from the duke, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exeunt* MALVOLIO, *and two Servants.* Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool.

Sir To. [*Without.*] Where is she? where is she?

Clo. Whose skull Jove cram with brains!—for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater.*

Enter SIR TOBY.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, uncle?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? What gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here,—How now, sot?

Clo. Good Sir Toby,——

Oli. Uncle, uncle, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery.—There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one.—A plague o' these pickle-herrings. [*Exit* SIR TOBY.

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman; one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my uncle; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drown'd: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit* CLOWN.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and, he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter of a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of man-kind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you, or no.

Oli. Of what personage, and years, is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a coddling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls.

[*Exit* MALVOLIO.

Enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil. [*Exit* MARIA.
What means his message to me?
I have denied his access o'er and o'er:
Then what means this?

Enter MARIA, *with a Veil.*

Come, throw it o'er my face;
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her:—Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loth to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part.—Good gentle one, give me modest assurance, if you be the lady of the house.

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve.

Oli. I heard you were saucy at my gates; and allow'd your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.—What are you? what would you?

Vio. What I am, and what I would, are to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exit* MARIA.
Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,——

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negociate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one as I, does this present. [*Unveiling.*

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted.

Vio. My lord and master loves you; O, such love
Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him:
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense,
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much:—What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains:—Spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse;
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.

[*Exit* VIOLA.

Oli. What is your parentage?
Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.——I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon:—Not too fast:—soft! soft!
Unless the master were the man.—How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
What ho, Malvolio!—

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
Orsino's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not; tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit* MALVOLIO.

Oli. I do I know not what; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force: Ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed, must be; and be this so!

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

A Street before OLIVIA'S *House.*

Enter VIOLA, *and* MALVOLIO *following.*

Mal. Sir, sir,—young gentleman: Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: And one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me!—I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned.—[*Throws the*

ring on the ground.] If it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it.

[*Exit* MALVOLIO.

Vio. [*Takes up the ring.*] I left no ring with her: What means this lady?
Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That, sure, methought, her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring!—Why, he sent her none.
I am the man;—If it be so, (as 'tis,)
Poor lady! She were better love a dream.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman,—now alas the day!—
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O time, thou must entangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie. [*Exit.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A Sea-port.

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? Nor will you not, that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone: It were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O, good Antonio, pardon me your trouble.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No, 'sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy.—But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself.—You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Rodorigo; my father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of: He left behind him, myself, and a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens had been pleased, 'would we had so ended! But you, sir, altered that; for, some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. [*He weeps.*]

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that, upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Duke Orsino's court, farewell.

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
Seb. Fare ye well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Dining-room in OLIVIA'S *House.*

SIR TOBY *and* SIR ANDREW *discovered, drinking and smoking.*

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*, thou know'st,——

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfill'd can: To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives consist of the four elements?

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Maria, I say!——a stoop of wine!

[*The* CLOWN *sings without.*

[SIR ANDREW *and* SIR TOBY *rise.*

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Enter CLOWN.

Clo. How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three?

Sir To. Welcome, ass.

Sir And. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg; and so sweet a voice to sing, as the fool has.—In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very

good, i'faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: Hadst it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle ale-houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on: Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver? Shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do 't: I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Begin, fool: it begins,—[*Sings.*] *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. Hold my peace!—I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith!—Come, begin:—that, or something else,—or what you will.

[*They all three sing.*

Christmas comes but once a year,
And therefore we'll be merry.

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian; we are politicians. Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsay:—[*Sings.*]—*And three merry men be we.*

Sir And. [*Sings.*] *And three merry men be we.*

Sir To. Am I not consanguineous? Am I not of her blood? Tilly-valley, lady!—[*Sings.*]—*There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!*

Sir And. [*Sings*] *Lady,*——

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling,

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural. [*Sings.*] *Lady,*—

Sir To. Let us have another.

[*They all three sing and dance.*

Which is the properest day to drink?
Saturday,—Sunday,—Monday,—

Mar. For the love of heaven, peace.

Enter MALVOLIO, *in a Gown and Cap, with a Light.*

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you?

Sir And. [*Sings.*] *Monday,—*

Mal. Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night?

Sir To. [*Sings.*] *Saturday,—*

Mal. Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. [*Sings.*] *Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.*

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. [*Sings.*] *His eyes do show his days are almost done.*

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. [*Sings.*] *But I will never die.*

[*Falls on the floor.*

Clo. [*Sings.*] *Sir Toby,—O, Sir Toby,—there you lie.*

Mal. This is much credit to you.

[CLOWN *raises* SIR TOBY.

Sir To. [*Sings.*] *You lie.*—Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crums :—A stoop of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: She shall know of it, by this hand.

[*Exit* MALVOLIO, *followed by the* CLOWN, *mocking him.*

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight; I'll write thee a challenge: or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the Duke's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know, I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? Thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass; so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all, that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, he shall find himself most feelingly personated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him?

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you. I will plant you two, and let Fabian make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [*Exit* MARIA.

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true bred, and one that adores me; What o' that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me Cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now.

Sir And. I'll call you Cut.

Sir To. Come, knight,—come, knight.

Sir And. I'll call you Cut. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Hall in DUKE ORSINO'S *Palace.*

Enter DUKE, *and* VIOLA.

Duke. Come hither, boy:—If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me:
For, such as I am, all true lovers are.—
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years, i' faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven.—Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to you same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestowed upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But, if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answered.

Vio. Sooth, but you must.
Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so: Must she not then be answered?
Duke. There is no woman's sides,
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart:—make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.
Vio. Ay, but I know,—
Duke. What dost thou know?
Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.
Duke. And what's her history?
Vio. A blank, my lord: She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will, for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.
Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?
Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too.—
Sir, shall I to this lady?
Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

OLIVIA'S *Garden.*

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out of favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue:—Shall we not, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA, *with a Letter.*

Sir To. Here comes the little villain:—How now, my nettle of India?

Mar. Get ye all three behind yon clump: Malvolio's coming down this walk; he has been yonder i' the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow,

this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him.—Close, in the name of jesting! [*The men hide themselves.*]—Lie thou there; [*Throws down a letter.*] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit* MARIA.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me, she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weening rogue!

Fab. Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue:—

Mal. To be Count Malvolio;—

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for't; the lady of the strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. Now he's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown;—having come from a day-bed, where I left Olivia sleeping;—

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state: and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them, I know my place, as I would they should do theirs,—to ask for my kinsman Toby:—

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches: courtsies there to me:—

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control—

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. Saying, *Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech:*—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkenness.

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight;—

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One Sir Andrew:—

Sir And. I knew, 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O peace! an the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him,—

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very *C's*, her *U's*, and her *T's*; and thus makes

she her great *P's*. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her *C's*, her *U's*, and her *T's*: Why that?

Mal. [*Reads.*] *To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:* her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—Soft!—and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady: To whom should this be? [*Opens the letter.*]

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [*Reads.*] *Jove knows, I love:*

But who?
Lips do not move,
No man must know.

No man must know.—If this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. [*Reads.*] *I may command, where I adore:*
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;
M, O, A, I, *doth sway my life.*

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. M, O, A, I, *doth sway my life.*—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dressed him!

Sir To. And with what wing the stanniel checks at it!

Mal. I may command where I adore. Why, she may command me; I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this:—And the end,—What should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me.—Softly!—M, O, A, I.

Sir To. O, ay! make up that:—he is now at a cold scent.

Mal. M,—Malvolio;—*M,*—why, that begins my name.

Fab. I thought he would work it out: the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M,—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, *O*.

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. M, O, A, I;—This simulation is not as the former:—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft; here follows prose.—[*Reads. If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. To enure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants. She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings; and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee. The fortunate-unhappy.*

Day-light and champian discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-de-vice, the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered:—I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-garter-

ed, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars be praised!—Here is yet a postscript.—[*Reads.*] *Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'ythee.* Jove, I thank thee. I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [*Exit* MALVOLIO.

[*They advance from behind the Trees.*]

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. Or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay! but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melan-

choly as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

[*Exit* MARIA.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit.

Sir And. I'll make one too.

Fab. And I.

Omnes. Huzza! huzza! huzza! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A public Square.

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
I fear'd besides what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided, and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable: My willing love,
The rather by these arguments of doubt,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks.—What is to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir; best, first, go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night;
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

Ant. 'Would, you'd pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst Orsino's gallies,
I did some service; of such note indeed,
That were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answered.
Seb. Do not then walk too open.
Ant. It doth not fit me.—Hold, sir, here's my purse;
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge,
With viewing of the town; there shall you have me.
Seb. Why I your purse?
Ant. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.
Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for an hour.
Ant. To the Elephant.
Seb. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

OLIVIA'S *Garden.*

Enter CLOWN, *playing on a Tabor, and* VIOLA.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music: Dost thou live by thy tabor?
Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.
Vio. Art thou a churchman?
Clo. No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.
Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger; I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Duke Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think, I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences for thee.

[*Gives him money.*

Clo. Now, Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee; I am almost sick for one.—Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir: [*Gives him more money.*] 'tis well begged.

Clo. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you came: who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin: I might say, element; but the word is over-worn. [*Exit* CLOWN.

Vio. This fellow's wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labour as a wise man's art.

Enter SIR TOBY, *and* SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. My niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean,—to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance: But we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier!—*Rain odours!*—well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. *Odours, pregnant,* and *vouchsafed!*—I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Leave me to my hearing.

Sir And. *Odours—pregnant—vouchsafed.*

[*Exeunt* SIR TOBY *and* SIR ANDREW.

Oli. Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was called compliment:
You are servant to the Duke Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours;
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
'Would they were blanks, rather than filled with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts on his behalf:—

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that,
Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,——

Oli. Give me leave, I beseech you: I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: What might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown; a cyprus, not a bosom,
Hides my poor heart: So let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grise; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why, then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again:
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!

[*Clock strikes.*

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-hoe:
Grace, and good disposition 'tend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay:

I pr'ythee, tell me, what thou think'st of me.
Vio. That you do think, you are not what you are.
Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.
Vio. Then think you right; I am not what I am.
Oli. I would, you were as I would have you be!
Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am,
I wish it might; for now I am your fool.
Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Vio. By innocence, I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.
Oli. Yet come again: for thou, perhaps, may'st move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in OLIVIA'S *House.*

Enter SIR ANDREW, FABIAN, *and* SIR TOBY.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.
Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.
Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.
Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours

to the Count's serving man, than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw 't this moment in the garden.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men, since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver: you should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have bang'd the youth into dumbness. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulk'd: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion: where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour or policy.

Sir And. An it be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate.

Sir To. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the Count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it: and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the li-

cense of ink: if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many *lies* as will lie in thy sheet of paper; although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down; go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo:* Go.

[*Exit* SIR ANDREW.

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver it?

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Enter MARIA.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me: yon gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church.—I have dogg'd him, like his murderer: He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him. He does smile his face in-

to more lines, than are in a map: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A Room in OLIVIA'S *House.*

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Oli. I have sent after him:—He says, he'll come.
How shall I feast him? what bestow on him?
I speak too loud.——
Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, madam;
But in strange manner. He is sure possessed.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam,
He does nothing but smile: your ladyship
Were best have guard about you, if he come;
For, sure, the man is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go call him hither. [*Exit* MARIA.
I'm as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.—

Enter MALVOLIO, *in yellow Stockings, cross-garter'd, and* MARIA.

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho. [*Smiles fantastically.*

Oli. Smilest thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad: This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering: But what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: *Please one, and please all.*

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? What is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs.—It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think, we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed!—Ay, sweet-heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. Heaven comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes; Nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. *Be not afraid of greatness:*—'Twas well writ.

Oli. What mean'st thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. *Some are born great,*—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. *Some achieve greatness,*—

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. *And some have greatness thrust upon them.*

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. *Remember who commended thy yellow stockings;*—

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. *And wished to see thee cross-garter'd.*

Oli. Cross-garter'd?

Mal. *Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;—*

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. *If not, let me see thee a servant still.*

Oli. Why, this is very Midsummer madness.

Enter FABIAN.

Fab. Madam, the young gentleman of the Duke Orsino's is returned; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to.—Call my uncle Toby. [*Exit* FABIAN. Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry. [*Exeunt* OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? No worse man than Sir Toby to look to me? She sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. I have limed her.—And, when she went away now, *Let this fellow be looked to:*—Fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together.—Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Sir To. [*Without*] Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

Enter FABIAN, SIR TOBY, *and* MARIA.

Fab. Here he is, here he is:—How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off, I discard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him!

did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; we must deal gently with him. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray, heaven, he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; do you not see, you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me.—What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: Hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, Sir Toby.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he'll not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. Begone. Ha! ha! ha!

[*Exit* MALVOLIO.

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now; lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound.—Follow him, and let him not from thy sight.

[*Exit* MARIA.

But see, but see.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Enter SIR ANDREW, *with a Letter.*

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it; I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is it, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me.—[*Reads.*] *Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.*

Fab. Good and valiant.

Sir To. *Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.*

Fab. A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. *Thou comest to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.*

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense-less.

Sir To. *I will way-lay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,—*

Fab. Good.

Sir To. *Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.*

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: Good.

Sir To. *Fare thee well; and heaven have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,* ANDREW AGUECHEEK.—If this letter move him not, his legs cannot; I'll give 't him.

Fab. You may have very fit occasion for't; he is

now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the garden, like a bum-bailiff; so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou draw'st, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing.

[*Exit* SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth, he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, (as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it,) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt* SIR TOBY *and* FABIAN.

Enter VIOLA *and* OLIVIA.

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out:
There's something in me, that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears,

Go on my master's griefs.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me, that I'll deny;
That honour, saved, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: Fare thee well!

[*Exit* OLIVIA.

Enter SIR TOBY *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, heaven save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of despight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir; I am sure, no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vio I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubb'd with unhack'd rapier, and on carpet consideration: but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death

and sepulchre: hob, nob, is his word; give 't, or take 't.

Vio. I will return, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter.

Sir To. Back you shall not, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on; or strip your sword stark naked, (for meddle you must, that's certain,) or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit* Sir Toby.

Vio. 'Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know, the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria: Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that would rather go with sir priest, than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

OLIVIA'S *Garden.*

Enter SIR TOBY, *with* SIR ANDREW, *in a great fright.*

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil;—

Sir And. Oh!

Sir To. I have not seen such a virago. I had a pass with him,—rapier, scabbard, and all,—and he gives me the stuck-in,——

Sir And. Oh!

Sir To. With such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable: they say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Plague on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I had challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: Stand here, make a good show on't—[*Aside.*] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Enter FABIAN *and* VIOLA.

I have his horse [*To* FABIAN.] to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him, the youth's a devil.

Fab. [*To* SIR TOBY.] He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. [*To* VIOLA.] There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for his oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw,

for the supportance of his vow; he protests, he will not hurt you.

Vio. [*Draws her Sword.*] Pray heaven defend me! —[*Aside.*] A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. [*To* VIOLA.] Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you: he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to 't.

Sir And. [*Draws.*] Pray heaven, he keep his oath!

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

[*They fight.*—SIR TOBY *and* FABIAN *urge on* SIR ANDREW *and* VIOLA.

Enter ANTONIO, *who runs between* SIR ANDREW *and* VIOLA.

Ant. Put up your sword;—If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me;
If you offend him, I for him defy you.

Sir To. You, sir? Why, what are you?

Ant. [*Draws.*] One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. [*Draws.*] Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

[SIR TOBY *and* ANTONIO *fight.*]

[SIR ANDREW *hides himself behind the Trees.*—VIOLA *retires a little.*]

Fab. [*Parts them.*] O good Sir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To. [*To* ANTONIO.] I'll be with you anon. [ANTONIO *shows great alarm*—SIR TOBY *sheathes his sword.*] Sir knight,—Sir Andrew,—

Sir And. Here I am.

Sir To. What, man!—Come on. [*Brings* SIR ANDREW *forward.*]

Vio. [*Advances.*] 'Pray, sir, [*To* SIR ANDREW.] put up your sword, if you please.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir;—and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: He will bear you easily, and reins well.

Enter two Officers of Justice.

1 *Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

2 *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of Duke Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 *Off.* No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well.—
Take him away; he knows, I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—This comes with seeking you;
But there's no remedy.
Now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse: It grieves me
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed;
But be of comfort.

1 *Off.* Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?
For the fair kindness you have showed me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something: my having is not much;
I'll make division of my present with you;
Hold, there is half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery;
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,

As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.
Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature.
Ant. O heavens themselves!
1 *Off.* Come, sir, I pray you, go.
Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here,
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
And to his image, which, methought, did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.
But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—
In nature there's no blemish, but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.
[*Exeunt* ANTONIO *and Officers.*
Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian.
[*They retire together.*
Vio. He named Sebastian; I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such, and so,
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament;
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love!
[*Exit* VIOLA.

[*They advance.*]

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare; his dishonesty appears, in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly;—but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not!— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Street before OLIVIA'S *House.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* CLOWN.

Clo. Will you make me believe, that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow;
Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither:—Nothing, that is so, is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else;—Thou know'st not me.

Clo Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool.—I pr'ythee, tell me what I shall vent to my lady; Shall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek, depart from me;
There's money for thee; if you tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand:—These wise men, that give fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter SIR ANDREW.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? There's for you. [*Striking* SEBASTIAN.

Seb. [*Draws his sword.*] Why, there's for thee, and there, and there:—Are all the people mad?

[*Beating* SIR ANDREW.

Enter SIR TOBY *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight—I would not be in some of your coats for two-pence.

[*Exit* CLOWN.

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold. [*Holding* SEBASTIAN.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone. I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well flesh'd; come on.

Seb. [*Disengages himself.*] I will be free from thee. —What would'st thou now?
If thou darest tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what?—[*Draws.*]—Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [*They fight.*

Enter OLIVIA, *and two Servants.*

Fab. Hold, good Sir Toby, hold:—my lady here!

[*Exit* FABIAN.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam?

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains, and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario:——
Rudesby, be gone!—

Sir To. Come along, knight. [*Exit* SIR TOBY.

Oli. And you, sir, follow him.

Sir And. Oh, oh!—Sir Toby,—

[*Exit* SIR ANDREW.

Oli. I pr'ythee, gentle friend,
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
May'st smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go;
Do not deny.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:—
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I pr'ythee: 'Would thou'dst be ruled by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Gallery in OLIVIA'S *House.*

Enter MARIA, *with a black Gown and Hood, and* CLOWN.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown and hood; make him believe, thou art Sir Topas the curate; do it quickly: I'll call Sir Toby the whilst.

[*Exit* MARIA.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown.

Enter SIR TOBY *and* MARIA.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clo. *Bonos dies,* Sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, *That, that is, is;* so I, being master parson, am master parson: For what is that, but that? and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. [*Opens the door of an inner Room*] What, hoa, I say,—Peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*In the inner Room.*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man? talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wrong'd: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have bound me, hand and foot, and laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Say'st thou, that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness, but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled, than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused: I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas,—

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas,—

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters. [*Takes off the gown and hood, and gives them to* MARIA.]

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy hood and gown; he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring us word how thou find'st him: Come by and by to my chamber. [*Exeunt* SIR TOBY *and* MARIA.

Clo. [*Sings.*] *Hey Robin, jolly Robin,*
Tell me how thy lady does.

Mal. Fool,—fool,—good fool,—

Clo. Who calls, ha?

Mal. As ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well! then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady; it shall ad-

vantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad, indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not: I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman, till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree. I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clo. [*Shuts the door of the inner Room, and sings.*]

I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again, &c. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

OLIVIA'S *Garden.*

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't, and see't:
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then?
I could not find him at the Elephant;
His counsel now might do me golden service:
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust, but that I am mad,
Or else the lady's mad.—But here she comes.

Enter OLIVIA, *and a* FRIAR.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine:—If you mean well,
Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by: there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace: He shall conceal it,
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note;
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth.—What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father: [*Exit* FRIAR.
And heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

The Street before OLIVIA'S *House.*

Enter CLOWN *and* FABIAN.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. That is, to give a dog, and, in recompense, desire my dog again.—The Duke Orsino.

[*Exit* FABIAN.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, *and two Gentlemen.*

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friend?—I know thee well: How dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly, I am an ass; so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double dealer; there's another.

Clo. *Primo, Secundo,—Tertio,* is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know, I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again: As you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit* CLOWN.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable:
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loss,
Cried fame and honour on him.—

Enter ANTONIO *and Officers.*

What's the matter?

1 *Off.* This, please you, sir, is that Antonio,
That took the Phœnix, and her fraught, from Candy;
And this is he, that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame, and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side;
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me;
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither.
That most ingrateful boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him, and for his sake too,

Did I expose myself
Into the danger of this adverse town:
Drew to defend him, when he was beset;
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger,)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years removed thing,
While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
(No interim, not a minute's vacancy,)
Both day and night did we keep company.

Duke. Here comes the countess; now heaven walks on earth.——
But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness:
But more of that anon.——Take him aside.

[ANTONIO *and Officers retire a little.*

Enter OLIVIA *and two Servants.*

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,——

Oli. What do you say, Cesario?

Vio. My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as harsh and fulsome to mine ear,
As howling after music.

Duke Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What! to perverseness? you uncivil lady,

To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out,
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,
Kill what I love?
But hear me this:
Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still;
But this your minion, whom, I see, you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.—
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief.
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

[*Exeunt* DUKE *and Gentlemen.*

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die. [*Going.*

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love,
More than I love these eyes, more than my life;
If I do feign, you witnesses above,
Punish my life, for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ah me, forsaken! how am I beguiled!

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?—
Call forth the holy father. [*Exeunt two Servants.*

Enter DUKE.

Duke. [*To* VIOLA.] Come away.

Oli. Whither, my lord?—Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband?

Oli. Ay, husband: Can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter FRIAR *and two Servants.*

O, welcome, father!—
Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe,) what thou dost know,
Hath newly past between this youth and me.

Friar. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, toward my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O, thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest,—

Oli. O, do not swear;
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

[OLIVIA *sends away the Friar.*

Enter SIR ANDREW, *crying, with his Head broke.*

Sir And. O, O,—For the love of heaven, a surgeon; send one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head across, and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of heaven, your help: I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: We took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is:—You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you: You drew your sword upon me, without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think, you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Sir To. [*Without.*] Holla, Sir Andrew,—where are you?

Sir And. Here comes Sir Toby halting, you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled your Toby for you.

Enter SIR TOBY, *drunk, with his Forehead bleeding.*

Duke How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one; he has hurt me, and there's the end on't.—Sot, did'st see Dick surgeon, sot?

Sir And. O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, a drunken rogue,—and I have a drunken rogue. [*Enter* SEBASTIAN *behind.*

Oli. Away with him: Who hath made this havock with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dress'd together.

Sir To. Will you help an ass head, and a coxcomb, and a knave? a thin-faced knave, a gull!

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to. [*Exeunt* SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY, *and Servants.*

Seb. [*Advancing.*] I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;

But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less, with wit, and safety.
[ANTONIO, *seeing* SEBASTIAN, *comes forward.*
You throw a strange regard upon me, and
By that I do perceive it hath offended you;
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.
Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons;
A natural perspective, that is, and is not.
Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortured me,
Since I have lost thee.
Ant. Sebastian are you?
Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?
Ant. How have you made division of yourself?—
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?
Seb. [*Sees* VIOLA.] Do I stand there? I never had a brother:
I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd:—
Of charity, [*To* VIOLA.] what kin are you to me?
What countryman? what name? what parentage?
Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.
Seb. Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!
Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Away with doubt:—each other circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, doth cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola,—your sister Viola. [*They embrace,*

Seb. [*To* OLIVIA.] So comes it, lady, you have been mistook.

Duke. If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck:—
Boy, [*To* VIOLA.] thou hast said to me a thousand times,
Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
As doth that orbed continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,
Is now in durance; at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him:—Fetch Malvolio hither:—
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Enter CLOWN, *with a Letter, and* FABIAN.

How does Malvolio, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the staves end, as well as a man in his case may do: has here writ a letter to you: I should have given it you to-day morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much, when they are delivered.

Oli. Open it, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman: [*Reads.*] *By the Lord, madam,*—

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness.

Oli. [*To* FABIAN.] Read it you, sirrah.

Fab. [Reads.] *By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury. The madly-used* Malvolio.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.

[*Exit* FABIAN.

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.—

Your master quits you; [*To* VIOLA.] and, for your service done him,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Enter MALVOLIO, *with a Letter, and* FABIAN.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same:
How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you peruse that letter:

[*Gives* OLIVIA *the Letter.*

You must not now deny it is your hand;—
(Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase;)—
Or, say, 'tis not your seal, nor your invention.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing;
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand:—
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me, thou wast mad:—
Pr'ythee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee:
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak:
I do confess, Sir Toby, and myself,
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived against him: Maria writ
The letter, at Sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense whereof, he hath married her:
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee!

Fab. Malvolio!—

Clo. Why,—*Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.*—I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir:—*By the Lord, fool, I am not mad:*—But do you remember? *Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagg'd:*—And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.—Ha, ha, ha!

Fab. Ha, ha, ha!—

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you.

[*Exit* MALVOLIO.

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abused.
Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace.

[*Exit* FABIAN.

Duke. He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known, and golden time convents,

A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls:—Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence.—Go, officers;
We do discharge you of your prisoner.
[*Exeunt Officers.*
Antonio, thou hast well deserved our thanks:
Thy kind protection of Cesario's person,
(Although thou knew'st not then for whom thou fought'st,)
Merits our favour: Henceforth, be forgotten
All cause of anger: Thou hast a noble spirit,
And as Sebastian's friend be ever near him.—
Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But, when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen.

The Clown sings.

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy;
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knave and thief men shut their gate;
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive;
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken head;
For the rain it raineth every day.

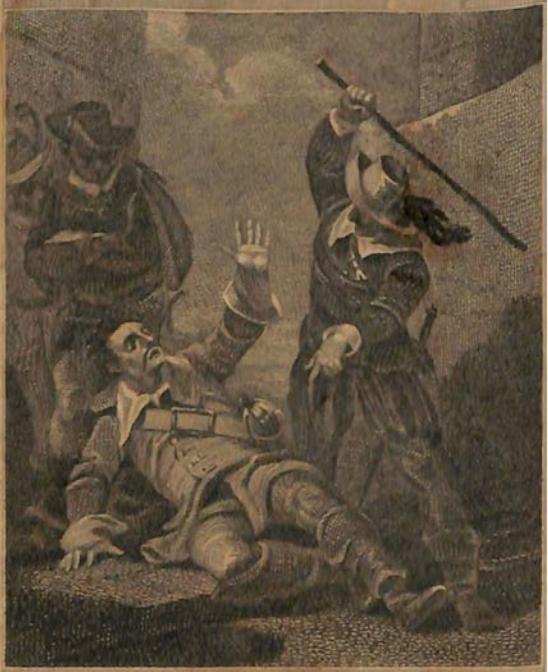
A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

[Exeunt.

THE END.

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EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.



BOBADIL. Hold, hold, credit thy favor
PORTRAGO. ACT. II. SCENE II.

PUBLISHED AT THE REPOSITORY, STRAND, BY LONGMAN & CO. PATERNOSTER ROW.

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By BEN JONSON.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES ROYAL,

DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD

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REMARKS.

Ben Jonson, the author of this play, was born in London, in the year 1574, just a month after the death of his father.

The father had been a clergyman, and the son received his education at Westminster School: but the mother having married a second time, and having condescended to bestow her hand upon a bricklayer, poor Benjamin, on quitting school, was compelled by his father-in-law to work at that business.

He escaped from this dull and laborious employment, by enlisting for a soldier; and being sent to the Netherlands, distinguished himself by remarkable courage in his military capacity.

Literature was, however, the pursuit of his inclination: for, on his return to England, he entered himself at St. John's College, Cambridge; from whence he removed, after some years of strict application, for want of the means to support himself longer as a student.

He now applied to that profession for a maintenance, which poverty, united to literary taste, directs thousands to pursue—the stage. The learned Ben Jonson became a strolling player, in an obscure

company of comedians, who performed occasionally at the sign of the Curtain in Shoreditch. Soon after, he had the good fortune to be a member of the same theatrical community with Shakspeare, and received Shakspeare's advice and assistance in commencing dramatic writer.

Tradition says—and Davies, in his Miscellanies, confirms its probability—that Ben Jónson, having written this comedy of "Every Man in his Humour," presented it to one of the managers of the theatre, where Shakspeare was engaged as an actor. The manager, after casting his eye carelessly over the work, was on the point of returning it with a peremptory refusal, when Shakspeare, who chanced to be present, requested leave to read the play: he was so well pleased on the perusal, that he recommended it with such force, as induced the manager to change the opinion he had formed in its disfavour, and to bring it on the stage.

Its success was very great. Shakspeare not only patronized, but performed in this comedy; but here his talents were subordinate, and he was, of course, less useful than as a commentator before its representation. It is supposed he acted the part of Kno'well, by his name being first in the Dramatis Personæ of the original copy. Shakspeare was at that time in his thirty-fourth, and Jonson in his twenty-fourth year.

Notwithstanding the merit of this play, it was wholly neglected as a stage exhibition, from the time of its revival, at the Restoration, till Garrick, in

1749, brought it once more before the public, with some few alterations.

Garrick's Kitely, and Woodward's Bobadil, are described by the frequenters of the theatre of that period, as performances of the most exquisite art.

From Garrick's death till Cooke appeared, the play was again neglected; for without peculiar excellence in the representation of Kitely, it has but little attraction. Cooke has the praise of having given it all its former power over the town, and to have fully supplied the vacant post of Garrick.

Including tragedies, comedies, operas, masques, et cetera, printed and unprinted, Ben Jonson produced no less than fifty-three dramas; not one of which, excepting the present comedy, holds its place among acting plays.

High as this author ranks as a classic, it is a subject of wonder that the wits and men of taste, those idolators of the drama in Charles the Second's reign, should prefer him before Shakspeare! This mystery is resolved by some persons, on the supposition of the ascendancy of the Duke of Buckingham's sentiments upon questions of this nature, over those of the other courtiers; and his Grace, from early years, had been an enthusiastic admirer of Jonson. At the age of thirteen he was personally acquainted with him; at which time Ben was in his grand climacteric.

In comparing this author with his cotemporary Shakspeare, as men, the last has a superiority over the former in the benevolence, as well as the capa-

ciousness, of his mind. He was generous and kind to Jonson, whilst Jonson, incited, it is supposed, by envy, did not forbear to ridicule the works of his friend and benefactor. Here, at least, Jonson showed the talent of sound judgment, and the virtue of humility; for had he conceived his own productions the best, all discontent at his neighbour's perfection had been annihilated:—and while Shakspeare bore without retort his depreciating insinuations, it is possible, he was withheld by the pride of preeminence, more than by the moral force of patience. As players, there seems to have been no contention between these friends, for superiority—they were both too unskilful in this, their other, art to inspire either with emulation.

On the accession of James the First to the throne, Jonson was appointed to the management of all the masques and public spectacles; and he continued in this office during that and the succeeding reign.

In 1615, he was made poet laureate; and had so much interest at court as to procure a rise in the salary from a hundred marks (13s. 4d.) to a hundred pounds a year, with the comfortable addition of a butt of Canary wine.

Notwithstanding this pension, and the profits arising from his various productions, he had not the economy to live independent. He was often so reduced in his finances, as to be compelled to inhabit lodgings in a wretched alley, where the bounty of his sovereign, as well as that of his fellow subjects, has often followed him to administer relief.

In this wretched termination of his life, he sunk once more beneath his great rival Shakspeare; for Shakspeare retired, long previous to his death, to the comforts of leisure and independence; nor ever made drafts on the compassion of mankind for the pleasures of existence.

Ben Jonson died in 1637, was buried in Westminster Abbey; and his gravestone has merely the following words, to denote the extraordinary gifts, of which he had been possessed.

"O Rare Ben Jonson!"

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	DRURY LANE.	COVENT GARDEN.
KITELY	*Mr. Garrick.*	*Mr. Cooke.*
OLD KNO'WELL	*Mr. Hurst.*	*Mr. Murray.*
YOUNG KNO'WELL	*Mr. Aickin.*	*Mr. Brunton.*
WELLBRED	*Mr. Palmer.*	*Mr. Claremont.*
MASTER STEPHEN	*Mr. Dodd.*	*Mr. Liston.*
MASTER MATTHEW	*Mr. Burton.*	*Mr. Simmons.*
JUSTICE CLEMENT	*Mr. Parsons.*	*Mr. Emery.*
DOWNRIGHT	*Mr. Bransby.*	*Mr. Waddy.*
CAPTAIN BOBADIL	*Mr. King.*	*Mr. Fawcett.*
CASH	*Mr. Brereton.*	*Mr. Farley.*
FORMAL	*Mr. Wright.*	*Mr. Atkins.*
COB	*Mr. Moody.*	*Mr. Davenport.*
BRAINWORM	*Mr. Baddeley.*	*Mr. Munden.*
JOHN		*Mr. Abbot.*
WILLIAM		*Mr. Jefferies.*
DAME KITELY	*Mrs. Greville.*	*Mrs. Glover.*
BRIDGET	*Mrs. Davis.*	*Mrs. St. Ledger.*
TIB	*Mrs. Bradshaw.*	*Mrs. Emery.*

SCENE—London.

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A Court Yard before KNO'WELL'S *House.*

Enter KNO'WELL *and* BRAINWORM.

Kno. A goodly day toward, and a fresh morning.
Brainworm,
Call up young master. Bid him rise, sir.
Tell him I have some business to employ him.
Brain. I will, sir, presently.
Kno. But hear you, sirrah,
If he be at his book, disturb him not.
Brain. Well, sir. [*Exit.*
Kno. How happy, yet, should I esteem myself,
Could I, by any practice, wean the boy
From one vain course of study he affects.
He is a scholar, if a man may trust
The liberal voice of Fame in her report,
Of good account in both our universities;
Either of which hath favoured him with graces:
But their indulgence must not spring in me
A fond opinion, that he cannot err.

Enter MASTER STEPHEN.

Cousin Stephen,
What news with you, that you are here so early?

Step. Nothing, but e'en come to see how you do, uncle.

Kno. That's kindly done, you are welcome, coz.

Step. Ay, I know that, sir, I would not ha' come else. How doth my cousin Edward, uncle?

Kno. Oh, well, coz, go in and see; I doubt he be scarce stirring yet.

Step. Uncle, afore I go in, can you tell me an' he have e'er a book of the sciences of hawking and hunting? I would fain borrow it.

Kno. Why, I hope you will not a-hawking now, will you?

Step. No worse, but I'll practise against the next year, uncle. I have bought me a hawk, and a hood, and bells, and all; I lack nothing, but a book to keep it by.

Kno. Oh, most ridiculous!

Step. Nay, look you now, you are angry, uncle. Why, you know, an' a man have not skill in the hawking and hunting languages now-a-days, I'll not give a rush for him. They are more studied than the Greek or the Latin. What do you talk on it? Because I dwell at Hogsden, I shall keep company with none but the citizens, that come a ducking to Islington ponds! A fine jest, i'faith! 'Slid, a gentleman mun show himself like a gentleman. I know what I have to do, I am no novice.

Kno. You are a prodigal, absurd, coxcomb: go to!
Nay, never look at me, it's I that speak.
Take it as you will, sir, I'll not flatter you.
Ha' you not yet found means, enow, to waste
That which your friends have left you, but you must
Go cast away your money on a kite;
And know not how to keep it, when you've done?
Oh, it's comely! This will make you a gentleman!
Well, cousin, well! I see you are e'en past hope
Of all reclaim. Ay, so, now you're told on it.
You look another way.

Step. What would you ha' me do?
Kno. What would I have you do! I'll tell you, kinsman;
Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive;
That would I have thee do: and not to spend
Your coin on every bawble that you fancy,
Or every foolish brain that humours you.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. 'Save you, gentlemen.

Step. Nay, we do not stand much on our gentility, friend; and I assure you, mine uncle here is a man of a thousand a-year, Middlesex land; he has but one son in all the world, I am his next heir at the common law, Master Stephen, as simple as I stand here; if my cousin die, as there's hope he will. I have a pretty living o'my own too, beside, hard by here.

Serv. In good time, sir.

Step. In good time, sir! Why? And in very good time, sir. You do not flout, friend, do you?

Serv. Not I, sir.

Step. Not you, sir? You were not best, sir: an' you should, here be them can perceive it, and that quickly too. And they can give it again soundly too an' need be.

Serv. Why, sir, let this satisfy you; good faith, I had no such intent.

Step. Sir, an' I thought you had, I would talk with you, and that presently.

Serv. Good Master Stephen, so you may, sir, at your pleasure.

Step. And so I would, sir, good my saucy companion, an' you were out o'my uncle's ground, I can tell you; though I do not stand upon my gentility neither in't.

Kno. Cousin! cousin! Will this ne'er be left.

Step. Whorson base fellow! A mechanical serving

man! By this cudgel, and 'twere not for shame, I would—

Kno. What would you do, you peremptory gull? If you cannot be quiet, get you hence.
You see the honest man demeans himself
Modestly towards you, giving no reply
To your unseason'd quarrelling.
Go, get you in; 'fore Heaven, I am asham'd
Thou hast a kinsman's interest in me.

[*Exit* STEPHEN.

Serv. I pray you, sir, is this Master Kno'well's house?

Kno. Yes, marry, is't, sir.

Serv. I should inquire for a gentleman here, one Master Edward Kno'well: do you know any such, sir, I pray you?

Kno. I should forget myself else, sir.

Serv. Are you the gentleman? cry you mercy, sir, I was required by a gentlemen i'the city, as I rode out at this end of the town, to deliver you this letter, sir.

Kno. To me, sir. [Reads.] *To his most selected friend, Master Edward Kno'well.* What might the gentleman's name be, sir, that sent it?

Serv. One Master Wellbred, sir.

Kno. Master Wellbred! A young gentleman, is he not?

Serv. The same, sir; Master Kitely married his sister: the rich merchant i'the Old Jewry.

Kno. You say very true. Brainworm!

Enter BRAINWORM.

Brain. Sir.

Kno. Make this honest friend drink here. Pray you go in. [*Exeunt* BRAINWORM *and* SERVANT.
This letter is directed to my son:
Yet I am Edward Kno'well too, and may,
With the safe conscience of good manners, use

The fellow's error to my satisfaction.
What have we here? What's this? [*Reads.*

Why, Ned, I beseech hast thou forsworn all thy friends i'the Old Jewry? or dost thou think us all Jews that inhabit there? Leave thy vigilant father alone, to number over his green apricots, evening and morning, o' the north-west wall: an' I had been his son, I had saved him the labour long since; if, taking in all the young wenches that pass by, at the back door, and coddling every kernel of the fruit for 'em would ha' served. But pr'ythee, come over to me quickly, this morning: I have such a present for thee, our Turkey company never sent the like to the Grand Signior. One is a rhymer, sir, o'your own batch, your own leaven; but doth think himself poet major the town; willing to be shown, and worthy to be seen. The other—I will not venture his description with you till you come, because I would ha' you make hither with an appetite. If the worst of 'em be not worth your journey, draw your bill of charges, as unconscionable as any Guildhall verdict will give it you, and you shall be allowed your viaticum.

From the Windmill.

From the burdello, it might come as well!
The spittal! Is this the man,
My son hath sung so, for the happiest wit,
The choicest brain, the times have sent us forth?
I know not what he may be, in the arts;
Nor what in schools: but surely, for his manners,
I judge him a profane and dissolute wretch:
Brainworm!

Enter BRAINWORM.

Brain. Sir.
Kno. Is the fellow gone that brought this letter?
Brain. Yes, sir, a pretty while since.
Kno. And where's your young master?
Brain. In his chamber, sir.

Kno. He spake not with the fellow, did he?
Brain. No, sir, he saw him not.
Kno. Take you this letter, seal it, and deliver it my son;
But with no notice that I have open'd it on your life.
Brain. O lord, sir, that were a jest, indeed!
Kno. I am resolved, I will not stop his journey;
Nor practise any violent means to stay
The unbridled course of youth in him: for that,
Restrain'd, grows more impatient:
There is a way of winning more by love,
And urging of the modesty, than fear:
Force works on servile natures, not the free:
He, that's compell'd to goodness, may be good;
But, 'tis but for that fit: where others drawn
By softness, and example, get a habit.
Then if they stray, but warn 'em, and, the same
They would for virtue do, they'll do for shame.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

YOUNG KNO'WELL'S *Study.*

Enter YOUNG KNO'WELL *and* BRAINWORM.

Y. Kno. Did he open it, say'st thou?
Brain. Yes, o'my word, sir, and read the contents.
Y. Kno. That's bad. What countenance, pray thee, made he i'the reading of it? Was he angry, or pleas'd?
Brain. Nay, sir, I saw him not read it, nor open it, I assure your worship.
Y. Kno. No! How know'st thou then, that he did either!
Brain. Marry sir, because he charged me, on my

life, to tell nobody that he opened it: which, unless he had done, he would never fear to have it revealed.

Y. Kno. That's true; well, I thank thee, Brainworm, [*Exit.*

Enter MASTER STEPHEN.

Step. Oh, Brainworm, didst thou not see a fellow here, in a what-sha'-call him doublet? He brought mine uncle a letter e'en now.

Brain. Yes, Master Stephen, what of him?

Step. Oh! I ha' such a mind to beat him.

Brain. Faith, he is not of that mind: he is gone, Master Stephen,

Step. Gone! which way? When went he? How long since?

Brain. He is rid hence. He took horse at the street door.

Step. And I staid i'the fields! Whorson, Scanderbeg rogue; Oh that I had but a horse to fetch him back again.

Brain. Why, you may ha' my master's gelding to save your longing, sir.

Step. But I have no boots, that's the spite on't.

Brain. Why, a fine wisp of hay, rolled hard, Master Stephen.

Step. No, faith, it's no boot to follow him now; let him e'en go and hang. Pr'ythee, help to truss me a little. He does so vex me—

Brain. You'll be worse vexed, when you are trussed, Master Stephen. Best keep unbraced, and walk yourself till you be cold, your choler may founder you else.

Step. How dost thou like my leg, Brainworm?

Brain. A very good leg, Master Stephen; but the woollen stocking does not commend it so well.

Step. Foh, the stockings be good enough, now summer is coming on, for the dust: I'll have a pair of

silk against the winter, that I go to dwell i'the town. I think my leg would show in a silk hose.

Brain. Believe me, Master Stephen, rarely well.

Step. In sadness, I think it would; I have a reasonable good leg.

Brain. You have an excellent good leg, Master Stephen; but I cannot stay to praise it longer now: I am very sorry for't. [*Exit.*

Step. Another time will serve, Brainworm.

Enter YOUNG KNO'WELL.

Y. Kno. Ha! ha! ha!

Step. 'Slid! I hope he laughs not at me; an' he do—

Y. Kno. Here was a letter, indeed, to be intercepted by a man's father! He cannot but think most virtuously both of me and the sender, sure.——What! my wise cousin! Nay, then I'll furnish our feast with one gull more tow'rd the mess. He writes to me of a brace, and here's one, that's three; O for a fourth!

Step. O, now I see who he laughs at. He laughs at somebody in that letter. By this good light, an' he had laugh'd at me——

Y. Kno. How now, cousin Stephen, melancholy?

Step. Yes, a little. I thought you had laugh'd at me, cousin.

Y. Kno. Why, what an' I had, coz, what would you ha' done?

Step. By this light, I would ha' told mine uncle.

Y. Kno. Nay, if you would ha' told your uncle, I did laugh at you, coz.

Step. Did you, indeed?

Y. Kno. Yes, indeed.

Step. Why, then——

Y. Kno. What then?

Step. I am satisfied: it is sufficient.

Y. Kno. Why, be so, gentle coz. And I pray you

let me intreat a courtesy of you. I am sent for, this morning, by a friend i'the Old Jewry, to come to him: Will you bear me company? I protest it is not to draw you into bond, or any plot, coz.

Step. Sir, that's all one, an' 'twere; you shall command me twice so far, to do you good in such a matter. Do you think I would leave you? I protest—

E. Kno. No, no, you shall not protest, coz.

Step. By my fackins, but I will, by your leave; I'll protest more to my friend than I'll speak of at this time.

E. Kno. You speak very well, coz.

Step. Nay, not so, neither: you shall pardon me: but I speak to serve my turn.

E. Kno. Your turn, coz! Do you know what you say? A gentleman of your sort, parts, carriage, and estimation, to talk o' your turn; come, come, wrong not the quality of your desert, with looking downward, coz; but hold up your head, so; and let the idea of what you are be portray'd i' your face, that men may read i' your physiognomy: "Here, within this place, is to be seen the true and accomplished monster, or miracle of nature," which is all one. What think you of this, coz?

Step. Why, I do think of it: and I will be more proud and melancholy, and gentlemanlike than I have been, I'll assure you.

E. Kno. Why, that's resolute, Master Stephen! Now, if can but hold him up to his height, as it is happily begun, it will do well for a suburb-humour: we may hap have a match with the city, and play him for forty pounds, Come, coz.

Step. I'll follow you.

E. Kno. Follow me; you must go before.

Step. Nay, an' I must, I will. Pray you, show me, good cousin. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Street, before COB'S *House.*

Enter MASTER MATTHEW.

Mat. I think this be the house. What, hoa!

Enter COB *from the House.*

Cob. Who's there? O, Master Matthew! gi' your worship good morrow.

Mat. What, Cob! How dost thou, good Cob? Dost thou inhabit here, Cob?

Cob. Ay, sir, I and my lineage ha' kept a poor house here in our days.

Mat. Cob, canst thou show me of a gentleman, one Captain Bobadil, where his lodging is?

Cob. O, my guest, sir, you mean!

Mat. Thy guest! alas! ha! ha!

Cob. Why do you laugh, sir? Do you not mean Captain Bobadil?

Mat. Cob, pray thee, advise thyself well: do not wrong the gentleman and thyself too. I dare be sworn he scorns thy house. He! he lodge in such a base, obscure place as thy house! Tut, I know his disposition so well, he would not lie in thy bed, if thou'dst gi' it him.

Cob. I will not give it him, though, sir. Mass, I thought somewhat was in't we could not get him to bed all night! Well, sir, though he lie not o'my bed, he lies o' my bench. An't please you to go up, sir, you shall find him with two cushions under his head, and his cloak wrapped about him, as though he had neither won nor lost; and yet, I warrant, he ne'er cast better in his life, than he has done to-night.

Mat. Why, was he drunk?

Cob. Drunk, sir! you hear not me say so. Perhaps he swallowed a tavern-token, or some such device, sir: I have nothing to do withal. I deal with water, and not with wine. Gi' me my bucket there, hoa. God b'wi' you, sir, it's six o'clock: I should ha' carried two turns by this. What hoa! my stopple! come.

Mat. Lie in a water-bearer's house! A gentleman of his havings! Well, I'll tell him my mind.

Cob. What, Tib, show this gentleman up to the Captain. [TIB *shows* MASTER MATTHEW *into the House.*] You should ha' some now, would take this Mr. Matthew to be a gentleman at the least. His father is an honest man, a worshipful fishmonger, and so forth; and now does he creep, and wriggle into acquaintance with all the brave gallants about the town, such as my guest is. O, my guest is a fine man! he does swear the legiblest of any man christened: by St. George—the foot of Pharoah,—the body of me,—as I am a gentleman and a soldier; such dainty oaths! and withal, he does this same filthy roguish tobacco, the finest and cleanliest! it would do a man good to see the fume come forth out at's tonnels! Well, he owes me forty shillings, my wife lent him out of her purse by sixpence a time, besides his lodging; I would I had it. I shall ha' it he says, the next action. Helter skelter, hang sorrow, care'll kill a cat, up-tails all, and a louse for the hangman. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in COB'S *House.*

BOBADIL *discovered upon a Bench.* *Enter* TIB.

Bob. Hostess! Hostess!

Tib. What say you, sir?

Bob. A cup o' thy small-beer, sweet Hostess.

Tib. Sir, there's a gentleman below, would speak with you.

Bob. A gentleman! 'Odso, I am not within.

Tib. My husband told him you were, sir.

Bob. What a plague——what meant he?

Mat. [*Within.*] Captain Bobadil!

Bob. Who's there!—Take away the bason, good Hostess. Come up, sir.

Tib. He would desire you to come up, sir. You come into a cleanly house here.

Enter MASTER MATTHEW.

Mat. 'Save you, sir: 'save you, Captain!

Bob. Gentle Master Matthew! Is it you, sir? Please you sit down.

Mat. Thank you, good Captain; you may see I am somewhat audacious.

Bob. Not so, sir. I was requested to supper, last night, by a sort of gallants, where you were wish'd for, and drank to, I assure you.

Mat. Vouchsafe me by whom, good Captain.

Bob. Marry, by young Wellbred, and others. Why, Hostess! a stool here for this gentleman.

Mat. No haste, sir, 'tis very well.

Bob. Body of me! It was so late ere we parted last night, I can scarce open my eyes yet; I was but new risen, as you came. How passes the day abroad, sir? you can tell.

Mat. Faith, some half hour to seven. Now, trust me, you have an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat, and private!

Bob. Ay, sir: I pray you, Master Matthew, in any case, possess no gentleman of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging.

Mat. Who, I, sir? No.

Bob. Not that I need to care who know it, for the

cabin is convenient; but in regard I would not be too popular and generally visited, as some are.

Mat. True, Captain, I conceive you.

Bob. For, do you see, sir, by the heart of valour in me, except it be to some peculiar and choice spirits, to whom I am extraordinarily engaged, as yourself, or so, I could not extend thus far.

Mat. O lord, sir, I resolve so.

[*Pulls out a Paper, and reads.*

Bob. I confess, I love a cleanly and quiet privacy, above all the tumult and roar of fortune. What new piece ha' you there? Read it.

Mat. [Reads.] *To thee, the purest object of my sense,*
The most refined essence heaven covers,
Send I these lines, wherein I do commence
The happy state of turtledilling lovers.

Bob. 'Tis good; proceed, proceed. Where's this?

Mat. This, sir? a toy o' mine own, in my nonage: the infancy of my muses. But, when will you come and see my study? Good faith, I can show you some very good things I have done of late——

Bob. What, all as good as that?

Mat. That boot becomes your leg, passing well, Captain, methinks.

Bob. So, so; it's the fashion gentlemen now use.

Mat. Troth, Captain, and now you speak o' the fashion, Master Wellbred's elder brother and I are fallen out exceedingly; this other day, I happen'd to enter into some discourse of a hanger, which I assure you both for fashion and workmanship was most peremptory-beautiful and gentlemanlike: yet he condemn'd, and cry'd it down, for the most pied and ridiculous that ever he saw.

Bob. 'Squire Downright, the half brother, was't not?

Mat. Ay, sir, George Downright.

Bob. Hang him, rook! He! Why, he has no more judgment than a malt horse. By St. George, I won-

der you'd lose a thought upon such an animal! The most peremptory absurd clown of Christendom this day he is holden. I protest to you, as I am a gentleman and a soldier, I ne'er chang'd words with his like. By his discourse, he should eat nothing but hay. He was born for the manger, pannier, or packsaddle! He has not so much as a good phrase in his belly, but all old iron, and rusty proverbs! a good commodity for some smith to make hobnails of.

Mat. Ay, and he thinks to carry it away with his manhood still, where he comes. He brags he will gi' me the bastinado, as I hear.

Bob. How! He the bastinado! How came he by that word, trow?

Mat. Nay, indeed, he said cudgel me: I term'd it so, for my more grace.

Bob. That may be: for I was sure it was none of his word. But when? When said he so?

Mat. Faith, yesterday, they say: a young gallant friend of mine, told me so.

Bob. By the foot of Pharoah, an''twere my case now, I should send him a challenge, presently. Come hither, you shall challenge him. I'll show you a trick or two, you shall kill him with, at pleasure: the first stoccata, if you will, by this air.

Mat. Indeed you have absolute knowledge i'the mystery, I have heard, sir.

Bob. Of whom? Of whom ha' you heard it, I beseech you?

Mat. Troth, I have heard it spoken of by divers, that you have very rare and un-in-one-breath-utterable skill, sir.

Bob. By Heaven, no, not I; no skill i'the earth: some small rudiments i'the science, as to know my time, distance, or so. I have profest it more for nobleman and gentleman's use than mine own practice, I assure you. I'll give you a lesson. Look you, sir, Exalt not your point above this state, at any hand; so, sir,

Come on! Oh, twine your body more about, that you may fall to a more sweet, comely, gentlemanlike, guard. So, indifferent. Hollow your body more, sir, thus. Now, stand fast o' your left leg; note your distance: keep your due proportion of time—Oh, you disorder your point most irregularly! Come, put on your cloak, and we'll go to some private place, where you are acquainted, some tavern, or so—and have a bit——What money ha' you about you, Mr. Matthew?

Mat. Faith, I ha' not past a two shillings, or so.

Bob. Tis somewhat with the least; but, come, we will have a bunch of radishes, and salt, to taste our wine; and a pipe of tobacco, to close the orifice of the stomach; and then we'll call upon young Well-bred. Perhaps we shall meet Corydon, his brother, there, and put him to the question. Come along, Mr. Matthew. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A Warehouse, belonging to KITELY.

Enter KITELY, CASH, *and* DOWNRIGHT.

Kite. Thomas, come hither.
There lies a note within, upon my desk,
Here take my key——it is no matter, neither.
Where is the boy?

Cash. Within, sir, i'the warehouse.
Kite. Let him tell over straight that Spanish gold,
And weigh it, with the pieces of eight. Do you
See the delivery of those silver stuffs
To Master Lucar. Tell him, if he will,
He shall ha' the grograms at the rate I told him,
And I will meet him, on the Exchange, anon.
Cash. Good, sir. [*Exit.*
Kite. Do you see that fellow, brother Downright?
Down. Ay, what of him?
Kite. He is a jewel, brother.——
I took him of a child, up, at my door,
And christened him; gave my own name, Thomas:
Since bred him at the hospital; Where proving
A toward imp, I call'd him home, and taught him
So much, as I have made him my cashier,
And find him, in his place, so full of faith,
That I durst trust my life into his hands.
Down. So would not I, in any bastard's, brother,
As it is like, he is, although I knew
Myself his father. But you said you'd somewhat
To tell me, gentle brother. What is't? What is't?
Kite. Faith, I am very loth to utter it,
As fearing it may hurt your patience:
But that I know your judgment is of strength,
Against the nearness of affection——
Down. What need this circumstance? Pray you be direct.
Come to the matter, the matter.
Kite. Then, without further ceremony, thus.
My brother Wellbred, sir, I know not how,
Of late is much declin'd in what he was,
And greatly alter'd in his disposition.
When he came first to lodge here in my house,
Ne'er trust me, if I were not proud of him:
But now his course is so irregular,
So loose, affected, and depriv'd of grace;

He makes my house here, common, as a mart,
And here, as in a tavern or a stew,
He and his wild associates spend their hours,
In repetition of lascivious jests:
Swear, leap, drink, dance, and revel night by night,
Control my servants: and, indeed, what not.

Down. 'Sdains, I know not what I should say to him i'the whole world! He values me at a crack'd three farthings, for aught I see. It will never out o'the flesh that's bred i'the bone! I have told him enough, one would think, if that would serve. Well, he knows what to trust to, for George. Let him spend, and spend, and domineer, till his heart ache; an' he think to be relieved by me, when he is got into one o'your city pounds, the counters, he has the wrong sow by the ear, i'faith, and claps his dish at a wrong man's door. I'll lay my hand on my halfpenny, ere I part with't to fetch him out, I'll assure him.

Kite. Nay, good brother, let it not trouble you, thus.

Down. 'Sdeath, he made me—I could eat my very spur leathers, for anger! But, why are you so tame? Why do not you speak to him, and tell him how he disquiets your house?

Kite. Oh, there are divers reasons to dissuade, brother;
But, would yourself vouchsafe to travail in it,
Though but with plain and easy circumstance,
It would both come much better to his sense,
And favour less of stomach, or of passion.
You are his elder brother, and that title
Both gives and warrants you authority:
Whereas, if I should intimate the least,
It would but add contempt to his neglect;
He would be ready, from his heat of humour,
To blow the ears of his familiars
With the false breath of telling what disgrace
And low disparagements I had put on him:

Whilst they, sir, to relieve him in the fable,
Make their loose comments upon ev'ry word,
Gesture, or look, I use; mock me all o'er;
Beget some slander, that shall dwell with me.
And what would that be, think you? Marry, this;
They would give out, because my wife is fair,
Myself but newly married, and my sister
Here sojourning a virgin in my house,
That I were jealous! Nay, as sure as death,
That they would say. And how that I had quarrell'd
My brother purposely, thereby to find
An apt pretext to banish them my house.

Down. Mass, perhaps so: they're like enough to do it.

Kite. Brother, they would, believe it: so should I
But try experiments upon myself:
Lend scorn and envy opportunity
To stab my reputation and good name.

Enter MATTHEW *and* BOBADIL.

Mat. I will speak to him——

Bob. Speak to him! Away! by the foot of Pharoah, you shall not; you shall not do him that grace.

Kite. What is the matter, sirs?

Bob. The time of day to you, gentleman o'the house. Is Mr. Wellbred stirring?

Down. How then?—what should he do?

Bob. Gentleman of the house, it is you:—Is he within, sir?

Kite. He came not to his lodging to-night, sir, I assure you.

Down. Why, do you hear, you!

Bob. The gentleman citizen hath satisfied me; I'll talk to no scavenger. [*Exeunt* BOB. *and* MAT.

Down. How, scavenger!—Stay, sir, stay!

Kite. Nay, brother Downright——

Down. Heart! stand you away, an' you love me.

Kite. You shall not follow him now, I pray you, brother;—good faith, you shall not: I will overrule you.

Down. Ha! scavenger!—Well, go to, I say little; but, by this good day, (God forgive me I should swear) if I put it up so, say I am the rankest coward ever lived. 'Sdains, an' I swallow this, I'll ne'er draw my sword in the sight of Fleet Street again, while I live; I'll sit in a barn with Madge Howlet, and catch mice first. Scavenger!

Kite. O, do not fret yourself thus; never think on't.

Down. These are my brother's consorts, these! these are his comrades, his walking mates! Let me not live, an' I could find in my heart to swinge the whole gang of them, one after another, and begin with him first. I am grieved it should be said he is my brother, and take these courses. Well, as he brews so he shall drink, for George. Yet he shall hear on't, and that rightly too, an' I live, i'faith.

Kite. But, brother, let your reprehensions then
Run in an easy current, not o'er high:
But rather use the soft persuading way,
More winning than enforcing the consent.

Down. Ay, ay, let me alone for that, I warrant you.

[*Bell rings.*

Kite. How now! O, the bell rings to breakfast.
Brother, I pray you, go in, and bear my wife
Company till I come; I'll but give order
For some despatch of business to my servant.

Down. I will—Scavenger! scavenger!

[*Exit* DOWNRIGHT.

Kite. Well, tho' my troubled spirit's somewhat eas'd,
It's not repos'd in that security
As I could wish; but I must be content,
Howe'er I set a face on't to the world!

Would I had lost this finger, at a venture,
So Wellbred had ne'er lodg'd within my house
Why 't cannot be, where there is such resort
Of wanton gallants, and young revellers,
That any woman should be honest long.
Well, to be plain, if I but thought the time
Had answer'd their affections, all the world
Should not persuade me but I were a cuckold!
Marry, I hope they have not got that start;
For opportunity hath baulk'd them yet,
And shall do still, while I have eyes and ears
To attend the impositions of my heart.

Enter DAME KITELY.

Dame. Sister Bridget, pray you fetch down the rosewater above in the closet.—Sweetheart, will you come in to breakfast?

Kite. An' she overheard me now!

Dame. I pray thee, good love, we stay for you.

Kite. By Heav'n, I wou'd not for a thousand angels.

Dame. What ail you, sweetheart, are you not well? Speak, good Muss.

Kite. Troth, my head aches extremely, on a sudden.

Dame. Oh, the lord!

Kite. How now! what!

Dame. Alas, how it burns! Love, keep you warm, good truth it is this new disease, there's a number are troubled withal! For love's sake, sweetheart, come in out of the air.

Kite. How simple, and how subtle are her answers! A new disease, and many troubled with it! Why, true! she heard me, all the world to nothing.

Dame. I pray thee, good sweetheart, come in; the air will do you harm, in troth.

Kite. I'll come to you presently; 'twill away, I hope.

Dame. Pray Heav'n it do. [*Exit* DAME.

Kite. A new disease! I know not, new or old,
But it may well be call'd poor mortals' plague:
For, like a pestilence, it doth infect
The houses of the brain.
Till not a thought or motion in the mind,
Be free from the black poison of suspect.
Well, I will once more strive,
In spite of this black cloud, myself to be,
And shake the fever off, that thus shakes me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Moorfields.

Enter BRAINWORM, *disguised like a Soldier.*

Brain. 'Slid, I cannot chuse but laugh, to see myself translated thus. Now must I create an intolerable sort of lies, or my present profession loses the grace; So much for my borrowed shape. Well, the truth is, my old master intends to follow my young, dry foot, over Moorfields to London this morning: now I, knowing of this hunting match, or rather conspiracy, and to insinuate with my young master, have got me afore, in this disguise, determining here to lie in ambuscade, and intercept him in the midway. If I can but get his cloak, his purse, his hat, nay, any thing to cut him off, that is, to stay his journey—*Veni, vidi, vici*, I may say with Captain Cæsar; I am made for ever, i'faith. Well, now must I practise to get the true garb of one of those lance-knights, my arm here, and my—Young master, and his cousin, Mr. Stephen, as I am a true counterfeit man of war, and no soldier! [*Retires.*

Enter YOUNG KNO'WELL *and* MASTER STEPHEN.

Y. Kno. So, sir, and how then, coz?

Step. 'Sfoot, I have lost my purse, I think.

Y. Kno. How! lost your purse? Where? When had you it?

Step. I cannot tell: stay.

Y. Kno. What! ha' you it?

Step. No, I think I was bewitched, I——

Y. Kno. Nay, do not weep the loss, hang it, let it go.

Step. Oh, it's here—No, an' it had been lost, I had not cared, but for a jet ring Mistress Mary sent me.

Y. Kno. A jet ring! Oh, the posey, the posey!

Step. Fine, i'the faith!—Though fancy sleep, my love is deep.—Meaning, that though I did not fancy her, yet she loved me dearly.

Y. Kno. Most excellent!

Step. And then I sent her another, and my posey was: The deeper the sweeter, I'll be judg'd by St. Peter.

Y. Kno. How by St. Peter? I do not conceive that.

Step. Marry, St. Peter, to make up the metre.

Y. Kno. Well, there the saint was your good patron: he helped you at your need: thank him, thank him.

Brain. I cannot take leave of 'em so; Gentlemen, please you change a few crowns, for a very excellent good blade, here? I am a poor gentleman, a soldier, that, in the better state of my fortunes, scorned so mean a refuge, but now it is the humour of necessity to have it so. You seem to be gentlemen, well affected to martial men, else I should rather die with silence than live with shame: however, vouchsafe to remember, it is my want speaks, not myself. This condition agrees not with my spirit.——

Y. Kno. Where hast thou served?

Brain. May it please you, sir, in all the late wars of Bohemia, Hungaria, Dalamatia, Poland; where not, sir? I have been a poor servitor by sea and land, any time this fourteen years, and followed the fortunes of the best commanders in Christendom. I was twice shot at the taking of Aleppo; once at the relief of Vienna. I have been at Marseilles, Naples, and the Adriatic gulf; a gentleman slave in the galleys thrice, where I was most dangerously shot in the head, through both thighs, and yet, being thus maimed, I am void of maintenance; nothing left me but my scars, the noted marks of my resolution.

Step. How will you sell this rapier, friend?

Brain. Generous sir, I refer it to your own judgment; you are a gentleman, give me what you please.

Step. True, I am a gentleman, I know that, friend: I pray you say, what would you ask?

Brain. I assure you the blade may become the side or thigh of the best prince in Europe.

E. Kno. Ay, with a velvet scabbard.

Step. Nay, an 't be mine, it shall have a velvet scabbard, coz, that's flat: I'd not wear it as it is, an' you would give me an angel.

Brain. At your worship's pleasure, sir; nay, 'tis a most pure Toledo.

Step. I had rather it were a Spaniard; but tell me, what I shall give you for it? An' it had a silver hilt——

E. Kno. Come, come, you shall not buy it; hold, there's a shilling, fellow, take thy rapier.

Step. Why, but I will buy it now, because you say so, and there's another shilling, fellow; I scorn to be outbidden. What, shall I walk with a cudgel, like a higginbottom, and may have a rapier for money?

E. Kno. You may buy one in the city.

Step. Tut, I'll buy this i'the field, so I will; I have a mind to't because 'tis a field rapier. Tell me your lowest price.

Y. Kno. You shall not buy it, I say.

Step. By this money, but I will, though I give more than 'tis worth.

Y. Kno. Come away, you are a fool. [*Exit.*

Step. Friend, I am a fool, that's granted: but I'll have it, for that word's sake. Follow me for your money. He says, I am a fool!

Brain. Yes, sir, the gentleman seems to know you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter KNO'WELL.

Kno. I cannot lose the thought yet of this letter
Sent to my son; nor leave to admire the change
Of manners, and the breeding of our youth
Within the kingdom, since myself was one.
When I was young, he liv'd not in the stews
Durst have conceived a scorn, and utter'd it,
On a grey head;
And a man had then
A certain reverence paid unto his years,
That had none due unto his life.
But now we are fall'n; youth from their fear,
And age from that which bred it, good example.

Enter BRAINWORM.

Brain. My master! Nay, faith have at you; I am fleshed now, I have sped so well: though I must attack you in a different way. Worshipful sir, I beseech you, respect the state of a poor soldier! I am ashamed of this base course of life (God's my comfort) but extremity provokes me to't: what remedy?

Kno. I have not for you now.

Brain. By the faith I bear unto truth, gentleman, it is no ordinary custom in me, but only to preserve manhood. I protest to you, a man I have been, a man I may be, by your sweet bounty.

Kno. Pr'ythee, good friend, be satisfied.

Brain. Good sir, by that hand, you may do the part of a kind gentleman, in lending a poor soldier the price of two cans of beer, a matter of small value: the King of Heav'n shall pay you, and I shall rest thankful: sweet worship——

Kno. Nay, an' you be so importunate——

Brain. Oh, tender sir, need will have his course: I was not made to this vile use! Well, the edge of the enemy could not have bated me so much. [*He weeps.*] It's hard, when a man has served in his prince's cause, and be thus—Honourable worship, let me derive a small piece of silver from you, it shall not be given in the course of time. By this good ground, I was fain to pawn my rapier last night, for a poor supper; I had suck'd the hilts long before, I am a pagan else: sweet honour.

Kno. Believe me, I am taken with some wonder,
To think a fellow of that outward presence,
Should, in the frame and fashion of his mind,
Be so degenerate and sordid base!
Art thou not a man, and sham'st thou not to beg?
To practise such a servile kind of life?
Why, were thy education ne'er so mean,
Having thy limbs, a thousand fairer courses
Offer themselves to thy election.
Either the wars might still supply thy wants,
Or service of some virtuous gentleman.

Brain. Faith, sir, I would gladly find some other course, if so——

Kno. Ay, you'd gladly find it, but you will not seek it.

Brain. Alas! sir, where should a man seek? In the wars there's no ascent by desert in these days, but—and for service, would it were as soon purchased as wished for! (the air's my comfort) I know what I would say—

Kno. What's thy name?

Brain. Please you, Fitzsword, sir.

Kno. Fitzsword.

Say that a man should entertain thee now,
Would'st thou be honest, humble, just and true?

Brain. Sir, by the place and honour of a soldier—

Kno. Nay, nay, I like not those affected oaths!
Speak plainly, man; what think'st thou of my words?

Brain. Nothing, sir; but wish my fortunes were as happy as my service should be honest.

Kno. Well, follow me; I'll prove thee, if thy deeds will carry a proportion to thy words. [*Exit.*

Brain. Yes, sir, straight: I'll but garter my hose. Oh, that my belly were hooped now, for I am ready to burst with laughing! Never was bottle or bagpipe fuller. 'Slid, was there ever seen a fox in years to betray himself thus? Now I shall be possessed of all his counsels, and by that conduct my young master! Well, he's resolved to prove my honesty; faith, and I am resolved to prove his patience. Oh, I shall abuse him intolerably! This small piece of service will bring him clean out of love with the soldier for ever. He will never come within the sight of a red coat, or a musket, again. Well, I'll follow him. Oh, how I long to be employed!

With change of voice, these scars, and many an oath,
I'll follow son and sire, and serve 'em both. [*Exit.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Stocks Market.

Enter MATTHEW, WELLBRED, *and* BOBADIL.

Mat. Yes, faith, sir! We were at your lodgings to seek you, too.

Well. Oh, I came not there to-night.

Bob. Your brother delivered us as much.

Well. Who? My brother Downright?

Bob. He!—Mr. Wellbred, I know not in what kind you hold me; but let me say to you this: as sure as honour, I esteem it so much out of the sunshine of reputation, to throw the least beam of regard upon such a——

Well. Sir, I must hear no ill words of my brother.

Bob. I protest to you, as I have a thing to be saved about me, I never saw any gentleman like part——

Well. Good Captain [*Faces about.*] to some other discourse.

Bob. With your leave, sir, an' there were no more men living upon the face of the earth, I should not fancy him, by St. George.

Mat. Troth, nor I; he is of a rustical cut, I know not how; he doth not carry himself like a gentleman of fashion——

Well. Oh, Mr. Matthew, that's a grace peculiar but to a few——

Enter YOUNG KNO'WELL *and* STEPHEN.

Ned Kno'well! By my soul, welcome! How dost thou, sweet spirit, my genius? 'Slid, I shall love Apollo, and the mad Thespian girls, the better whilst I live for this, my dear fury. Now I see there's some love in thee!—Sirrah, these be the two I writ to you of. Nay, what a drowsy humour is this now? Why, dost thou not speak?

Y. Kno. O, you are a fine gallant; you sent me a rare letter.

Well. Why, was't not rare?

Y. Kno. Yes, I'll be sworn, I was never guilty of reading the like. But I marvel what camel it was that had the carriage of it; for doubtless he was no ordinary beast that brought it.

Well. Why?

Y. Kno. Why, sayest thou? Why, dost thou think that any reasonable creature, especially in the morning, the sober time of the day too, could have mistaken my father for me?

Well. 'Slid, you jest I hope.

Y. Kno. Indeed, the best use we can turn it to is to make a jest on't now; but I'll assure you, my father had the full view o' your flourishing style, before I saw it.

Well. What a dull slave was this! But, sirrah, what said he to it, i'faith?

Y. Kno. Nay, I know not what he said; but I have a shrewd guess what he thought.

Well. What, what?

Y. Kno. Marry, that thou art some strange dissolute young fellow, and I not a grain or two better, for keeping thee company.

Well. Tut, that thought is like the moon in her last quarter, 'twill change shortly. But, sirrah, I pray thee be acquainted with my two hang-bys here.—

thou wilt take exceeding pleasure in 'em, if thou hearest 'em once go: my wind instruments. I'll wind 'em up——But what strange piece of silence is this? The sign of the dumb man?

K. Kno. Oh sir, a kinsman of mine; one that may make your music the fuller, an' please: he has his humour, sir.

Well. Oh, what is't, what is't?

K. Kno. Nay, I'll neither do your judgment. nor his folly, that wrong, as to prepare your apprehensions. I'll leave him to the mercy o' your search, if you can take him so.

Well. Well, Captain Bobadil, Mr. Matthew, I pray you know this gentleman here: he is a friend of mine, and one that will deserve your affection. I know not your name, sir, but shall be glad of any occasion to render me more familiar to you.

Step. My name is Mr. Stephen, sir: I am this gentleman's own cousin, sir; his father is mine uncle, sir: I am somewhat melancholy, but you shall command me, sir, in whatsoever is incident to a gentleman.

Bob. I must tell you this, I am no general man: but, for Mr. Wellbred's sake (you may embrace it at what height of favour you please,) I do communicate with you; and conceive you to be a gentleman of some parts. I love few words.

K. Kno. And I fewer, sir. I have scarce enow to thank you.

Mat. But are you indeed, sir, so given to it?

[*To* MR. STEPHEN.

Step. Ay, truly, sir, I am mightily given to melancholy.

Mat. Oh, it's your only fine humour, sir; your true melancholy breeds your perfect fine wit. sir: I am melancholy myself divers times, sir, and then do I no more but take a pen and paper presently, and overflow you half a score or a dozen of sonnets, at a sitting.

Step. Cousin, am I melancholy enough?

Y. Kno. Oh, ay, excellent!

Well. Captain Bobadil, why muse you so?

Y. Kno. He is melancholy too.

Bob. Faith, sir, I was thinking of a most honourable piece of service was perform'd, to-morrow, being St. Mark's day, shall be some ten years now.

Y. Kno. In what place, Captain?

Bob. Why, at the beleag'ring of Strigonium, where, in less than two hours, seven hundred resolute gentlemen as any were in Europe, lost their lives upon the breach. I'll tell you, gentlemen, it was the first but the best leagure, that ever I beheld with these eyes, except the taking of——what do you call it, last year, by the Genoese; but that (of all others) was the most fatal and dangerous exploit that ever I was ranged in, since I first bore arms before the face of the enemy, as I am a gentleman and a soldier.

Step. So, I had as lief as an angel, I could swear as well as that gentleman.

Y. Kno. Then you were a servitor at both, it seems; at Strigonium, and what do you call't?

Bob. Oh, lord, sir! by St. George, I was the first man that enter'd the breach; had I not effected it with resolution I had been slain, if I had had a million of lives.

Y. Kno. 'Twas pity you had not ten; a cat's, and your own i'faith. But, was it possible?

Bob. I assure you, upon my reputation, 'tis true, and yourself shall confess.

Y. Kno. You must bring me to the rack first.

Bob. Observe me judicially, sweet sir: they had planted me three demi-culverins, just in the mouth of the breach; now, sir, as we were to give on, their master gunner (a man of no mean skill and mark, you must think) confronts me with his linstock, ready to give fire: I, spying his intendment, discharged my

petrionel in his bosom, and with these single arms, my poor rapier, ran violently upon the Moors, that guarded the ordnance, and put them all pellmell to the sword.

Well. To the sword! to the rapier, Captain!

Y. Kno. Oh, it was a good figure observed, sir! But did you all this, Captain, without hurting your blade?

Bob. Without any impeach o' the earth; you shall perceive, sir. It is the most fortunate weapon, that ever rid on a poor gentleman's thigh. Shall I tell you, sir? You talk of Morglay, Excalibur, Durindina, or so! Tut, I lend no credit to that is fabl'd of 'em; I know the virtue of mine own, and therefore I dare the boldlier maintain it.

Step. I marvel whether it be a Toledo, or no.

Bob. A most perfect Toledo, I assure you, sir.

Step. I have a countryman of his here.

Mat. Pray you, let's see, sir. Yes, faith, it is!

Bob. This a Toledo! pish.

Step. Why do you pish, Captain?

Bob. A Fleming, by Heaven! I'll buy them for a gilder a piece, an' I will have a thousand of them.

Y. Kno. How say you, cousin? I told you thus much.

Well. Where bought you it, Mr. Stephen?

Step. Of a scurvy rogue soldier; he swore it was a Toledo.

Bob. A poor provant rapier, no better.

Mat. Mass, I think it be, indeed, now I look on't better.

Bob. Come along, Master Matthew.

[*Exeunt* BOB. *and* MATTHEW.

Y. Kno. Nay, the longer you look on't the worse. Put it up, put it up!

Step. Well, I will put it up, but by——(I ha' forgot the Captain's oath, I thought to have sworn by it) an' e'er I meet him——

Well. O, 'tis past help now, sir; you must ha' patience.

Step. Whorson coney-catching rascal! I could eat the very hilts for anger.

Y. Kno. A sign of good digestion; you have an ostrich stomach, cousin.

Step. A stomach! I would I had him here, you should see an' I had a stomach.

Well. It's better as 'tis. Come, gentlemen, shall we go?

Enter BRAINWORM.

Y. Kno. A miracle! cousin! look here! look! here!

Step. O, God'slid, by your leave, do you know me, sir?

Brain. Ay, sir, I know you by sight.

Step. You sold me a rapier, did you not!

Brain. Yes, marry, did I, sir.

Step. You said it was a Toledo, ha?

Brain. True, I did so.

Step. But it is none!

Brain. No, sir, I confess it is none.

Step. Do you confess it? Gentlemen, bear witness, he has confess'd it. By God's will, an' you had not confess'd it——

Y. Kno. Oh, cousin, forbear, forbear.

Step. Nay, I have done, cousin.

Well. Why, you have done like a gentleman, he has confess'd it, what would you more?

Step. Yet, by your leave, he is a rascal; under his favour, do you see.

Y. Kno. Ay, by his leave, he is, and under favour. Pretty piece of civility! Sirrah, how dost thou like him?

Well. Oh, it's a most precious fool, make much on him. I can compare him to nothing more happily, than a drum; for every one may play upon him.

E. Kno. No, no, a child's whistle were far the fitter.

Brain. Sir, shall I entreat a word with you?

E. Kno. With me, sir! You have not another Toledo to sell, ha' you?

Brain. You are conceited, sir; your name is Mr. Kno'well, as I take it?

E. Kno. You are i'the right. You mean not to proceed in the catechism, do you?

Brain. No, sir, I am none of that coat.

E. Kno. Of as bare coat, though! Well, say, sir?

Brain. Faith, sir, I am but a servant to the drum extraordinary, and, indeed, this smoky varnish being washed off, and three or four patches removed, I appear your worship's in reversion, after the decease of your good father—Brainworm.

E. Kno. Brainworm! 'Slight, what breath of a conjurer hath blown thee hither in this shape?

Brain. The breath o' your letter, sir, this morning: the same that blew you to the Windmill, and your father after you.

E. Kno. My father!

Brain. Nay, never start: 'tis true: he has followed you over the fields, by the foot, as you would do a hare i'the snow.

E. Kno. Sirrah, Wellbred, what shall we do, sirrah? My father is come over after me.

Well. Thy father! Where is he?

Brain. At Justice Clement's house, here, in Coleman Street, where he but stays my return; and then—

Well. Who is this? Brainworm?

Brain. The same sir.

Well. Why, how, i'the name of wit, comest thou transmuted thus?

Brain. Faith, a device! A device! Nay, for the love of reason, gentlemen, and avoiding the danger, stand not here; withdraw, and I'll tell you all

E. Kno. Come, cousin. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Warehouse.

Enter KITELY *and* CASH.

Kite. What says he, Thomas? Did you speak with him?

Cash. He will expect you, sir, within this half hour.

Kite. Has he the money ready, can you tell?

Cash. Yes, sir, the money was brought in last night.

Kite. Oh, that's well: fetch me my cloak.

[*Exit* CASH.

Stay, let me see, an hour to go and come;
Ay, that will be the least; and then 'twill be
An hour before I can despatch with him,
Or very near: well, I will say two hours.—
Two hours! Ha! Things never dreamt of yet
May be contriv'd, ay, and effected too,
In two hours absence. Well, I will not go.
Two hours; no, fleering opportunity,
I will not give your subtlety that scope.
Who will not judge him worthy to be robb'd,
That sets his doors wide open to a thief,
And shows the felon where his treasure lies?
Again, what earthly spirit but will attempt
To taste the fruit of beauty's golden tree,
When leaden sleep seals up the dragon's eyes?
I will not go. Business, go by for once.
No beauty, no; you are too, too precious
To be left so without a guard.
Love, that lends

His wife, if she be fair, or time or place,
Compels her to be false. I will not go.

Enter CASH.

Carry in my cloak again.—Yet, stay.—Yet do, too.
I will defer going on all occasions.

Cash. Sir, Snare, your scrivener, will be there with the bonds

Kite. That's true: fool on me! I had clean forgot it! I must go.—What's o'clock?

Cash. Exchange time, sir.

Kite. 'Heart! then will Wellbred presently be here too,
With one or other of his loose consorts.
I am a knave, if I know what to say,
What course to take, or which way to resolve.
My brain, methinks, is like an hour-glass,
Wherein my imagination runs, like sands,
Filling up time; but then are turn'd and turn'd;
So that I know not what to stay upon,
And less to put in act.—It shall be so——
Nay, I dare build upon his secrecy,
He knows not to deceive me.——Thomas!

Cash. Sir.

Kite. Yet now, I have bethought me too, I will not—
Thomas, is Cob within?

Cash. I think he be, sir.

Kite. But he'll prate too, there's no speech of him.
No, there were no man o'the earth to Thomas,
If I durst trust him; there is all the doubt.
But should he have a chink in him, I were gone,
Lost in my fame for ever; talk for th' Exchange.
The manner he hath stood with, till this present,
Doth promise no such change! What should I fear then?
Well, come what will, I'll tempt my fortune once.—

Thomas—you may deceive me, but I hope—
Your love to me is more——
Cash. Sir, if a servant's
Duty, with faith, may be call'd love, you are
More than in hope, you are possess'd of it.
Kite. I thank you heartily, Thomas; gi' me your hand.
With all my heart, good Thomas. I have, Thomas,
A secret to impart to you——but,
When once you have it, I must seal your lips up.
So far I tell you, Thomas.
Cash. Sir, for that——
Kite. Nay, hear me out. Think, I esteem you, Thomas,
When I will let you in, thus to my private.
It is a thing sits nearer to my crest,
Than thou'rt aware of, Thomas. If thou shouldst
Reveal it, but——
Cash. How! I reveal it!
Kite. Nay,
I do not think thou wouldst; but if thou shouldst,
'Twere a great weakness.
Cash. A great treachery:
Give it no other name.
Kite. Thou wilt not do't then?
Cash. Sir, if I do, mankind disclaim me ever.
Kite. He will not swear; he has some reservation,
Some conceal'd purpose, and close meaning, sure;
Else, being urg'd so much, how should he chuse,
But lend an oath to all this protestation?
He's no fanatic, I have heard him swear.
What should I think of it? Urge him again,
And by some other way? I will do so.—
Well, Thomas, thou hast sworn not to disclose;
Yes, you did swear.
Cash. Not yet, sir, but I will,
Please you——
Kite. No, Thomas, I dare take thy word;

But if thou wilt swear, do, as thou think'st good;
I am resolv'd without it; at thy pleasure.
Cash. By my soul's safety, then, sir, I protest
My tongue shall ne'er take knowledge of a word,
Deliver'd me in nature of your trust.
Kite. It's too much; these ceremonies need not;
I know thy faith to be as firm as rock.
Thomas, come hither—nearer; we cannot be
Too private in this business. So it is.—
Now he has sworn, I dare the safelier venture:
I have of late, by divers observations—
But whether his oath can bind him, there it is;
Being not taken lawfully?—ha—say you?
I will bethink me ere I do proceed.—
Thomas, it will be now too long to stay,
I'll spy some fitter time soon, or to-morrow.
Cash. Sir, at your pleasure.
Kite. I will think—Give me my cloak—And, Thomas,
I pray you search the books 'gainst my return,
For the receipts 'twixt me and Traps.
Cash. I will, sir.
Kite. And, hear you, if your mistress' brother, Wellbred,
Chance to bring hither any gentlemen,
Ere I come back, let one straight bring me word.
Cash. Very well, sir.
Kite. To the Exchange; do you hear?
Or here in Coleman Street, to Justice Clement's.
Forget it not, nor be out of the way.
Cash. I will not, sir.
Kite. I pray you, have a care on't.
Or whether he come or no, if any other
Stranger, or else, fail not to send me word.
Cash. I shall not, sir.
Kite. Be't your special business
Now to remember it.

Cash. Sir, I warrant you.

Kite. But, Thomas, this is not the secret, Thomas, I told you of.

Cash. No, sir, I do suppose it.

Kite. Believe me, it is not.

Cash. Sir, I do believe you.

Kite. By Heaven, it is not! That's enough.—But, Thomas,
I would not you should utter it, do you see,
To any creature living; yet I care not.
Well, I must hence. Thomas, conceive thus much;
It was a trial of you; when I meant
So deep a secret to you, I meant not this,
But that I have to tell you. This is nothing, this.
But Thomas, keep this from my wife, I charge you.
Lock'd up in silence, midnight, buried here,
No greater hell than to be slave to fear. [*Exit.*

Cash. Lock'd up in silence, midnight, buried here.
Whence should this flood of passion, trow, take head?—
But soft,
Here is company; now must I—— [*Exit.*

Enter WELLBRED, YOUNG KNO'WELL, BRAINWORM, BOBADIL, *and* STEPHEN.

Well. Beshrew me, but it was an absolute good jest, and exceedingly well carried.

Y. Kno. Ay, and our ignorance maintained it as well, did it not!

Well. Yes, faith! But was't possible thou shouldst not know him? I forgive Mr. Stephen, for he is stupidity itself—Why, Brainworm, who would have thought thou hadst been such an artificer?

Y. Kno An artificer! An architect! Except a man has studied begging all his lifetime, and been a weaver of language from his infancy, for the clothing of it, I never saw his rival.

Well. Where got'st thou this coat, I marvel?

Brain. Of a Houndsditch man, sir, one of the devil's near kinsmen, a broker.

Enter CASH.

Cash. Francis! Martin! Ne'er a one to be found now—What a spite's this!

Well. How now, Thomas, is my brother Kitely within?

Cash. No, sir; my master went forth e'en now; but Master Downright is within.—Cob! What, Cob! is he gone too?

Well. Whither went your master, Thomas, canst thou tell?

Cash. I know not; to Justice Clement's, I think, sir.—Cob! [*Exit* CASH.

Y. Kno. Justice Clement's! What's he!

Well. Why, dost thou not know him? He is a city magistrate, a justice here; an excellent good lawyer, and a great scholar; but the only mad and merry old fellow in Europe. I showed you him the other day.

Y. Kno. Oh, is that he? I remember him now.—I have heard many of his jests i'the university. They say, he will commit a man for taking the wall of his horse.

Well. Ay, or wearing his cloak on one shoulder, or serving of God. Any thing, indeed, if it come in the way of his humour.

Enter CASH.

Cash. Casper! Martin! Cob! 'Heart! where should they be, trow?

Bob. Master Kitely's man, pr'ythee, vouchsafe us the lighting of this match.

Cash. Fire on your match! no time but now to vouchsafe? Francis! Cob! [*Exit.*

Bob. Body of me! Here's the remainder of seven pound since yesterday was seven night. 'Tis your right Trinidado! Did you never take any, Master Stephen?

Step. No, truly, sir, but I'll learn to take it now, since you commend it so.

Bob. Sir, believe me, upon my relation, for what I tell you the world shall not reprove. I have been in the Indies, where this herb grows, where neither myself, nor a dozen gentlemen more, of my knowledge, have received the taste of any other nutriment in the world, for the space of one and twenty weeks, but the fume of this simple only: therefore it cannot be but 'tis most divine, especially your Trinidado. Your Nicotian is good too. I do hold it, and will affirm it, before any prince in Europe, to be the most sovereign and precious weed, that ever the earth tendered to the use of man.

E. Kno. This speech would have done decently in a tobacco trader's mouth.

Enter CASH *and* COB.

Cash. At Justice Clement's he is, in the middle of Coleman Street.

Cob. O, ho!

Bob. Where's the match I gave thee, Master Kitely's man?

Cash. Here it is, sir.

Cob. By God s me! I marvel what pleasure or felicity they have in taking this roguish tobacco! it's good for nothing but to choke a man, and fill him full of smoke and embers

[BOBADIL *beats him with a Cudgel;* MAT. *runs away.*

All. Oh, good Captain! hold, hold!

Bob. You base scullion, you——

Cash. Come, thou must need be talking too; thou'rt well enough served.

Cob. Well, it shall be a dear beating, an' I live! I will have justice for this.

Bob. Do you prate? Do you murmur?

[BOBADIL *beats him off.*

Y. Kno. Nay, good Captain, will you regard the humour of a fool?

Bob. A whorson filthy slave, a dungworm, an excrement! Body o'Cæsar, but that I scorn to let forth so mean a spirit, I'd have stabbed him to the earth.

Well. Marry, the law forbid, sir.

Bob. By Pharoah's foot, I would have done it.

[*Exit.*

Step. Oh, he swears admirably! By Pharoah's foot —Body of Cæsar—I shall never do it, sure; upon mine honour, and by St. George; no I ha'n't the right grace.

Well. But, soft, where's Mr. Matthew? gone?

Brain. No, sir; they went in here.

Well. O, let's follow them: Master Matthew is gone to salute his mistress in verse. We shall have the happiness to hear some of his poetry now. He never comes unfurnished.—Brainworm!

Step. Brainworm! Where? Is this Brainworm?

Y. Kno. Ay, cousin, no words of it, upon your gentility.

Step. Not I, body of me! by this air, St. George, and the foot of Pharoah!

Well. Rare! your cousin's discourse is simply drawn out with oaths.

Y. Kno. 'Tis larded with them. A kind of French dressing, if you love it. Come, let's in. Come, cousin.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Hall in JUSTICE CLEMENT'S *House.*

Enter KITELY *and* COB.

Kite. Ha! How many are there, say'st thou?

Cob. Marry, sir, your brother, Master Wellbred—

Kite. Tut! beside him: what strangers are there, man?

Cob. Strangers! let me see——one, two—mass, I know not well, there are so many.

Kite. How, so many?

Cob. Ay, there's some five or six of them, at the most.

Kite. A swarm, a swarm!
Spite of the devil, how they sting my head
With forked stings, thus wide and large!—But, Cob,
How long hast thou been coming hither, Cob?

Cob. A little while, sir.

Kite. Didst thou come running?

Cob. No, sir.

Kite. Nay, then I am familiar with thy haste!
Bane to my fortunes. What meant I to marry?
I, that before was rank'd in such content,
My mind at rest too, in so soft a peace,
Being free master of my own free thoughts,
And now become a slave? What, never sigh!
Be of good cheer, man, for thou art a cuckold.
'Tis done, 'tis done! Nay, when such flowing store,
Plenty itself falls into my wife's lap,
The cornucopia will be mine, I know.—But, Cob,
What entertainment had they? I am sure
My sister and my wife would bid them welcome, Ha!

Cob. Like enough, sir; yet I heard not a word of it.

Kite. No; their lips were seal'd with kisses, and the voice,
Drown'd in a flood of joy at their arrival,
Had lost her motion, state, and faculty.—
Cob, which of them was't, that first kiss'd my wife?
My sister, I should say: my wife, alas!
I fear not her. Ha! Who was it, say'st thou?

Cob. By my troth, sir, will you have the truth of it?

Kite. Ay, good Cob, I pray thee heartily.

Cob. Then I am a vagabond, and fitter for Bridewell than your worship's company, if I saw any body to be kissed, unless they would have kissed the post in the middle of the warehouse; for there I left them all, at their tobacco, with a pox!

Kite. How! were they not gone in, then, ere thou cam'st?

Cob. O no, sir!

Kite. Spite o'the devil! What do I stay here then? Cob, Cob, follow me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A Room in KITELY'S *House.*

Enter DOWNRIGHT *and* DAME KITELY.

Down. Well, sister, I tell you true; and you'll find it so in the end.

Dame. Alas, brother, what would you have me to do? I cannot help it. You see my brother brings them in here: they are his friends.

Down. His friends! his fiends! 'Slud, they do nothing but haunt him up and down, like a sort of unlucky spirits, and tempt him to all manner of villainy that can be thought o'. Well, by this light, a little thing would make me play the devil with some of them! and 'twere not more for your husband's sake, than any thing else, I'd make the house too hot for the best on 'em They should say, and swear, hell were broken loose, ere they went hence. But, by God's will, 'tis nobody's fault but yours; for an' you had done as you might have done, they should have been parboiled, and baked too, every mother's son, ere they should ha' come in, e'er a one of 'em.

Dame. God's my life! did you ever hear the like? What a strange man is this! Could I keep out all them, think you? I should put myself against half a dozen men, should I? Good faith, you'd mad the patient'st body in the world, to hear you talk so without any sense or reason!

Enter MRS. BRIDGET, MR. MATTHEW, WELLBRED, STEPHEN, YOUNG KNO'WELL, BOBADIL, *and* CASH.

Bridg. Servant, in troth, you are too prodigal
Of your wit's treasure, thus to pour it forth
Upon so mean a subject as my worth.

Mat. You say well, mistress, and I mean as well.

Down. Hey day, here is stuff!

Well. O, now stand close. Pray Heaven she can get him to read: he should do it of his own natural impudence.

Bridg. Servant, what is this same, I pray you?

Mat. Marry, an elegy! an elegy! an odd toy—I'll read it if you please.

Bridg. Pray you do, servant.

Down. O, here's no foppery! Death, I can endure the stocks better.

Y. Kno. What ails thy brother? Can he not bear the reading of a ballad?

Well. O no, a rhyme to him is worse than cheese, or a bagpipe.—But, mark, you lose the protestation.

Bridg. Come, servant, I pray read it.

Bob. Master Matthew, you abuse the expectation of your dear mistress, and her fair sister. Fie, while you live, avoid this prolixity.

Mat. I shall, sir— [*Reads.*

Rare creature, let me speak without offence,
'Would Heav'n my rude words had the influence
To rule thy thoughts, as thy fair looks do mine,
Then should'st thou be his prisoner, who is thine.

[MASTER STEPHEN answers with shaking his Head.

Y. Kno. 'Slight, he shakes his head like a bottle, to feel an' there be any brain in it!

Well. Sister, what ha' you here? Verses? Pray you let's see. Who made these verses? they are excellent good.

Mat. O, Master Wellbred, 'tis your disposition to say so, sir: they were good i'the morning; I made them extempore this morning.

Well. How, extempore!

Mat. I would I might be hang'd else; ask Captain Bobadil. He saw me write them at the—(pox on it) the Star yonder.

Step. Cousin, how do you like this gentleman's verses?

Y. Kno. O, admirable! the best that ever I heard, coz.

Step. Body o'Cæsar! they are admirable! The best that ever I heard, as I am a soldier.

Down. I am vexed; I can hold ne'er a bone of me still!—'Heart! I think they mean to build and breed here.

Well. Sister Kitely, I marvel you get you not a servant that can rhyme, and do tricks too.

Down. O, monster! Impudence itself! Tricks!—Come, you might practise your ruffian tricks somewhere else and not here. This is no tavern, nor drinking school, to vent your exploits in.

Well. How now! whose cow has calved?

Down. Marry that has mine, sir. Nay, boy, never look askance at me for the matter; I'll tell you of it; ay, sir, you and your companions; mend yourselves, when I ha' done?

Well. My companions!

Down. Yes, sir, your companions, so I say; I am not afraid of you nor them neither, your hang-boys here. You must have your poets, and your potlings, your soldados and fo'dados, to follow you up and down the city—Sirrah, you ballad singer; and, slops, your fellow there, get you out; get you home; or, by this steel, I'll cut off your ears, and that presently.

Well. 'Slight, stay, and let's see what he dare do. Cut off his ears! cut a whetstone! You are an ass, do you see; touch any man here, and by this hand, I'll run my rapier to the hilts in you.

Down. Yea, that would I fain see, boy.

[*They all draw, and they of the House make out to part them.*

Dame. Oh, Jesu! Murder! Thomas! Gasper!

Bridg. Help, help, Thomas.

Lob. Sirrah! You Holofernes! by my hand, I will pink your flesh full of holes with my rapier, for this: I will, by this good Heav'n. Nay, let him come, gentlemen, by the body of St. George, I'll not kill him.

[*They offer to fight again, and are parted.*

Cash. Hold, hold, good gentlemen.
Down. You whorson, bragging coistril.

Enter KITELY.

Kite. Why, how now, what's the matter? What's the stir here?
Put up your weapons, and put off this rage.
My wife and sister, they're the cause of this.
What, Thomas! where is the knave?
Cash. Here, sir.
Well. Come, let's go; this is one of my brother's ancient humours, this. [*Exit.*
Step. I am glad nobody was hurt by his ancient humour. [*Exit.*
Kite. Why, how now, brother, who enforced this brawl?
Down. A sort of lewd rake-hells, that care neither for God nor the devil. And they must come here to read ballads, and roguery, and trash! I'll mar the knot of 'em ere I sleep, perhaps; especially Bob there, he that's all manner of shapes; and songs and sonnets, his fellow. But I'll follow 'em. [*Exit.*
Bridg. Brother, indeed you are too violent,
Too sudden in your humour.
There was one a civil gentleman,
And very worthily demean'd himself.
Kite. Oh, that was some love of yours, sister.
Bridg. A love of mine! I would it were no worse, brother! You'd pay my portion sooner than you think for. [*Exit.*
Dame. Indeed, he seemed to be a gentleman of exceeding fair disposition, and of very excellent good parts. What a coil and stir is here! [*Exit.*
Kite. Her love, by Heav'n! my wife's minion!
Death, these phrases are intolerable!
Well, well, well, well, well, well!
It is too plain, too clear. Thomas, come hither,
What, are they gone?

Cash. Ay, sir, they went in.
My mistress, and your sister——
Kite. Are any of the gallants within?
Cash. No, sir, they are all gone.
Kite. Art thou sure of it?
Cash. I can assure you, sir.
Kite. What gentleman was it that they praised so, Thomas?
Cash. One, they call him Master Kno'well, a handsome young gentleman, sir.
Kite. Ay, I thought so. My mind gave me as much.
I'll die, but they have hid him in the house,
Somewhere; I'll go and search. Go with me, Thomas.
Be true to me, and thou shalt find me a master.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Moorfields.

Enter YOUNG KNO'WELL, WELLBRED, *and* BRAINWORM.

Y. Kno. Well, Brainworm, perform this business happily, and thou makest a purchase of my love for ever.
Well. I'faith, now let thy spirits use their best faculties; but, at my hand, remember the message to my brother: for there's no other means to start him out of his house.
Brain. I warrant you, sir, fear nothing. I have a nimble soul, has waked all forces of my phant'sy by this time, and put them in true motion. What you

have possessed me withal, I'll discharge it amply, sir. Make it no question. [*Exit.*

Well. Forth, and prosper, Brainworm. Faith, Ned, how dost thou approve of my abilities in this device?

Y. Kno. Troth, well, howsoever: but it will come excellent, if it take.

Well. Take, man! Why, it cannot chuse but take, if the circumstances miscarry not. But tell me ingenuously, dost thou affect my sister Bridget, as thou pretend'st?

Y. Kno. Friend, am I worth belief?

Well. Come, do not protest. In faith, she is a maid of good ornament, and much modesty; and, except I conceived very worthily of her, thou should'st not have her.

Y. Kno. Nay, that I'm afraid will be a question yet, whether I shall have her or no.

Well. 'Slid, thou shalt have her; by this light thou shalt.

Y. Kno. I do believe thou wilt omit no offered occasion, to make my desires complete.

Well. Thou shalt see and know I will not.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter FORMAL *and* KNO'WELL.

Form. Was your man a soldier, sir?

Kno. Aye, a knave, I took him begging o'the way, This morning, as I came over Moorfields.

Enter BRAINWORM.

Oh, here he is! You have made fair speed, believe me.
Where i'the name of sloth could you be thus——

Brain. Marry, peace be my comfort, where I thought I should have had little comfort of your worship's service.

Kno. How so?

Brain. Oh, sir! Your coming to the city, your en-

tertainment of me, and your sending me to watch—indeed, all the circumstances either of your charge, or my employment, are as open to your son as to yourself.

Kno. How should that be! Unless that villain, Brainworm,
Have told him of the letter, and discovered
All that I strictly charg'd him to conceal! 'Tis so!

Brain. I am partly o'that faith, 'tis so indeed.

Kno. But how should he know you to be my man?

Brain. Nay, sir, I cannot tell; unless it be by the black art!

Kno. But where didst thou find them, Fitzsword?

Brain. You should rather ask, where they found me, sir; for I'll be sworn I was going along in the street, thinking nothing, when (of a sudden) a voice calls Mr. Kno'well's man; another cries, soldier: and thus, half a dozen of them, 'till they had called me within a house, where I no sooner came, but out flew all their rapiers at my bosom, with some three or fourscore oaths to accompany them, and all to tell me, I was a dead man, if I did not confess where you were, and how I was employed, and about what; which, when they could not get out of me (as I protest they must have dissected me, and made an anatomy of me first, and so I told them) they locked me up into a room i'the top of a high-house, whence, by great miracle, having a light heart, I slid down by a bottom of packthread into the street, and so escaped. But, sir, thus much I can assure you; for I heard it while I was locked up; there were a great many rich merchants' and brave citizens' wives with them at a feast, and your son, Mr. Edward, withdrew with one of them, and has appointed to meet her anon, at one Cob's house, a water-bearer, that dwells by the wall. Now, there your worship shall be sure to take him, for there he plays, and fail he will not.

Kno. Nor will I fail, to break this match I doubt not.
Go thou along with Justice Clement's man,
And stay there for me. At one Cob's house, say'st thou?

Brain. Ay, sir, there you shall have him. [*Exit* KNO'WELL.] 'Slight, when he has staid there three or four hours, travailing with the expectation of wonders, and at length be delivered of air! Oh, the sport that I should then take to look on him, if I durst! But now I mean to appear no more before him in this shape. I have another trick to act yet. Sir, I make you stay somewhat long.

Form. Not a whit, sir.
You have been lately in the wars, sir, it seems.

Brain. Marry have I, sir, to my loss, and expense of all, almost——

Form. Troth, sir, I would be glad to bestow a bottle o'you, if it please you to accept it——

Brain. Oh, sir——

Form. But to hear the manner of your services and your devices in the wars; they say they be very strange, and not like those a man reads in the Roman histories, or sees at Mile End.

Brain. Sir, at any time when it please you, I shall be ready to discourse with you all I know; and more too, somewhat.

Form. No better time than now, sir. We'll go to the Windmill, there we shall have a cup of neat grist, as we call it. I pray you, sir, let me request you to the Windmill.

Brain. I'll follow you, sir, and make grist o'you, if I have good luck. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MATTHEW, YOUNG KNO'WELL, BOBADIL, *and* STEPHEN.

Mat. Sir, did your eyes ever taste the like clown of him, where we were to-day, Mr. Wellbred's halt-

brother? I think the whole earth cannot show his parallel, by this daylight.

Y. Kno. We are now speaking of him. Captain Bobadil tells me, he is fallen foul o'you too.

Mat. Oh, ay, sir; he threaten'd me with the bastinado.

Bob. Ay, but I think I taught you prevention this morning for that——You shall kill him, beyond question, if you be so generously minded.

Mat. Indeed, it is a most excellent trick!

Bob. Oh, you do not give spirit enough to your motion; you are too tardy, too heavy! Oh, it must be done like lightning; hey! [*He practises at a Post.*] Tut, 'tis nothing an't be not done in a—punto!

Y. Kno. Captain, did you ever prove yourself upon any of our masters of defence here?

Bob. I will tell you, sir. They have assaulted me some three, four, five, six of them together, as I have walked alone in divers skirts o'the town, where I have driven them before me the whole length of a street, in the open view of all our gallants, pitying to hurt them, believe me. Yet all this lenity will not overcome their spleen; they will be doing with the pismire, raising a hill, a man may spurn abroad with his foot, at pleasure. By myself I could have slain 'em all, but I delight not in murder. I am loth to bear any other than this bastinado for them; yet I hold it good policy not to go disarmed, for, though I be skilful, I may be oppressed with multitudes.

Y. Kno. Ay, believe me, may you, sir; and, in my conceit, our whole nation should sustain the loss by it, if it were so.

Bob. Alas, no! What's a peculiar man to a nation? Not seen.

Y. Kno. Oh, but your skill, sir!

Bob. Indeed, that might be some loss; but who respects it? I will tell you, sir, by the way of private, and under seal, I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself: but were I known to his majesty,

and the lords, observe me, I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of his subjects in general, but to save the one half, nay, three parts of his yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

E. Kno. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

Bob. Why, thus, sir. I would select nineteen more to myself; gentlemen they should be, of a good spirit, strong, and able constitution; I would chuse them by an instinct, a character that I have; and I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your Punto, your Reverso, your Stoccata, your Imbrocata, your Passada, your Montonto; till they could all play very near, or altogether, as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not, in their honour, refuse us! Well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them too; and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score; twenty score, that's two hundred; two hundred a-day, five days a thousand: forty thousand; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this I will venture my poor gentlemanlike carcase to perform, provided there be no treason practised upon us, by fair and discreet manhood, that is, civily by the sword.

E. Kno. Why, are you so sure of your hand, Captain, at all times?

Bob. Tut, never miss thrust, upon my reputation with you.

E. Kno. I would not stand in Downright's state then, an' you meet him, for the wealth of any one street in London.

Bob. Why, sir, you mistake! If he were here now,

by this welkin I would not draw my weapon on him! Let this gentleman do his mind: but I will bastinado him, by the bright sun, wherever I meet him.

Mat. Faith, and I'll have a fling at him. at my distance.

Enter DOWNRIGHT, *walking over the Stage.*

Y. Kno. God's so! Lookye where he is; yonder he goes.

Down. What peevish luck have I, I cannot meet with these bragging rascals!

Bob. It's not he, is it?

Y. Kno. Yes, faith, it is he!

Mat. I'll be hang'd, then, if that were he.

Y. Kno. I assure you that was he.

Step. Upon my reputation, it was he.

Bob. Had I thought it had been he, he must not have gone so: but I can hardly be induced to believe it was he yet.

Y. Kno. That I think, sir. But, see, he is come again!

Down. Oh, Pharoah's foot! have I found you? Come, draw; to your tools. Draw, gipsey, or I'll thresh you.

Bob. Gentleman of valour, I do believe in thee, hear me——

Down. Draw your weapon, then.

Bob. Tall man, I never thought on't till now; body of me! I had a warrant of the peace served on me even now, as I came along, by a water-bearer; this gentleman saw it, Mr. Matthew.

[*He beats him, and disarms him.* MATTHEW *runs away.*

Down. 'Sdeath, you will not draw, then?

Bob. Hold, hold, under thy favour, forbear.

Down. Prate again, as you like this, you whoreson foist, you. You'll controll the point, you!

Your consort is gone; had he staid, he had shared with you, sir. [*Exit* DOWNRIGHT.

Y. Kno. Twenty, and kill 'em; twenty more, kill them too. Ha! ha!

Bob. Well, gentlemen, bear witness, I was bound to the peace, by this good day.

Y. Kno. No, faith, it's an ill day, Captain, never reckon it other: but say you were bound to the peace, the law allows you to defend yourself; that will prove but a poor excuse.

Bob. I cannot tell, sir. I desire good construction, in fair sort. I never sustained the like disgrace, by Heaven. Sure I was struck with a planet thence——

Step. No, you were struck with a stick.

Bob. For I had no power to touch my weapon.

Y. Kno. Ay, like enough, I have heard of many that have been beaten under a planet. Go, get you to a surgeon. 'Slid, and these be your tricks, your passados, and your montontos, I'll none of them.

Bob. Planet-struck. [*Exit.*

Y. Kno. Oh, manners! That this age should bring forth such creatures! That nature should be at leisure to make 'em! Come, coz.

Step. Mess, I'll have this cloak.

Y. Kno. God's will, 'tis Downright's.

Step. Nay, it's mine now; another might have ta'en it up as well as I. I'll swear it, so I will.

Y. Kno. How, an' he see it? He'll challenge it, assure yourself.

Step. Ay, but he shall not ha't; I'll say, I bought it.

Y. Kno. Take heed you buy it not too dear, coz.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Chamber in KITELY'S *House.*

Enter KITELY *and* CASH.

Kite. Art thou sure, Thomas, we have pryed into all and every part throughout the house? Is there no bye-place, or dark corner, has escaped our searches?

Cash. Indeed, sir, none; there's not a hole or nook unsearched by us, from the upper loft unto the cellar.

Kite. They have conveyed him then away, or hid him in some privacy of their own——Whilst we were searching of the dark closet, by my sister's chamber, didst thou not think that thou heard'st a rustling on the other side, and a soft tread of feet?

Cash. Upon my truth, I did not, sir; or if you did, it might be only the vermine in the wainscot; the house is old, and over-run with them.

Kite. It is, indeed, Thomas—we should bane these rats—Dost thou understand me?—we will—they shall not harbour here; I'll cleanse my house from them, if fire or poison can effect it—I will not be tormented thus—they gnaw my brain, and burrow in my heart——I cannot bear it.

Cash. I do not understand you, sir! Pray be composed; these starts of passion have some cause, I fear, that touches you more nearly.

Kite. Sorely, sorely, Thomas—it cleaves too close to me—Oh, me—[*Sighs.*]—Lend me thy arm—so, so! Cash.

Cash. You tremble and look pale! Let me call assistance.

Kite. Not for ten thousand worlds—Alas! alas!

'Tis not in medicine to give me ease——here, here it lies.

Cash. What, sir?

Kite. Why——nothing, nothing—I am not sick, yet more than dead; I have a burning fever in my mind, and long for that, which having, would destroy me.

Cash. Believe me, 'tis your fancy's imposition. Shut up your generous mind from such intruders—I'll hazard all my growing favour with you; I'll stake my present, my future welfare, that some base whispering knave—nay, pardon me, sir—hath in the best and richest soil sown seeds of rank and evil nature! Oh, my master, should they take root——

[*Laughing within.*

Kite. Hark! hark! Dost thou not hear! What think'st thou now? Are they not laughing at me? They are, they are. They have deceived the wittol, and thus they triumph in their infamy—This aggravation is not to be borne. [*Laughing again.*] Hark, again!—Cash, do thou unseen steal in upon them, and listen to their wanton conference.

Cash. I shall obey you, though against my will.

[*Exit.*

Kite. Against his will! Ha! It must be so—He's young, and may be bribed for them—they've various means to draw the unwary in; if it be so, I'm lost, deceived, betrayed, and my bosom, my full-fraught bosom, is unlocked and opened to mockery and laughter! Heaven forbid! he cannot be that viper; sting the hand that raised and cherished him! Was this stroke added, I should be cursed—But it cannot be—no, it cannot be.

Enter CASH.

Cash. You are musing, sir.

Kite. I ask your pardon, Cash—ask me not why—I have wronged you, and am sorry—'tis gone.

Cash. If you suspect my faith——

Kite. I do not—say no more—and for my sake let it die and be forgotten——Have you seen your mistress, and heard—whence was that noise?

Cash. Your brother, Master Wellbred is with them, and I found them throwing out their mirth on a very truly ridiculous subject: it is one Formal, as he styles himself; and he appertains, so he phrases it, to Justice Clement, and would speak with you.

Kite. With me? Art thou sure it is the Justice's clerk? Where is he?

Enter BRAINWORM, *as* FORMAL.

Who are you, friend?

Brain. An appendix to Justice Clement, vulgarly called his clerk.

Kite. What are your wants with me?

Brain. None.

Kite. Do you not want to speak with me?

Brain. No, but my master does.

Kite. What are the Justice's commands?

Brain. He doth not command, but intreats Master Kitely to be with him directly, having matters of some moment to communicate unto him.

Kite. What can it be! Say, I'll be with him instantly, and if your legs, friend, go not faster than your tongue, I shall be there before you.

Brain. I will. Vale. [*Exit.*

Kite. 'Tis a precious fool, indeed!—I must go forth—But, first, come hither, Thomas—I have admitted thee into the close recesses of my heart, and showed thee all my frailties, passions, every thing.—Be careful of thy promise, keep good watch.
Will thou be true, my Thomas?

Cash. As truth's self, sir——
But, be assur'd, you're heaping care and trouble
Upon a sandy base; ill plac'd suspicion
Recoils upon yourself—She's chaste as comely!

Believe't she is—Let her not note your humour;
Disperse the gloom upon your brow, and be
As clear as her unsullied honour.
Kite. I will then, Cash—thou comfort'st me—I'll drive these
Fiend-like fancies from me, and be myself again.
Think'st thou she has perceiv'd my folly? 'Twere
Happy if she had not—She has not——
They who know no evil, will suspect none.
Cash. True, sir! Nor has your mind a blemish now.
This change has gladden'd me—Here's my mistress,
And the rest; settle your reason to accost them.
Kite. I will, Cash, I will——

Enter WELLBRED, DAME KITELY, *and* BRIDGET.

Well. What are you plotting, brother Kitely,
That thus of late you muse alone, and bear
Such weighty care upon your pensive brow?
[*Laughs.*
Kite. My care is all for you, good sneering brother;
And well I wish you'd take some wholesome counsel,
And curb your headstrong humours; trust me, brother,
You were to blame to raise commotions here,
And hurt the peace and order of my house.
Well. No harm done, brother, I warrant you.
Since there is no harm done, anger costs
A man nothing, and a brave man is never
His own man till he be angry—To keep
His valour in obscurity, is to keep himself,
As it were, in a cloakbag. What's a brave
Musician unless he play?
What's a brave man, unless he fight?
Dame. Ay, but what harm might have come of it, brother!

Well. What, school'd on both sides? Pr'ythee, Bridget, save me from the rod and lecture.

[BRIDGET *and* WELLBRED *retire.*

Kite. With what a decent modesty she rates him! My heart's at ease, and she shall see it is——
How art thou, wife? Thou look'st both gay and comely,
In troth thou dost—I'm sent for out, my dear,
But I shall soon return—Indeed, my life,
Business, that forces me abroad, grows irksome,
I cou'd content me with less gain and 'vantage,
To have the more at home, indeed I cou'd.

Dame. Your doubts, as well as love, may breed these thoughts.

Kite. That jar untunes me. [*Aside.*
What dost thou say? Doubt thee?
I should as soon suspect myself—No, no,
My confidence is rooted in thy merit,
So fix'd and settled, that, wert thou inclin'd
To masks, to sports, and balls, where lusty youth
Leads up the wanton dance, and the rais'd pulse
Beats quicker measures, yet I could with joy,
With heart's ease and security—not but
I had rather thou shouldst prefer thy home,
And me, to toys and such like vanities.

Dame. But sure, my dear,
A wife may moderately use these pleasures,
Which numbers and the time give sanction to,
Without the smallest blemish on her name.

Kite. And so she may—And I'll go with thee, child,
I will indeed—I'll lead thee there myself,
And be the foremost reveller.——I'll silence
The mutters of envy, stop the tongue of slander;
Nor will I more be pointed at, as one
Disturb'd with jealousy——.

Dame. Why, were you ever so?

Kite. What!—Ha! never—ha! ha! ha!
She stabs me home. [*Aside.*] Jealous of thee!
No, do not believe it—Speak low, my love,
Thy brother will overhear us—No, no, my dear,
It cou'd not be, it cou d not be—for—for—
What is the time now?—I shall be too late—
No, no, thou may'st be satisfied
There s not the smallest spark remaining—
Remaining! What do I say? There never was,
Nor can, nor never shall be—so be satisfied—
Is Cob within there? Give me a kiss,
My dear; there, there, now we are reconcil'd—
I'll be back immediately—Goodbye, goodbye—
Ha! ha! jealous! I shall burst my sides with laughing.
Ha! ha! Cob, where are you, Cob? Ha! ha!—
[*Exit.*

[WELLBRED *and* BRIDGET *come forward.*

Well. What have you done, to make your husband part so merry from you? He has of late been little given to laughter.

Dame. He laughed, indeed, but seemingly without mirth. His behaviour is new and strange. He is much agitated, and has some whimsy in his head, that puzzles mine to read it.

Well. 'Tis jealousy, good sister, and writ so largely, that the blind may read it; have you not perceived it yet?

Dame. If I have, 'tis not always prudent that my tongue should betray my eyes, so far my wisdom tends, good brother, and little more I boast—But what makes him ever calling for Cob so? I wonder how he can employ him.

Well. Indeed, sister, to ask how he employs Cob, is a necessary question for you that are his wife, and a thing not very easy for you to be satisfied in—But this I'll assure you, Cob's wife is an excellent procuress, sister, and oftentimes your husband haunts

her house; marry, to what end, I cannot altogether accuse him. Imagine what you think convenient. But I have known fair hides have foul hearts ere now, sister.

Dame. Never said you truer than that, brother; so much I can tell you for your learning. O, ho! is this the fruit of's jealousy? I thought some game was in the wind, he acted with so much tenderness but now; but I'll be quit with him.—Thomas! Fetch your hat, and go with me; I'll get my hood, and out the backward way. I would to fortune I could take him there, I'd return him his own, I warrant him! I'd fit him for his jealousy! [*Exit.*

Well. Ha! ha! so e'en let them go; this may make sport anon—What! Brainworm?

Enter BRAINWORM.

Brain. I saw the merchant turn the corner and come back to tell you, all goes well; wind and tide, my master.

Well. But how got'st thou this apparel of the Justice's man?

Brain. Marry, sir, my proper fine penman would needs bestow the grist o'me at the Windmill, to hear some martial discourse, where I so marshalled him, that I made him drunk with admiration; and because too much heat was the cause of his distemper, I stripped him stark naked, as he lay along asleep, and borrowed his suit to deliver this counterfeit message in, leaving a rusty armour, and an old brown bill, to watch him till my return; which shall be, when I have pawned his apparel, and spent the better part of the money, perhaps.

Well. Well, thou art a successful, merry knave, Brainworm; his absence will be subject for more mirth. I pray thee, return to thy young master, and will him to meet me and my sister Bridget at the Tower instantly; for here, tell him, the house is so

stored with jealousy, there is no room for love to stand upright in. We must get our fortunes committed to some large prison, say; and than the Tower, I know no better air, nor where the liberty of the house may do us more present service. Away.

[*Exit* BRAINWORM.

Bridg. What, is this the engine that you told me of? What farther meaning have you in the plot?

Well. That you may know, fair sister-in-law, how happy a thing it is to be fair and beautiful.

Bridg. That touches not me, brother.

Well. That's true; that's even the fault of it. Well, there's a dear and well respected friend of mine, sister, stands very strongly and worthily affected towards you, and hath vowed to inflame whole bonfires of zeal at his heart, in honour of your perfections. I have already engaged my promise to bring you where you shall hear him confirm much more. Ned Knowell is the man, sister. There's no exception against the party; you are ripe for a husband, and a minute's loss to such an occasion, is a great trespass in a wise beauty. What say you, sister? On my soul, he loves you; will you give him the meeting?

Bridg. Faith, I had very little confidence in my own constancy, brother, if I durst not meet a man; but this motion of yours savours of an old knight adventurer's servant, a little too much, methinks.

Well. What's that, sister?

Bridg. Marry, of the go-between.

Well. No matter if it did; I would be such a one for my friend. But see, who is returned, to hinder us.

Enter KITELY.

Kite. What villainy is this? Called out on a false message! This was some plot. I was not sent for. Bridget, where's your sister?

Bridg. I think she be gone forth, sir.

Kite. How! is my wife gone forth? Whither, for Heaven's sake?

Bridg. She's gone abroad with Thomas.

Kite. Abroad with Thomas! Oh, that villain cheats me!
He hath discover'd all unto my wife;
Least that I was to trust him. Whither I pray
You, went she?

Bridg. I know not, sir.

Well. I'll tell you, brother, whither I suspect she's gone.

Kite. Whither, good brother?

Well. To Cob's house, I believe; but keep my counsel.

Kite. I will, I will. To Cob's house! Does she haunt there?
She's gone on purpose now to cuckold me.
With that lewd rascal, who, to win her favour,
Hath told her all—Why wou'd you let her go?

Well. Because she's not my wife; if she were, I'd keep her to her tether.

Kite. So, so; now 'tis plain. I shall go mad
With my misfortunes; now they pour in torrents.
I'm bruted by my wife, betray'd by my servant,
Mock'd at by my relations, pointed at by my neighbours,
Despis'd by myself.—There is nothing left now
But to revenge myself first, next hang myself;
And then—all my cares will be over. [*Exit.*

Bridg. He storms most loudly; sure you have gone too far in this.

Well. 'Twill all end right, depend upon't.—But let us lose no time; the coast is clear; away, away; the affair is worth it, and cries haste.

Bridg. I trust me to your guidance, brother, and so fortune for us. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Stocks Market.

Enter MATTHEW *and* BOBADIL.

Mat. I wonder, Captain, what they will say of my going away? ha!

Bob. Why, what should they say, but as of a discreet gentleman; quick, wary, respectful of nature's fair lineaments, and that's all?

Mat. Why, so! but what can they say of your beating?

Bob. A rude part, a touch with soft wood, a kind of gross battery used, lain on strongly, born most patiently, and that's all. But wherefore do I wake their remembrance? I was fascinated, by Jupiter, fascinated! but I will be unwitched, and revenged by law.

Mat. Do you hear? Is't not best to get a warrant, and have him arrested, and brought before Justice Clement?

Bob. It were not amiss; 'would we had it!

Mat. Why, here comes his man, let's speak to him

Bob. Agreed. Do you speak.

Enter BRAINWORM, *as* FORMAL.

Mat. 'Save you, sir.

Brain. With all my heart, sir!

Mat. Sir, there is one Downright hath abused this gentleman and myself, and we determine to make ourselves amends by law; now, if you would do us the favour to procure a warrant, to bring him before your master, you shall be well considered of, I assure you, sir.

Brain. Sir, you know my service is my living; such favours as these, gotten of my master, is his only preferment, and therefore you must consider me, as I may make benefit of my place.

Mat. How is that, sir?

Brain. Faith, sir, the thing is extraordinary, and the gentleman may be of great account. Yet, be what he will, if you will lay me down a brace of angels in my hand, you shall have it; otherwise not.

Mat. How shall we do, Captain? He asks a brace of angels, you have no money?

Bob. Not a cross, by fortune.

Mat. Nor I, as I am a gentleman, but twopence left of my two shillings in the morning, for wine and radish. Let's find him some pawn.

Bob. Pawn! We have none to the value of his demand.

Mat. O, yes, I can pawn my ring here.

Bob. And harkye, he shall have my trusty Toledo *too*; I believe I shall have no service for it to-day.

Mat. Do you hear, sir? We have no store of money at this time, but you shall have good pawns; look you, sir, I will pledge this ring, and that gentleman his Toledo, because we would have it despatch'd.

Brain. I am content, sir; I will get you the warrant presently. What's his name, say you? Downright?

Mat. Ay, ay, George Downright.

Brain. Well, gentlemen, I'll procure you the warrant presently; but who will you have to serve it?

Mat. That's true, Captain, that must be considered.

Bob. Body o'me, I know not! 'Tis a service of danger!

Brain. Why, you had best get one of the varlets o' the city, a sergeant; I'll appoint you one, if you please.

Mat. Will you, sir? Why, we can wish no better.

Bob. We'll leave it to you, sir.

[*Exeunt* BOBADIL *and* MATTHEW.

Brain. This is rare! Now will I go pawn this cloak of the Justice's man's, at the broker's, for a varlet's suit, and be the varlet myself, and so get money on all sides. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Street, before COB'S *House.*

Enter KNO'WELL.

Kno. O, here it is; I have found it now—Hoa, who is within here? [TIB *appears at the Window.*

Tib. I am within, sir; what is our pleasure?

Kno. To know who is within besides yourself.

Tib. Why, sir, you are no constable, I hope?

Kno. O, fear you the constable? then I doubt not you have some guests within deserve that fear—I'll fetch him straight.

Tib. For Heaven's sake, sir—

Kno. Go to! Come, tell me, is not young Kno'well here?

Tib. Young Kno'well! I know none such, sir, o'my honesty.

Kno. Your honesty, dame! It flies too lightly from you. There is no way but fetch the constable.

Tib. The constable! the man is mad, I think.

Enter CASH *and* DAME KITELY.

Cash. Hoa! who keeps house here?

Kno. Oh, this is the female copesmate of my son. Now shall I meet him straight. [*Aside.*

Dame. Knock, Thomas, hard.

Cash. Hoa! good wife.

Tib. Why, what's the matter with you?

Dame. Why, woman, grieves it you to ope the door? Belike, you get something to keep it shut.

Tib. What mean these questions, pray you?

Dame. So strange you make it! Is not my husband here?

Kno. Her husband! [*Aside.*

Dame. My tried and faithful husband, Master Kitely.

Tib. I hope he needs not to be tried here.

Dame. Come hither, Cash—I see my turtle coming to his haunts: let us retire. [*They retire.*

Kno. This must be some device to mock me withal. Soft—who is this?—Oh! 'tis my son disguis'd. I'll watch him and surprise him.

Enter KITELY, *muffled in a Cloak.*

Kite. 'Tis truth, I see; There she skulks.
But I will fetch her from her hold—I will—
I tremble so, I scarce have power to do the justice
Her infamy demands.

[*As* KITELY *goes forward,* DAME KITELY *and* KNO'WELL *lay hold of him.*

Kno. Have I trapped you, youth? You cannot 'scape me now.

Dame. O, sir! have I forestalled your honest market?

[illegible] your close vizor? You should blush!
Now, do you? Ah, hide, hide your face, for shame!
Forth, I am glad I've found you out at last.

What is your jewel, trow? In: come, let's see her; fetch
Forth the wanton dame—If she be fairer
In any honest judgment, than myself,
I'll be content with it: but she is change;
O, you treacher!

Kno. What mean you, woman? Let go your hold. I see the counterfeit—I am his father, and claim him as my own.

Kite. [*Discovering himself.*] I am your cuckold, and claim my vengeance.

Dame. What, do you wrong me, and insult me too? Thou faithless man!

Kite. Out on thy more than strumpet's impudence!
Steal'st thou thus to thy haunts? and have I taken
Thy bawd and thee, and thy companion,
This hoary-headed lecher, this old goat,
Close at your villainy, and would'st thou 'scuse it
With this stale harlot's jest, accusing me?
O, old incontinent, dost thou not shame,
To have a mind so hot: and to entice,
And feed the enticement of a lustful woman?

Dame. Out! I defy thee, thou dissembling wretch!

Kite. Defy me, strumpet! Ask thy pander here, Can he deny it, or that wicked elder?

Kno. Why, hear you, sir—

Cash. Master, 'tis in vain to reason, while these passions blind you—I'm griev'd to see you thus.

Kite. Tut, tut, never speak, I see thro' ev'ry
Veil you cast upon your treachery; but I have
Done with you, and root you from my heart for ever.

[illegible] this I demand my honour's due;
[illegible] to cool your heat, or end my shame.

[*Draws.*

Kno. What lunacy is this? Put up your sword, and undeceive yourself—No arm, that e'er pois'd weapon, can affright me. But I pity folly, nor cope with madness.

Kite. I will have proofs—I will—so you, good wife bawd, Cob's wife; and you, that make your husband such a monster: and you, young pander, an old cuckold maker, I'll ha' you every one before the justice. Nay, you shall answer it; I charge you go. Come forth, thou bawd.

[*Goes into the House, and brings out* TIB.

Kno. Marry, with all my heart, sir, I go willingly.

Kite. Come, will you go?

Dame. Go, to thy shame, believe it.

Kite. Tho' shame and sorrow both my heart betide,
Come on—I must and will be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Stocks Market.

Enter BRAINWORM.

Brain. Well, of all my disguises yet, now am I most like myself; being in this sergeant's gown. A man of my present profession never counterfeits, till he lays hold upon a debtor, and says he 'rests him; for then he brings him to all manner of unrest. A kind of little kings we are, bearing the diminutive of a mace, made like a young artichoke, that always carries pepper and salt in itself. Well, I know not what danger I undergo by this exploit; 'Pray Heaven I come well off!

Enter BOBADIL *and* MR. MATTHEW.

Mat. See, I think, yonder is the varlet, by his gown. 'Save you friend: are not you here by appointment of Justice Clement's man?

Brain. Yes, an' please you, sir, he told me two gentlemen had willed him to procure a warrant from his master, which I have about me, to be served on one Downright.

Mat. It is honestly done of you both! and see, where the party comes, you must arrest. Serve it upon him quickly, before he be aware——

Enter MR. STEPHEN, *in* DOWNRIGHT'S *Cloak.*

Bob. Bear back, Master Matthew.

Brain. Master Downright, I arrest you i'the queen's name, and must carry you before a justice, by virtue of this warrant.

Step. Me, friend! I am no Downright, I. I am Master Stephen; you do not well to arrest me, I am in nobody's bonds or books. A plague on you heartily, for making me thus afraid before my time.

Brain. Why, no, you are deceived, gentlemen.

Bob. He wears such a cloak, and that deceived us: But, see, here he comes indeed! this is he, Officer.

Enter DOWNRIGHT.

Down. Why, how now, Signor Gull! Are you turned filcher of late? Come, deliver my cloak.

Step. Your cloak, sir! I bought it even now in open market.

Brain. Master Downright, I have a warrant I must serve upon you, procured by these two gentlemen.

Down. These gentlemen! These rascals!

Brain. Keep the peace, I charge you.

Down. I obey thee. What must I do, Officer?

Brain. Go before Master Justice Clement, to answer what they can object against you, sir. I will use you kindly, sir.

Mat. Come, let's before, and make the Justice, Captain—— [*Exit.*

Bob. The varlet's a tall man, before Heaven! [*Exit.*

Down. Gull, you'll gi' me my cloak?

Step. Sir, I bought it, and I'll keep it.

Down. You will?

Step. Ay, that I will.

Down. Officer, there's thy fee, arrest him.

Brain. Master Stephen, I must arrest you.

Step. Arrest me, I scorn it; there, take your nasty cloak, I'll none on't.

Down. Nay, that shall not serve your turn, now, sir. Officer, I'll go with thee to the Justice's. Bring him along.

Step. Why, is not here your cloak? what would you have?

Down. I'll ha' you answer it.

Brain. Sir, I'll take your word, and this gentleman, too, for his appearance.

Down. I'll ha' no words taken. Bring him along.

Brain. So, so, I have made a fair mash on't!

Step. Must I go?

Brain. I know no remedy, Master Stephen.

Down. Come along before me here. I do not love your hanging look behind.

Step. Why, sir, I hope you cannot hang me for it. Can he, fellow?

Brain. I think not, sir. It is but a whipping matter sure!

Step. Why, then let him do his worst, I am resolute. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Hall in JUSTICE CLEMENT'S *House.*

Enter CLEMENT, KNO'WELL, KITELY, DAME KITELY, TIB, CASH, COB, *and* SERVANTS.

Clem. Nay, but stay, stay, give me leave. My chair, sirrah. You, Master Kno'well, say, you went thither to meet your son?

Kno. Ay, sir.

Clem. But who directed you thither?

Kno. That did mine own man, sir.

Clem. Where is he?

Kno. Nay, I know not, now; I left him with your clerk; and appointed him to stay for me.

Clem. My clerk! about what time was this?

Kno. Marry, between one and two, as I take it.

Clem. And what time came my man with the false message to you, Master Kitely?

Kite. After two, sir.

Clem. Very good: but, Mrs. Kitely, how chance it, that you were at Cob's? Ha?

Dame. An' please you, sir, I'll tell you. My bro- Wellbred told me, that Cob's house was a sus- ted place——

Clem. So it appears, methinks: but on.

Dame. And that my husband used thither daily.

Clem. No matter, so he us'd himself well, mistress.

Dame. True, sir: but you know what grows by such haunts, oftentimes.

Clem. I see rank fruits of a jealous brain, Mistress Kitely. But did you find your husband there, in that case, as you suspected?

Kite. I found her there, sir.

Clem. Did you so? that alters the case. Who gave you knowledge of your wife's being there?

Kite. Marry, that did my brother Wellbred.

Clem. How! Wellbred first tell her, then tell you after! Where is Wellbred?

Kite. Gone with my sister, sir, I know not whither.

Clem. Why, this is a mere trick, a device; you are gulled in this most grossly, all! Alas, poor wench! wert thou suspected for this?

Tib. Yes, an't please you.

Clem. I smell mischief here, plot and contrivance, Master Kitely. However, if you will step into the next room, with your wife, and think coolly of matters, you'll find some trick has been played you——I fear here have been jealousies on both parts, and the wags have been merry with you.

Kite. I begin to feel it——I'll take your counsel.——Will you go in, Dame?

Dame. I will have justice, Mr. Kitely.

[*Exeunt* KITELY *and* DAME.

Clem. You will be a woman, Mrs. Kitely, that I see.——How now, what's the matter?

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, there's a gentleman i'the court without desires to speak with your worship.

Clem. A gentleman! What's he?

Serv. A soldier, sir, he says.

Clem. A soldier! My sword, quickly. A soldier speak with me! Stand by, I will end your matter anon.——Let the soldier enter. Now, sir, what say you to me?

Enter BOBADIL *and* MATTHEW.

Bob. By your worship's favour——

Clem. Nay, keep out, sir, I know not your profession; you send me word, sir, you are a soldier. Why, I'm

you shall be answered here; here be them have been among soldiers. Sir, your pleasure?

Bob. Faith, sir, so it is; this gentleman and myself have been most uncivilly wronged and beaten by one Downright, a coarse fellow about the town here; and, for my own part, I protest, being a man in no sort given to this filthy humour of quarrelling, he hath assaulted me in the way of my peace; despoiled me of mine honour, disarmed me of my weapons, and rudely laid me along in the open streets, when I not so much as once offered to resist him.

Clem. Oh, God's precious! Is this the soldier?—Lie there, my sword, 'twill make him swoon, I fear; he is not fit to look on't, that will put up a blow!

Mat. An't please your worship, he was bound to the peace.

Clem. Why, an' he were, sir, his hands were not bound, were they?

Serv. There's one of the varlets of the city, sir, has brought two gentlemen here, one upon your worship's warrant?

Clem. My warrant?

Serv. Yes, sir, the officer says, procured by these two.

Clem. Bid him come in.—Set by this picture.—What, Mr. Downright! are you brought at Mr. Freshwater's suit here?

Enter DOWNRIGHT, STEPHEN, *and* BRAINWORM.

Down. Faith, sir. And here's another, brought at my suit.

Clem. What are you, sir?

Step. A gentleman, sir.——Oh, uncle!

Clem. Uncle! Who, Master Kno'well?

Kno. Ay, sir, this is a wise kinsman of mine.

Step. God's my witness, uncle, I am wronged here monstrously; he charges me with stealing of his cloak,

and would I might never stir, if I did not find it in the street by chance.

Down. Oh, did you find it, now? You said you bought it ere-while.

Step. And you said I stole it. Nay, now my uncle is here, I'll do well enough with you.

Clem. Well, let this breathe awhile. You that have cause to complain there, stand forth. Had you my warrant for this gentleman's apprehension?

Bob. Ay, an't please your worship——

Clem. Nay, do not speak in passion so. Where had you it?

Bob. Of your clerk, sir.

Clem. That's well, an' my clerk can make warrants, and my hand not at them! Where is the warrant?—Officer, have you it?

Brain. No, sir, your worship's man, Master Formal, bid me do it for these gentlemen, and he would be my discharge.

Clem. Why, Master Downright, are you such a novice to be served, and never see the warrant!

Down. Sir, he did not serve it on me.

Clem. No! how then?

Down. Marry, sir, he came to me, and said, he must serve it, and he would use me kindly, and so—

Clem. O, God's pity, was it so, sir? He must serve it? Give me a warrant, I must serve one too—you knave, you slave, you rogue, do you say you must, sirrah? Away with him to the gaol. I'll teach you a trick for your *must*, sir.

Brain. Good sir, I beseech you be good to me.

Clem. Tell him, he shall to the gaol. Away with him, I say.

Brain. Ay, sir, if you will commit me, it shall be for committing more than this. I will not lose by my travail any grain of my fame certain.

[*Throws off his Disguise.*

Clem. How is this?

Kno. My man, Brainworm!

Step. O yes, uncle, Brainworm has been with my cousin Edward and I, all this day.

Clem. I told you all, there was some device.

Brain. Nay, excellent Justice, since I have laid myself thus open to you, now stand strong for me, both with your sword and your balance.

Clem. Body o' me, a merry knave! Give me a bowl of sack.—If he belongs to you, Master Kno'well, I bespeak your patience.

Brain. That is it I have most need of.—Sir, if you'll pardon me only, I'll glory in all the rest of my exploits.

Kno. Sir, you know I love not to have my favours come hard from me. You have your pardon; though I suspect you shrewdly for being of counsel with my son against me.

Brain. Yes, faith, I have, sir; though you retained me doubly this morning for yourself: first, as Brainworm, after, as Fitzsword. I was your reformed soldier. 'Twas I sent you to Cob's upon the errand without end.

Kno. Is it possible! Or that thou shouldst disguise thyself so well, I should not know thee?

Brain. O sir! this has been the day of my metamorphosis; it is not that shape alone that I have run through to-day. I brought Master Kitely a message from the form of Master Justice's man here, to draw him out of the way, as well as your worship, while Master Wellbred might make a conveyance of Mistress Bridget to my young master.

Kno. My son is not married, I hope?

Brain. Faith, sir, they are both as sure as love, a priest, and three thousand pounds, which is her portion, can make them; and by this time are ready to bespeak their wedding supper at the Windmill, except some friend here prevent them, and invite them home.

Clem. Marry, that will I; I thank thee for putting me in mind on't. Sirrah, go you and fetch them hither, upon my warrant. Neither's friends have cause to be sorry, if I know the young couple aright.—— But, I pray thee, what hast thou done with my man, Formal?

Brain. Faith, sir, after some ceremony past, as making him drunk, first with story, then with wine, but all in kindness, and stripped him to his shirt, I left him in the cool vein; dispatched, sold your worship's warrant to these two, pawned his livery, have brought that varlet's gown to serve it in, and thus considera myself, by my activity, to your worship tion.

Clem. And I will consider thee in a cup of sack this is my Here's to thee, which having drank of or assisted sentence—pledge me. Thou hast done to be par- to nothing, in my judgment, but deserv the next doned for the wit of the offence. Go in business, room; let Master Kitely into this whimsie mirth in and if he does not forgive thee, he has le him than an honest man ought to have.

Step. And what shall I do? bleated.

Clem. O! I had lost a sheep, an' he had his cloak, Why, sir, you shall give Mr. Downright er and a and I will entreat him to take it. A trenckeep Cob napkin you shall have in the buttery, and eat first and his wife company here; whom I will entreat to be reconciled; and you to endeavour with wit to keep them so.

Step. I'll do my best.

Clem. Call Master Kitely and his wife, there.

Enter KITELY *and* DAME KITELY.

Did I not tell you there was a plot against you? Did I not smell it out, as a wise magistrate ought? Have we not you traced, have not you found it, sir, Master Kitely?

Kite. I have—I confess my folly, and own I have deserved what I have suffered for it. The trial has been severe, but it is past. All I have to ask now, is, that, as my folly is cured, and my persecutors forgiven, my shame may be forgotten.

Clem. That will depend upon yourself, Master Kitely; do not yourself create the food for mischief, and the mischievous will not prey upon you. But, come, let a general reconciliation go round, and let all discontents be laid aside. You, Mr. Downright, put off your anger: you, Master Kno'well, your cares. And do you, Master Kitely, and your wife, put off your jealousies.

Kite. Sir, thus they go from me: kiss me, my wife.

See, what a drove of horns fly in the air,
Wing'd with my cleansed and my credulous breath:
Watch 'em, suspicious eyes, watch where they fall,
See, see, on heads, that think they've none at all.
O, what a plenteous world of this will come,
When air rains horns, all may be sure of some.

THE END.


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